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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER I.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

ON Saturday, the 18th day of June, 1859, the "State Banner and Delphian Oracle," published weekly at Oxbow Village, one of the settlements in a thriving river-town of New England, contained an advertisement which involved the story of a young life, and startled the emotions of a small community. Such faces of dismay, such shaking of heads, such gatherings at corners, such halts of complaining, rheumatic wagons, and dried-up, chirruping chaises, for colloquy of their still-faced tenants, had not been known since the rainy November Friday, when old Malachi Withers was found hanging in his garret up there at the lonely house behind the poplars.

The number of the "Banner and Oracle" which contained this advertisement was a fair specimen enough of the kind of newspaper to which it belonged. Some extracts from a stray copy of the issue of the date referred to will show the reader what kind of entertainment the paper was

accustomed to furnish its patrons, and also serve some incidental purposes of the writer in bringing into notice a few personages who are to figure in this narrative.

The copy in question was addressed to one of its regular subscribers, — "B. Gridley, Esq." The sarcastic annotations at various points, enclosed in brackets *and italicised* that they may be distinguished from any other comments, were taken from the pencilled remarks of that gentleman, intended for the improvement of a member of the family in which he resided, and are by no means to be attributed to the harmless pen which reproduces them.

Byles Gridley, A. M., as he would have been styled by persons acquainted with scholarly dignities, was a bachelor, who had been a schoolmaster, a college tutor, and afterwards for many years professor, — a man of learning, of habits, of whims and crotchets, such as are hardly to be found, except in old, unmarried students, — the double flowers of college culture, their stamina all turned to petals, their stock in the life of the race all funded in the individual. Being a man of letters, Byles Gridley

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naturally rather undervalued the literary acquirements of the good people of the rural district where he resided, and, having known much of college and something of city life, was apt to smile at the importance they attached to their little local concerns. He was, of course, quite as much an object of rough satire to the natural observers and humorists, who are never wanting in a New England village,—perhaps not in any village where a score or two of families are brought together,—enough of them, at any rate, to furnish the ordinary characters of a real-life stock company.

The old Master of Arts was a permanent boarder in the house of a very worthy woman, relict of the late Ammi Hopkins, by courtesy Esquire, whose handsome monument—in a finished and carefully colored lithograph, representing a finely shaped urn under a very nicely groomed willow—hung in her small, well-darkened, and, as it were, monumental parlor. Her household consisted of herself, her son, nineteen years of age, of whom more hereafter, and of two small children, twins, left upon her door-step when little more than mere marsupial possibilities, taken in for the night, kept for a week, and always thereafter cherished by the good soul as her own; also of Miss Susan Posey, aged eighteen, at school at the “Academy” in another part of the same town, a distant relative, boarding with her.

What the old scholar took the village paper for it would be hard to guess, unless for a reason like that which carried him very regularly to hear the preaching of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, colleague of the old minister of the village parish; namely, because he did not believe a word of his favorite doctrines, and liked to go there so as to growl to himself through the sermon, and go home scolding all the way about it.

The leading article of the “Banner and Oracle” for June 18th must have been of superior excellence, for, as Mr. Gridley remarked, several of the “metropolitan” journals of the

date of June 15th and thereabout had evidently conversed with the writer and borrowed some of his ideas before he gave them to the public. The Foreign News by the Europa at Halifax, 15th, was spread out in the amplest dimensions the type of the office could supply. More battles! The Allies victorious! The King and General Cialdini beat the Austrians at Palestro! 400 Austrians drowned in a canal! Anti-French feeling in Germany! Allgermine Zeiturg talks of conquest of Allsatia and Loraine and the occupation of Paris! [Vicious digs with a pencil through the above proper names.] Race for the Derby won by Sir Joseph Hawley’s Musjid! [*That’s what England cares for! Hooray for the Darby! Italy be deeded!*] Visit of Prince Alfred to the Holy Land. Letter from our own Correspondent. [*Oh! Oh! At West Minkville?*] Cotton advanced. Breadstuffs declining.—Deacon Rumrill’s barn burned down on Saturday night. A pig missing; supposed to have “fallen a prey to the devouring element.” [*Got roasted.*] A yellow mineral had been discovered on the Doolittle Farm, which, by the report of those who had seen it, bore a strong resemblance to California gold ore. Much excitement in the neighborhood in consequence. [*Idiots! Iron pyrites!*] A hen at Four Corners had just laid an egg measuring 7 by 8 inches. Fetch on your biddies! [*Editorial wit!*] A man had shot an eagle measuring six feet and a half from tip to tip of his wings.—Crops suffering for want of rain. [*Always just so. “Dry times, Father Noah!”*] The editors had received a liberal portion of cake from the happy couple whose matrimonial union was recorded in the column dedicated to Hymen. Also a superior article of [*article of! bah!*] steel pen from the enterprising merchant [*shop-keeper*] whose advertisement was to be found on the third page of this paper.—An interesting Surprise Party [*cheap theatricals*] had transpired [*bah!*] on Thursday evening last at the house of the Rev. Mr. Stoker. The parishioners

had donated [*donated! GIVE is a good word enough for the Lord's Prayer. DONATE our daily bread!*] a bag of meal, a bushel of beans, a keg of pickles, and a quintal of salt-fish. The worthy pastor was much affected, etc., etc. [*Of course. Call 'em SENSATION parties and done with it!*] The Rev. Dr. Pember-ton and the venerable Dr. Hurlbut honored the occasion with their presence. — We learn that the Rev. Ambrose Eveleth, rector of St. Bartholomew's Chapel, has returned from his journey, and will officiate to-morrow.

Then came strings of advertisements, with a luxuriant vegetation of capitals and notes of admiration. More of those PRIME GOODS! Full Assortments of every Article in our line! [*Except the one thing you want!*] Auction Sale. Old furniture, feather-beds, bed-spreads [*spreads! ugh!*], setts [*setts!*] crockery-ware, odd vols., ullage bbls. of this and that, with other household goods, etc., etc., etc., — the etceteras meaning all sorts of insane movables, such as come out of their bedlam-holes when an antiquated domestic establishment disintegrates itself at a country "vandoo." — Several announcements of "Feed," whatever that may be, — not restaurant dinners, anyhow, — also of "Shorts," — terms mysterious to city ears as *jute* and *cudbear* and *gunnybags* to such as drive oxen in the remote interior districts. — Then the marriage column above alluded to, by the fortunate recipients of the cake. — Right opposite, as if for matrimonial ground-bait, a Notice that Whereas my wife, Lucretia Babb, has left my bed and board, I will not be responsible, etc., etc., from this date. — Jacob Penhallow (of the late firm Wibird and Penhallow) had taken Mr. William Murray Bradshaw into partnership, and the business of the office would be carried on as usual under the title Penhallow and Bradshaw, Attorneys at Law. — Then came the standing professional card of Dr. Lemuel Hurlbut and Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut, the medical patriarch of the town and his son. Following this, hideous quack advertisements, some of them

with the certificates of Honorables, Esquires, and Clergymen. — Then a cow, strayed or stolen from the subscriber. — Then the advertisement referred to in our first paragraph : —

MYRTLE HAZARD has been missing from her home in this place since Thursday morning, June 16th. She is fifteen years old, tall and womanly for her age, has dark hair and eyes, fresh complexion, regular features, pleasant smile and voice, but shy with strangers. Her common dress was a black and white gingham check, straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon. It is feared she may have come to harm in some way, or be wandering at large in a state of temporary mental alienation. Any information relating to the missing child will be gratefully received and properly rewarded by her afflicted aunt,

MISS SILENCE WITHERS,
Residing at the Withers Homestead, otherwise known
as "The Poplars," in this village. je 18 is 1t

CHAPTER II.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

THE publication of the advertisement in the paper brought the village fever of the last two days to its height. Myrtle Hazard's disappearance had been pretty well talked round through the immediate neighborhood, but now that forty-eight hours of search and inquiry had not found her, and the alarm was so great that the young girl's friends were willing to advertise her in a public journal, it was clear that the gravest apprehensions were felt and justified. The paper carried the tidings to many who had not heard it. Some of the farmers, who had been busy all the week with their fields, came into the village in their wagons on Saturday, and there first learned the news, and saw the paper, and the placards which were posted up, and listened, open-mouthed, to the whole story.

Saturday was therefore a day of much agitation in Oxbow Village, and some stir in the neighboring settlements. Of course there was a great variety of comment, its character depending very much on the sense, knowledge, and disposition of the citizens, gossips, and young people who talked over the painful and mysterious occurrence.

The Withers Homestead was naturally the chief centre of interest. Nurse Byloe, an ancient and volumi-

nous woman, who had known the girl when she was a little bright-eyed child, handed over "the baby" she was holding to another attendant, and got on her things to go straight up to The Poplars. She had been holding "the baby" these forty years and more, but somehow it never got to be more than a month or six weeks old. She reached The Poplars after much toil and travail. Mistress Fagan, Irish, house-servant, opened the door, at which Nurse Byloe knocked softly, as she was in the habit of doing at the doors of those who sent for her.

"Have you heerd anything yet, Kitty Fagan?" asked Nurse Byloe.

"Niver a blissed word," said she. "Miss Withers is up stairs with Miss Bathsbeby, a cryin' and a lam-entin'. Miss Badlam's in the parlor. The men has been draggin' the pond. They have n't found not one thing, but only jest two, and that was the old coffee-pot and the gray cat, — it's them nigger boys hanged her with a string they tied round her neck and then drowned her." [P. Fagan, Jr., *Æt.* 14, had a snarl of similar string in his pocket.]

Mistress Fagan opened the door of the best parlor. A woman was sitting there alone, rocking back and forward, and fanning herself with the blackest of black fans.

"Nuss Byloe, is that you? Well, to be sure, I'm glad to see you, though we're all in trouble. Set right down, Nuss, do. O, its dreadful times!"

A handkerchief which was in readiness for any emotional overflow was here called on for its function.

Nurse Byloe let herself drop into a flaccid squab chair with one of those soft cushions, filled with slippery feathers, which feel so fearfully like a very young infant, or a nest of little kittens, as they flatten under the subsiding person.

The woman in the rocking-chair was Miss Cynthia Badlam, second-cousin of Miss Silence Withers, with whom she had been living as a companion at intervals for some years. She appeared to be thirty-five years old, more

or less, and looked not badly for that stage of youth, though of course she might have been handsomer at twenty, as is often the case with women. She wore a not unbecoming cap; frequent headaches had thinned her locks somewhat of late years. Features a little too sharp, a keen, gray eye, a quick and restless glance, which rather avoided being met, gave the impression that she was a wide-awake, cautious, suspicious, and, very possibly, crafty person.

"I could n't help comin'," said Nurse Byloe, "we do so love our babies, — how can we help it, Miss Badlam?"

The spinster colored up at the nurse's odd way of using the possessive pronoun, and dropped her eyes, as was natural on hearing such a speech.

"I never tended children as you have, Nuss," she said. "But I've known Myrtle Hazard ever since she was three years old, and to think she should have come to such an end, — 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' — and she wept.

"Why, Cynthia Badlam, what *do* y' mean?" said Nurse Byloe. "Y' don't think anything dreadful has come o' that child's wild nater, do ye?"

"Child!" said Cynthia Badlam, — "child enough to wear this very gown I have got on and not find it too big for her neither." [It would have pinched Myrtle here and there pretty shrewdly.]

The two women looked each other in the eyes with subtle interchange of intelligence, such as belongs to their sex in virtue of its specialty. Talk without words is half their conversation, just as it is all the conversation of the lower animals. Only the dull senses of men are dead to it as to the music of the spheres.

Their minds travelled along, as if they had been yoked together, through whole fields of suggestive speculation, until the dumb growths of thought ripened in both their souls into articulate speech, — consentingly, as the

movement comes after the long stillness of a Quaker meeting.

Their lips opened at the same moment. "You don't mean"—began Nurse Byloe, but stopped as she heard Miss Badlam also speaking.

"They need n't drag the pond," she said. "They need n't go beating the woods as if they were hunting a partridge,—though for that matter Myrtle Hazard was always more like a partridge than she was like a pullet. Nothing ever took hold of that girl,—not catechising, nor advising, nor punishing. It's that dreadful will of hers never was broke. I've always been afraid that she would turn out a child of wrath. Did y' ever watch her at meetin' playing with posies and looking round all the time of the long prayer? That's what I've seen her do many and many a time. I'm afraid—O dear! Miss Byloe, I'm afraid to say what I'm afraid of. Men are so wicked, and young girls are full of deceit and so ready to listen to all sorts of artful creturs that take advantage of their ignorance and tender years." She wept once more, this time with sobs that seemed irrepressible.

"Dear suz!" said the nurse, "I won't believe no sech thing as wickedness about Myrtle Hazard. You mean she's gone an' run off with some good-for-nothin' man or other? If that ain't what y' mean, what do y' mean? It can't be so, Miss Badlam: she's one o' my babies. At any rate, I handled her when she fust come to this village,—and none o' my babies never did sech a thing. Fifteen year old, and be bringin' a whole family into disgrace! If she was thirty year old, or five-an'-thirty or more, and never'd had a chance to be married, and if one o' them artful creturs you was talkin' of got hold of her,—then, to be sure,——why,——dear me!—law! I never thought, Miss Badlam!—but then of course you could have had your pickin' and choosin' in the time of it; and I don't mean to say it's too late now if you felt called that way, for you're better lookin' now than some that's

younger, and there's no accountin' for tastes."

A sort of hysteric twitching that went through the frame of Cynthia Badlam dimly suggested to the old nurse that she was not making her slightly indiscreet personality much better by her explanations. She stopped short, and surveyed the not uncomely person of the maiden lady sitting before her with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, and one hand clenching the arm of the rocking-chair, as if some spasm had clamped it there. The nurse looked at her with a certain growing interest she had never felt before. It was the first time for some years that she had had such a chance, partly because Miss Cynthia had often been away for long periods,—partly because she herself had been busy professionally. There was no occasion for her services, of course, in the family at The Poplars; and she was always following round from place to place after that everlasting migratory six-weeks or less old baby.

There was not a more knowing pair of eyes, in their way, in a circle of fifty miles, than those kindly tranquil orbs that Nurse Byloe fixed on Cynthia Badlam. The silver threads in the side fold of hair, the delicate lines at the corner of the eye, the slight drawing down at the angle of the mouth,—almost imperceptible, but the nurse dwelt upon it,—a certain moulding of the features as of an artist's clay model worked by delicate touches with the fingers, showing that time or pain or grief had had a hand in shaping them, the contours, the adjustment of every fold of the dress, the attitude, the very way of breathing, were all passed through the searching inspection of the ancient expert, trained to know all the changes wrought by time and circumstance. It took not so long as it takes to describe it, but it was an analysis of imponderables, equal to any of Bunsen's with the spectroscope.

Miss Badlam removed her handkerchief and looked in a furtive, questioning way, in her turn, upon the nurse.

"It's dreadful close here, — I'm 'most smothered," Nurse Byloe said; and, putting her hand to her throat, unclasped the catch of the necklace of gold beads she had worn since she was a baby, — a bead having been added from time to time as she thickened. It lay in a deep groove of her large neck, and had not troubled her in breathing before, since the day when her husband was run over by an ox-team.

At this moment Miss Silence Withers entered, followed by Bathsheba Stoker, daughter of Rev. Joseph Belamy Stoker.

She was the friend of Myrtle, and had come to comfort Miss Silence, and consult with her as to what further search they should institute. The two, Myrtle's aunt and her friend, were as unlike as they could well be. Silence Withers was something more than forty years old, a shadowy, pinched, sallow, dispirited, bloodless woman, with the habitual look of the people in the funeral carriage which follows next to the hearse, and the tone in speaking that may be noticed in a household where one of its members is lying white and still in a cool, darkened chamber overhead. Bathsheba Stoker was not called handsome; but she had her mother's youthful smile, which was so fresh and full of sweetness that she seemed like a beauty while she was speaking or listening; and she could never be plain so long as any expression gave life to her features. In perfect repose, her face, a little prematurely touched by sad experiences, — for she was but seventeen years old, — had the character and decision stamped in its outlines which any young man who wanted a companion to warn, to comfort, and command him, might have depended on as warranting the courage, the sympathy, and the sense demanded for such a responsibility. She had been trying her powers of consolation on Miss Silence. It was a sudden freak of Myrtle's. She had gone off on some foolish but innocent excursion. Besides, she was a girl that would

take care of herself; for she was afraid of nothing, and nimbler than any boy of her age, and almost as strong as any. As for thinking any bad thoughts about her, that was a shame; she cared for none of the young fellows that were round her. Cyprian Eveleth was the one she thought most of; but Cyprian was as true as his sister Olive, — and who else was there?

To all this Miss Silence answered only by sighing and moaning. For two whole days she had been kept in constant fear and worry, afraid every minute of some tragical message, perplexed by the conflicting advice of all manner of officious friends, sleepless of course through the two nights, and now utterly broken down and collapsed.

Bathsheba had said all she could in the way of consolation, and hastened back to her mother's bedside, which she hardly left, except for the briefest of visits.

"It's a great trial, Miss Withers, that's laid on you," said Nurse Byloe.

"If I only knew that she was dead, and had died in the Lord," Miss Silence answered, — "if I only knew that; but if she is living in sin, or dead in wrong-doing, what is to become of me? — O, what is to become of me when 'He maketh inquisition for blood'?"

"Cousin Silence," said Miss Cynthia, "it is n't your fault, if that young girl has taken to evil ways. If going to meeting three times every Sabbath day, and knowing the catechism by heart, and reading of good books, and the best of daily advice, and all needful discipline, could have corrected her sinful nature, she would never have run away from a home where she enjoyed all these privileges. It's that Indian blood, Cousin Silence. It's a great mercy you and I have n't got any of it in our veins! What can you expect of children that come from heathens and savages? You can't lay it to yourself, Cousin Silence, if Myrtle Hazard goes wrong —"

"The Lord will lay it to me, — the Lord will lay it to me," she moaned.

"Did n't he say to Cain, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?'"

Nurse Byloe was getting very red in the face. She had had about enough of this talk between the two women. "I hope the Lord 'll take care of Myrtle Hazard fust, if she 's in trouble, 'n' wants help," she said; "'n' *then* look out for them that comes next. Y're too suspicious, Miss Badlam; y're too easy to believe stories. Myrtle Hazard was as pretty a child and as good a child as ever I see, if you did n't rile her; 'n' d'd y' ever see one o' them hearty, lively children, that had n't a sperrit of its own? For my part, I'd rather handle one of 'em than a dozen o' them little waxy, weak-eyed, slim-necked creturs that always do what they tell 'em to, and die afore they're a dozen year old; and never was the time when I've seen Myrtle Hazard, sence she was my baby, but what it's always been, 'Good mornin', Miss Byloe,' and, 'How do you do, Miss Byloe? I'm so glad to see you.' The handsomest young woman, too, as all the old folks will agree in tellin' you, sence the time o' Judith Pride that was, — the Pride of the County they used to call her, for her beauty. Her great-grandma, y' know, Miss Cynthia, married old King David Withers. What I want to know is, whether anything has been heerd, and jest what's been done about findin' the poor thing. How d' ye know she has n't fell into the river? Have they fired cannon? They say that busts the gall of drowned folks, and makes the corpse rise. Have they looked in the woods everywhere? Don't believe no wrong of nobody, not till y' *must*, — least of all of them that come o' the same folks, partly, and has lived with ye all their days. I tell y', Myrtle Hazard 's jest as innocent of all what y' 've been thinkin' about, — bless the poor child; she 's got a soul that 's as clean and sweet — well, as a pond-lily when it fust opens of a mornin', without a speck on it no more than on the fust pond-lily God Almighty ever made!"

That gave a turn to the two women's

thoughts, and their handkerchiefs went up to their faces. Nurse Byloe turned her eyes quickly on Cynthia Badlam, and repeated her close inspection of every outline and every light and shadow in her figure. She did not announce any opinion as to the age or good looks or general aspect or special points of Miss Cynthia; but she made a sound which the books write *humph!* but which real folks make with closed lips, thus: *m!* — a sort of half-suppressed labio-palato-nasal utterance, implying that there is a good deal which might be said, and all the vocal organs want to have a chance at it, if there is to be any talking.

Friends and neighbors were coming in and out; and the next person that came was the old minister, of whom, and of his colleague, the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, some account may here be introduced.

The Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton — Father Pemberton as brother ministers called him, Priest Pemberton as he was commonly styled by the country people — would have seemed very old, if the medical patriarch of the village had not been so much older. A man over ninety is a great comfort to all his elderly neighbors: he is a picket-guard at the extreme outpost; and the young folks of sixty and seventy feel that the enemy must get by him before he can come near their camp. Dr. Hurlbut, at ninety-two, made Priest Pemberton seem comparatively little advanced; but the college catalogue showed that he must be seventy-five years old, if, as we may suppose, he was twenty at the time of his graduation.

He was a man of noble presence always, and now, in the grandeur of his flowing silver hair and with the gray shaggy brows overhanging his serene and solemn eyes, with the slow gravity of motion and the measured dignity of speech which gave him the air of an old pontiff, he was an imposing personage to look upon, and could be awful, if the occasion demanded it. His creed was of the sternest: he was

looked up to as a bulwark against all the laxities which threatened New England theology. But it was a creed rather of the study and of the pulpit than of every-day application among his neighbors. He dealt too much in the lofty abstractions which had always such fascinations for the higher class of New England divines, to busy himself as much as he might have done with the spiritual condition of individuals. He had also a good deal in him of what he used to call the Old Man, which, as he confessed, he had never succeeded in putting off,—meaning thereby certain qualities belonging to humanity, as much as the natural gifts of the dumb creatures belong to them, and tending to make a man beloved by his weak and erring fellow-mortals.

In the olden time he would have lived and died king of his parish, monarch, by Divine right, as the noblest, grandest, wisest of all that made up the little nation within hearing of his meeting-house bell. But Young Calvinism has less reverence and more love of novelty than its forefathers. It wants change, and it loves young blood. Polyandry is getting to be the normal condition of the Church; and about the time a man is becoming a little over-ripe for the livelier human sentiments, he may be pretty sure the women are looking round to find him a colleague. In this way it was that the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker became the colleague of the Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton.

If one could have dived deep below all the Christian graces—the charity, the sweetness of disposition, the humility—of Father Pemberton, he would have found a small remnant of the “Old Man,” as the good clergyman would have called it, which was never in harmony with the Rev. Mr. Stoker. The younger divine felt his importance, and made his venerable colleague feel that he felt it. Father Pemberton had a fair chance at rainy Sundays and hot summer-afternoon services; but the junior pushed him aside without cere-

mony whenever he thought there was a chance for him to have a good show in the pews. As for those courtesies which the old need, to soften the sense of declining faculties and failing attractions, the younger pastor bestowed them in public, but was negligent of them, to say the least, when not on exhibition.

Good old Father Pemberton could not love this man; but he would not hate him, and he never complained to him or of him. It would have been of no use if he had: the women of the parish had taken up the Rev. Mr. Stoker; and when the women run after a minister or a doctor, what do the men signify?

Why the women ran after him, some thought it was not hard to guess. He was not ill-looking, according to the village standard, parted his hair smoothly, tied his white cravat carefully, was fluent, plausible, had a gift in prayer, was considered eloquent, was fond of listening to their spiritual experiences, and had a sickly wife. This is what Byles Gridley said; but he was apt to be caustic at times.

Father Pemberton visited his people but rarely. Like Jonathan Edwards, like David Osgood, he felt his call to be to study-work, and was impatient of the egotisms and spiritual megrims, in listening to which, especially from the younger females of his flock, his colleague had won the hearts of so many of his parishioners. His presence had a wonderful effect in restoring the despondent Miss Silence to her equanimity; for not all the hard divinity he had preached for half a century had spoiled his kindly nature; and not the gentle Melancthon himself, ready to welcome death as a refuge from the rage and bitterness of theologians, was more in contrast with the disputants with whom he mingled, than the old minister in the hour of trial with the stern dogmatist in his study, forging thunderbolts to smite down sinners.

It was well that there were no tithingmen about on that next day, Sun-

day; for it shone no Sabbath day for the young men within half a dozen miles of the village. They were out on Bear Hill the whole day, beating up the bushes as if for game, scaring old crows out of their ragged nests, and in one dark glen startling a fierce-eyed, growling, bob-tailed catamount, who sat spitting and looking all ready to spring at them, on the tall tree where he clung with his claws all unsheathed, until a young fellow came up with a gun and shot him dead. They went through and through the swamp at Musquash Hollow; but found nothing better than a wicked old snapping-turtle, evil to behold, with his snaky head and alligator tail, but worse to meddle with, if his horny jaws were near enough to spring their man-trap on the curious experimenter. At Wood-End there were some Indians, ill-conditioned savages in a dirty tent, making baskets, the miracle of which was that they were so clean. They had seen a young lady answering the description, about a week ago. She had bought a basket. — Asked them if they had a canoe they wanted to sell. — Eyes like hers (pointing to a squaw with a man's hat on).

At Pocasset the young men explored all the thick woods, — some who ought to have known better taking their guns, which made a talk, as one might well suppose. Hunting on a Sabbath day! They did n't meant to *shoot* Myrtle Hazard, did they? it was keenly asked. A good many said it was all nonsense, and a mere excuse to get away from meeting and have a sort of frolic on pretence that it was a work of necessity and mercy, one or both.

While they were scattering themselves about in this way, some in earnest, some rejoicing in the unwonted license, lifting off for a little while that enormous Sabbath-day pressure which weighs like forty atmospheres on every true-born Puritan, two young men had been since Friday in search of the lost girl, each following a clew of his own, and determined to find her if she was among the living.

Cyprian Eveleth made for the village of Mapleton, where his sister Olive was staying, trusting that, with her aid, he might get a clew to the mystery of Myrtle's disappearance.

William Murray Bradshaw struck for a railroad train going to the great seaport, at a station where it stops for wood and water.

In the mean time, a third young man, Gifted Hopkins by name, son of the good woman already mentioned, sat down, with tears in his eyes, and wrote those touching stanzas, "The Lost Myrtle," which were printed in the next "Banner and Oracle," and much admired by many who read them.

CHAPTER III.

ANTECEDENTS.

THE Withers Homestead was the oldest mansion in town. It was built on the east bank of the river, a little above the curve which gave the name to Oxbow Village. It stood on an elevation, its west gable close to the river's edge, an old orchard and a small pond at the foot of the slope behind it, woods at the east, open to the south, with a great row of Lombardy poplars standing guard in front of the house. The Hon. Selah Withers, Esq., a descendant of one of the first colonists, built it for his own residence, in the early part of the last century. Deeply impressed with his importance in the order of things, he had chosen to place it a little removed from the cluster of smaller dwellings about the Oxbow; and with some vague fancy in his mind of the castles that overlook the Rhine and the Danube, he had selected this eminence on which to place his substantial gambrel-roofed dwelling-house. Long afterwards a bay-window, almost a little room of itself, had been thrown out of the second story on the west side, so that it looked directly down on the river running beneath it. The chamber, thus half suspended in the air, had been for years the special apartment of Myrtle Hazard; and as the boys paddling

about on the river would often catch glimpses, through the window, of the little girl dressed in the scarlet jacket she fancied in those days, one of them, Cyprian Eveleth, had given it a name which became current among the young people, and indeed furnished the subject of one of his earliest poems to Gifted Hopkins, to wit, "The Fire-bird's Nest."

If we would know anything about the persons now living at the Withers Homestead, or The Poplars, as it was more commonly called of late years, we must take a brief inventory of some of their vital antecedents. It is by no means certain that our individual personality is the single inhabitant of these our corporeal frames. Nay, there is recorded an experience of one of the living persons mentioned in this narrative, — to be given in full in its proper place, — which, so far as it is received in evidence, tends to show that some, at least, who have long been dead, may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own. There are many circumstances, familiar to common observers, which favor this belief to a certain extent. Thus, at one moment we detect the look, at another the tone of voice, at another some characteristic movement of this or that ancestor, in our relations or others. There are times when our friends do not act like themselves, but apparently in obedience to some other law than that of their own proper nature. We all do things both awake and asleep which surprise us. Perhaps we have cotenants in this house we live in. No less than eight distinct personalities are said to have coexisted in a single female mentioned by an ancient physician of unimpeachable authority. In this light we may perhaps see the meaning of a sentence, from a work which will be repeatedly referred to in this narrative, viz.: "*This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans is not a private carriage, but an omnibus.*"

The ancestry of the Withers family had counted a martyr to their faith before they were known as Puritans. The record was obscure in some points; but the portrait, marked "Ann Holyoake, burned by y^e bloody Papists, año 15 . . ." (figures illegible), was still hanging against the panel over the fireplace in the west parlor at The Poplars. The following words were yet legible on the canvas: —

"Thou hast made a covenant O Lord with mee and my children forever."

The story had come down, that Ann Holyoake spoke these words in a prayer she offered up at the stake, after the fagots were kindled. There had always been a secret feeling in the family, that none of her descendants could finally fall from grace, in virtue of this solemn "covenant."

There had been also a legend in the family, that the martyred woman's spirit exercised a kind of supervision over her descendants; that she either manifested herself to them, or in some way impressed them, from time to time; as in the case of the first pilgrim before he cast his lot with the emigrants, — of one Mrs. Winslowe, a descendant in the third generation, when the Indians were about to attack the settlement where she lived, — and of another, just before he was killed at Quebec.

There was a remarkable resemblance between the features of Ann Holyoake, as shown in the portrait, and the miniature likeness of Myrtle's mother. Myrtle adopted the nearly obsolete superstition more readily on this account, and loved to cherish the fancy that the guardian spirit which had watched over her ancestors was often near her, and would be with her in her time of need.

The wife of Selah Withers was accused of sorcery in the evil days of 1718. A careless expression in one of her letters, that "y^e Parson was as lyke to bee in league with y^e Divell as anie of 'em," had got abroad, and given great offence to godly people. There was no doubt that some odd "manifestations," as they would be called now-a-days, had taken place in the house-

hold when she was a girl, and that she presented many of the conditions belonging to what are at the present day called mediums.

Major Gideon Withers, her son, was of the very common type of hearty, loud, portly men, who like to show themselves at militia trainings, and to hear themselves shout orders at musters, or declaim patriotic sentiments at town-meetings and in the General Court. He loved to wear a crimson sash and a military cap with a large red feather, in which the village folk used to say he looked as "hahnsome as a piny," — meaning a favorite flower of his, which is better spelt peony, and to which it was not unnatural that his admirers should compare him.

If he had married a wife like himself, there might probably enough have sprung from the alliance a family of moon-faced children, who would have dropped into their places like posts into their holes, asking no questions of life, contented, like so many other honest folks, with the part of supernumeraries in the drama of being, their wardrobe of flesh and bones being furnished them *gratis*, and nothing to do but to walk across the stage wearing it. But Major Gideon Withers, for some reason or other, married a slender, sensitive, nervous, romantic woman, which accounted for the fact that his son David, "King David," as he was called in his time, had a very different set of tastes from his father, showing a turn for literature and sentiment in his youth, reading Young's "Night Thoughts," and Thomson's "Seasons," and sometimes in those early days writing verses himself to Celia or to Chloe, which sounded just as fine to him as Effie and Minnie sound to young people now, as Musidora, as Saccharissa, as Lesbia, as Helena, as Adah and Zillah, have all sounded to young people in their time, — ashes of roses as they are to us now, and as our endearing Scotch diminutives will be to others by and by.

King David Withers, who got his royal prefix partly because he was rich, and partly because he wrote hymns oc-

asionally, when he grew too old to write love-poems, married the famous beauty before mentioned, Miss Judith Pride, and the race came up again in vigor. Their son, Jeremy, took for his first wife a delicate, melancholic girl, who matured into a sad-eyed woman, and bore him two children, Malachi and Silence, both of whom inherited her temperament. When she died, he mourned for her bitterly almost a year, and then put on a ruffled shirt and went across the river to tell his grief to Miss Virginia Wild, there residing. This lady was said to have a few drops of genuine aboriginal blood in her veins; and it is certain that her cheek had a little of the russet tinge which a Seckel pear shows on its warmest cheek when it blushes. — Love shuts itself up in sympathy like a knife-blade in its handle, and opens as easily. — All the rest followed in due order according to Nature's kindly programme.

Captain Charles Hazard, of the ship *Orient Pearl*, fell desperately in love with their daughter Candace, married her, and carried her with him to India, where their first and only child was born, and received the name of Myrtle, as fitting her cradle in the tropics. So her earliest impressions, — it would not be exact to call them recollections, — besides the smiles of her father and mother, were of dusky faces, of loose white raiment, of waving fans, of breezes perfumed with the sweet exhalations of sandal-wood, of gorgeous flowers and glowing fruit, of shady verandas, of gliding palanquins, and all the languid luxury of the South. The pestilence which has its natural home in India, but has journeyed so far from its birth-place in these later years, took her father and mother away, suddenly, in the very freshness of their early maturity. A relation of Myrtle's father, wife of another captain, was returning to America on a visit, and the child was sent back, under her care, while still a mere infant, to her relatives at the old homestead. During the long voyage, the strange mystery of the ocean was wrought into her conscious-

ness so deeply, that it seemed to belong to her being. The waves rocked her, as if the sea had been her mother ; and, looking over the vessel's side from the arms that held her with tender care, she used to watch the play of the waters, until the rhythm of their movement became a part of her, almost as much as her own pulse and breath.

The instincts and qualities belonging to the ancestral traits which predominated in the conflict of mingled lives lay in this child in embryo, waiting to come to maturity. It was as when several grafts, bearing fruit that ripens at different times, are growing upon the same stock. Her earlier impulses may have been derived directly from her father and mother, but all the ancestors who have been mentioned, and more or less obscurely many others, came uppermost in their time, before the absolute and total result of their several forces had found its equilibrium in the character by which she was to be known as an individual. These inherited impulses were therefore many, conflicting, some of them dangerous. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil held mortgages on her life before its deed was put in her hands ; but sweet and gracious influences were also born with her ; and the battle of life was to be fought between them, God helping her in her need, and her own free choice siding with one or the other. The formal statement of this succession of ripening characteristics need not be repeated, but the fact must be borne in mind.

This was the child who was delivered into the hands of Miss Silence Withers, her aunt on the father's side, keeping house with her brother Malachi, a bachelor, already called Old Malachi, though hardly entitled by his years to such a venerable prefix. Both these persons had inherited the predominant traits of their sad-eyed mother. Malachi, the chief heir of the family property, was rich, but felt very poor. He owned this fine old estate of some hundreds of acres. He had moneys in the bank, shares in various companies,

wood-lots in the town, and a large tract of Western land, the subject of a lawsuit which seemed as if it would never be settled, and kept him always uneasy. Some said he hoarded gold somewhere about the old house, but nobody knew this for a certainty. In spite of his abundant means, he talked much of poverty, and kept the household on the narrowest footing of economy. One Irishwoman, with a little aid from her husband now and then, did all their work ; and the only company they saw was Miss Cynthia Badlam, who, as a relative, claimed a home with them whenever she was so disposed.

The "little Indian," as Malachi called her, was an awkward accession to the family. Silence Withers knew no more about children and their ways and wants than if she had been a female ostrich. Thus it was that she found it necessary to send for a woman well known in the place as the first friend whose acquaintance many of the little people of the town had made in this vale of tears.

Forty years of practice had taught Nurse Byloe the art of handling the young of her species with the soft firmness which one may notice in cats with their kittens,—more grandly in a tawny lioness mouthing her cubs. Myrtle did not know she was held ; she only felt she was lifted, and borne up, as a cherub may feel upon a white-woolly cloud, and smiled accordingly at the nurse, as if quite at home in her arms.

"As fine a child as ever breathed the breath of life. But where did them black eyes come from? Born in Injy,—that 's it, ain't it? No, its her poor mother's eyes to be sure. Does n't it seem as if there was a kind of Injin look to 'em? She 'll be a lively one to manage, if I know anything about childun. See her clinchin' them little fists!"

This was when Miss Silence came near her and brought her rather severe countenance close to the child for inspection of its features. The ungracious aspect of the woman and the de-

fiant attitude of the child prefigured in one brief instant the history of many long coming years.

It was not a great while before the two parties in that wearing conflict of alien lives, which is often called education, began to measure their strength against each other. The child was bright, observing, of restless activity, inquisitively curious, very hard to frighten, and with a will which seemed made for mastery, not submission.

The stern spinster to whose care this vigorous life was committed was disposed to discharge her duty to the girl faithfully and conscientiously; but there were two points in her character and belief which had a most important bearing on the manner in which she carried out her laudable intentions. First, she was one of that class of human beings whose one single engrossing thought is their own welfare, — in the next world, it is true, but still their own personal welfare. The Roman Church recognizes this class, and provides every form of specific to meet their spiritual condition. But in so far as Protestantism has thrown out works as a means of insuring future safety, these unfortunates are as badly off as nervous patients who have no drops, pills, potions, no doctors' rules, to follow. Only tell a poor creature what to *do*, and he or she will do it, and be made easy, were it a pilgrimage of a thousand miles, with shoes full of split peas instead of boiled ones; but if once assured that *doing* does no good, the drooping Littlefaiths are left at leisure to worry about their souls, as the other class of weaklings worry about their bodies. The effect on character does not seem to be very different in the two classes. Metaphysicians may discuss the nature of selfishness at their leisure; if to have all her thoughts centring on the one point of her own well-being by and by was selfishness, then Silence Withers was supremely selfish; and if we are offended with that form of egotism, it is no more than ten of the twelve Apostles were, as the reader may see by turning

to the Gospel of St. Matthew, the twentieth chapter and the twenty-fourth verse.

The next practical difficulty was, that she attempted to carry out a theory which, whatever might be its success in other cases, did not work kindly in the case of Myrtle Hazard, but, on the contrary, developed a mighty spirit of antagonism in her nature, which threatened to end in utter lawlessness. Miss Silence started from the approved doctrine, that all children are radically and utterly wrong in all their motives, feelings, thoughts, and deeds, so long as they remain subject to their natural instincts. It was by the eradication, and not the education, of these instincts, that the character of the human being she was moulding was to be determined. The first great preliminary process, so soon as the child manifested any evidence of intelligent and persistent self-determination, was to *break her will*.

There is no doubt that this was a legitimate conclusion from the teaching of Priest Pemberton, but it required a colder and harder nature than his own to carry out many of his dogmas to their practical application. He wrought in the pure mathematics, so to speak, of theology, and left the working rules to the good sense and good feeling of his people.

Miss Silence had been waiting for her opportunity to apply the great doctrine, and it came at last in a very trivial way.

"Myrtle does n't want brown bread. Myrtle won't have brown bread. Myrtle will have white bread."

"Myrtle is a wicked child. She will have what Aunt Silence says she shall have. She won't have anything but brown bread."

Thereupon the bright red lip protruded, the hot blood mounted to her face, the child untied her little "tire," got down from the table, took up her one forlorn, featureless doll, and went to bed without her supper. The next morning the worthy woman thought that hunger and reflection would have subdued the rebellious spirit. So there stood yester-

day's untouched supper waiting for her breakfast. She would not taste it, and it became necessary to enforce that extreme penalty of the law which had been threatened, but never yet put in execution. Miss Silence, in obedience to what she felt to be a painful duty, without any passion, but filled with high, inexorable purpose, carried the child up to the garret, and, fastening her so that she could not wander about and hurt herself, left her to her repentant thoughts, awaiting the moment when a plaintive entreaty for liberty and food should announce that the evil nature had yielded and the obdurate will was broken.

The garret was an awful place. All the skeleton-like ribs of the roof showed in the dim light, naked overhead, and the only floor to be trusted consisted of the few boards which bridged the lath and plaster. A great, mysterious brick tower climbed up through it,—it was the chimney, but it looked like a horrible cell to put criminals into. The whole place was festooned with cobwebs,—not light films, such as the housewife's broom sweeps away before they have become a permanent residence, but vast gray draperies, loaded with dust, sprinkled with yellow powder from the beams where the worms were gnawing day and night, the home of old, hairy spiders who had lived there since they were eggs and would leave it for unborn spiders who would grow old and huge like themselves in it, long after the human tenants had left the mansion for a narrower home. Here this little criminal was imprisoned, six, twelve,—tell it not to mothers,—eighteen dreadful hours, hungry until she was ready to gnaw her hands, a prey to all childish imaginations; and here at her stern guardian's last visit she sat, pallid, chilled, almost fainting, but sullen and unsubdued. The Irishwoman, poor stupid Kitty Fagan, who had no theory of human nature, saw her over the lean shoulders of the spinster, and, forgetting all differences of condition and questions of authority, rushed to her with a cry of maternal tenderness, and,

with a tempest of passionate tears and kisses bore her off to her own humble realm, where the little victorious martyr was fed from her best stores, until there was as much danger from repletion as there had been from famine. How the experiment might have ended but for this empirical and most unphilosophical interference, there is no saying; but it settled the point that the rebellious nature was not to be subjugated in a brief conflict.

The untamed disposition manifested itself in greater enormities as she grew older. At the age of four years she was detected in making a cat's-cradle at meeting, during sermon-time, and, on being reprimanded for so doing, laughed out loud, so as to be heard by Father Pemberton, who thereupon bent his threatening, shaggy brows upon the child, and, to his shame be it spoken, had such a sudden uprising of weak, foolish, grandfatherly feelings, that a mist came over his eyes, and he left out his "ninthly" altogether, thereby spoiling the logical sequence of propositions which had kept his large forehead knotty for a week.

At eight years old she fell in love with the high-colored picture of Major Gideon Withers in the red sash and the red feather of his exalted military office. It was then for the first time that her Aunt Silence remarked a shade of resemblance between the child and the portrait. She had always, up to this time, been dressed in sad colors, as was fitting, doubtless, for a forlorn orphan; but happening one day to see a small negro girl peacocking round in a flaming scarlet petticoat, she struck for bright colors in her own apparel, and carried her point at last. It was as if a ground-sparrow had changed her gray feathers for the burning plumage of some tropical wanderer; and it was natural enough that Cyprian Eveleth should have called her the fire-hang-bird, and her little chamber the fire-hang-bird's-nest,—using the country boy's synonyme for the Baltimore oriole.

At ten years old she had one of those

great experiences which give new meaning to the life of a child.

Her Uncle Malachi had seemed to have a strong liking for her at one time, but of late years his delusions had gained upon him, and under their influence he seemed to regard her as an encumbrance and an extravagance. He was growing more and more solitary in his habits, more and more negligent of his appearance. He was up late at night, wandering about the house from the cellar to the garret, so that, his light being seen flitting from window to window, the story got about that the old house was haunted.

One dreary, rainy Friday in November, Myrtle was left alone in the house. Her uncle had been gone since the day before. The two women were both away at the village. At such times the child took a strange delight in exploring all the hiding-places of the old mansion. She had the mysterious dwelling-place of so many of the dead and the living all to herself. What a fearful kind of pleasure in its silence and loneliness! The old clock that Marmaduke Storr made in London more than a hundred years ago was clicking the steady pulse-beats of its second century. The featured moon on its dial had lifted one eye, as if to watch the child, as it had watched so many generations of children, while the swinging pendulum ticked them along into youth, maturity, gray hairs, death-beds, — ticking through the prayer at the funeral, — ticking without grief through all the still or noisy woe of mourning, — ticking without joy when the smiles and gayety of comforted heirs had come back again. She looked at herself in the tall, bevelled mirror in the best chamber. She pulled aside the curtains of the stately bedstead whereon the heads of the house had slept until they died and were stretched out upon it, and the sheet shaped itself to them in vague, awful breadth of outline, like a block of monumental marble the sculptor leaves just hinted by the chisel.

She groped her way up to the dim garret, the scene of her memorable

punishment. A rusty hook projected from one of the joists a little higher than a man's head. Something was hanging from it, — an old garment, was it? She went bravely up and touched — a cold hand. She did what most children of that age would do, — uttered a cry, and ran down stairs with all her might. She rushed out of the door and called to the man Patrick, who was doing some work about the place. What could be done was done, but it was too late.

Uncle Malachi had made away with himself. That was plain on the face of things. In due time the coroner's verdict settled it. It was not so strange as it seemed; but it made a great talk in the village and all the country round about. Everybody knew he had money enough, and yet he had hanged himself for fear of starving to death.

For all that, he was found to have left a will, dated some years before, leaving his property to his sister Silence, with the exception of a certain moderate legacy to be paid in money to Myrtle Hazard when she should arrive at the age of twenty years.

The household seemed more chilly than ever after this tragical event. Its depressing influence followed the child to school, where she learned the common branches of knowledge. It followed her to the Sabbath-day catechisings, where she repeated the answers about the federal headship of Adam, and her consequent personal responsibilities, and other technicalities which are hardly milk for babes, perhaps as well as other children, but without any very profound remorse for what she could not help, so far as she understood the matter, any more than her sex or stature, and with no very clear comprehension of the phrases which the New England followers of the Westminster divines made a part of the elementary instruction of young people.

At twelve years old she had grown tall and womanly enough to attract the eyes of the youth and older boys, several of whom made advances towards her acquaintance. But the dreary discipline of the household had sunk into

her soul, and she had been shaping an internal life for herself which it was hard for friendship to penetrate. Bathsheba Stoker was chained to the bedside of an invalid mother. Olive Eveleth, a kind, true-hearted girl, belonged to another religious communion; and this tended to render their meetings less frequent, though Olive was still her nearest friend. Cyprian was himself a little shy, and rather held to Myrtle through his sister than by any true intimacy directly with herself. Of the other young men of the village Gifted Hopkins was perhaps the most fervent of her admirers, as he had repeatedly shown by effusions in verse, of which, under the thinnest of disguises, she was the object.

Murray Bradshaw, ten years older than herself, a young man of striking aspect and claims to exceptional ability, had kept his eye on her of late; but it was generally supposed that he would find a wife in the city, where he was in the habit of going to visit a fashionable relative, Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, of 24 Carat Place. *She*, at any rate, understood very well that he meant, to use his own phrase, "to go in for a corner lot," — understanding thereby a young lady with possessions and without encumbrances. If the old man had only given his money to Myrtle, Murray Bradshaw would have made sure of her; but she was not likely ever to get much of it. Miss Silence Withers, it was understood, would probably leave her money as the Rev. Mr. Stoker, her spiritual director, should indicate, and it seemed likely that most of it would go to a rising educational institution where certain given doctrines were to be taught through all time, whether disproved or not, and whether those who taught them believed them or not, provided only they would say they believed them.

Nobody had promised to say masses for her soul if she made this disposition of her property, or pledged the word of the Church that she should have plenary absolution. But she felt that she would be making friends in Influential Quarters by thus laying up

her treasure, and that she would be safe if she had the good-will of the ministers of her sect.

Myrtle Hazard had nearly reached the age of fourteen, and, though not like to inherit much of the family property, was fast growing into a large dowry of hereditary beauty. Always handsome, her features shaped themselves in a finer symmetry, her color grew richer, her figure promised a perfect womanly development, and her movements had the grace which high-breeding gives the daughter of a queen, and which Nature now and then teaches the humblest of village maidens. She could not long escape the notice of the lovers and flatterers of beauty, and the time of danger was drawing near.

At this period of her life she made two discoveries which changed the whole course of her thoughts, and opened for her a new world of ideas and possibilities.

Ever since the dreadful event of November, 1854, the garret had been a fearful place to think of, and still more to visit. The stories that the house was haunted gained in frequency of repetition and detail of circumstance. But Myrtle was bold and inquisitive, and explored its recesses at such times as she could creep among them undisturbed. Hid away close under the eaves she found an old trunk covered with dust and cobwebs. The mice had gnawed through its leather hinges, and, as it had been hastily stuffed full, the cover had risen, and two or three volumes had fallen to the floor. This trunk held the papers and books which her great-grandmother, the famous beauty, had left behind her, records of the romantic days when she was the belle of the county, — story-books, memoirs, novels, and poems, and not a few love-letters, — a strange collection, which, as so often happens with such deposits in old families, nobody had cared to meddle with, and nobody had been willing to destroy, until at last they had passed out of mind, and waited for a new generation to bring them into light again.

The other discovery was of a small

board of coin. Under one of the boards which formed the imperfect flooring of the garret was hidden an old leather mitten. Instead of a hand, it had a fat fist of silver dollars, and a thumb of gold half-eagles.

Thus knowledge and power found their way to the simple and secluded maiden. The books were hers to read

as much as any other's; the gold and silver were only a part of that small provision which would be hers by and by, and if she borrowed it, it was borrowing of herself. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil had shaken its fruit into her lap, and, without any serpent to tempt her, she took thereof and did eat.

FITZ ADAM'S STORY.*

THE next whose fortune 't was a tale to tell
 Was one whom men, before they thought, loved well,
 And after thinking wondered why they did,
 For half he seemed to let them, half forbid,
 And wrapped him so in humors, sheath on sheath,
 'T was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;
 But, once divined, you took him to your heart,
 While he appeared to bear with you as part
 Of life's impertinence, and once a year
 Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
 Or rather something sweetly-shy and loath,
 Withdrawn ere fully shown, and mixed of both.
 A cynic? Not precisely: one who thrust
 Against a heart too prone to love and trust,
 Who so despised false sentiment he knew
 Scarce in himself to part the false and true,
 And strove to hide, by roughening-o'er the skin,
 Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.
 Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,
 He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;
 On a small patrimony and larger pride,
 He lived uneasy on the Other Side
 (So he called Europe), only coming West
 To give his old-world appetite new zest.
 A radical in thought, he puffed away
 With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
 Yet loathed democracy as one who saw,
 In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
 And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
 Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
 His fancy's thrall, he drew all ergos thence,
 And thought himself the type of common sense,
 Misliking women, not from cross or whim,
 But that his mother shared too much in him,

* The greater part of this poem was written many years ago, to form part of a larger one to be called "The Naming," made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some comic.

And he half felt that what in them was grace
 Made the unlucky weakness of his race.
 What powers he had he hardly cared to know,
 But sauntered through the world as through a show,
 A critic fine in his haphazard way,
 A sort of mild *La Bruyère* on half-pay.
 For comic weaknesses he had an eye
 Keen as an acid for an alkali,
 Yet you could feel, through his sardonic tone,
 He loved them all, unless they were his own.
 You might have called him, with his humorous twist,
 A kind of human entomologist:
 As these bring home, from every walk they take,
 Their hat-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,
 So he filled all the lining of his head
 With characters impaled and ticketed,
 And had a cabinet behind his eyes
 For all they caught of mortal oddities.
 He might have been a poet, — many worse, —
 But that he had, or feigned, contempt of verse,
 Called it tattooing language, and held rhymes
 The young world's lullaby of ruder times.
 Bitter in words, too indolent for gall,
 He satirized himself the first of all,
 In men and their affairs could find no law,
 And was the ill logic that he thought he saw.

Scratching a match to light his pipe anew,
 With eyes half shut some musing whiffs he drew,
 And thus began: — "I give you all my word,
 I think this mock-Decameron absurd;
 Boccaccio's garden! how bring that to pass
 In our bleak clime save under double glass?
 The moral east-wind of New-England life
 Would snip its gay luxuriance like a knife;
 These foreign plants are but half-hardy still,
 Die on a south, and on a north wall chill;
 Had we stayed Puritans! *They* had some heat,
 (Though whence derived, I have my own conceit,)
 But you have long ago raked up their fires;
 Where they had faith, you've ten sham-Gothic spires.
 Why more exotics? Try your native vines,
 And in some thousand years you *may* have wines;
 Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps and skins,
 And want traditions of ancestral bins
 That saved for evenings round the polished board
 Old lava-fires, the sun-steeped hillside's hoard;
 Without a Past, you lack that southern wall
 O'er which the vines of Poesy should crawl;
 Still they're your only hope; no midnight oil
 Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil;
 Manure them well and prune them; 't won't be France,
 Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your chance.

You have one story-teller worth a score
 Of dead Boccaccios, nay, add twenty more,
 A hawthorn asking spring's most southern breath,
 And him you 're freezing pretty well to death.
 However, since you say so, I will tease
 My memory to a story by degrees,
 Though you will cry, 'Enough!' I 'm wellnigh sure,
 Ere I have dreamed through half my overture.
 Stories were good for men who had no books,
 (Fortunate race!) and built their nests like rooks
 In lonely towers, to which the Jongleur brought
 His pedler's-box of cheap and tawdry thought,
 With here and there a fancy fit to see
 Wrought to quaint grace in golden filagree;
 The morning newspaper has spoilt his trade,
 (For better or for worse, I leave unsaid,)
 And stories now, to suit a public nice,
 Must be half epigram, half pleasant vice.

"All tourists know Shebagog County; there
 The summer idlers take their yearly stare,
 Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
 As 't were Italian opera, or play,
 Encore the sunrise (if they 're out of bed),
 And pat the Mighty Mother on the head:
 These have I seen,—all things are good to see,—
 And wondered much at their complacency;
 This world's great show, that took in getting up
 Millions of years, they finish ere they sup;
 Sights that God gleams through with soul-tingling force
 They glance approvingly as things of course,
 Say, 'That 's a grand rock,' 'This a pretty fall,'
 Not thinking, 'Are we worthy?' What if all
 The scornful landscape should turn round and say,
 'This is a fool, and that a popinjay'?
 I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
 Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless brinks,
 Or how the Sun would scare the chattering crowd,
 If some fine day he chanced to think aloud.

"I, who love Nature much as sinners can,
 Love her where she most grandeur shows,—in man;
 Here find I mountain, forest, cloud, and sun,
 River and sea, and glows when day is done;
 Nay, where she makes grotesques, and moulds in jest
 The clown's cheap clay, I find unfading zest.
 The natural instincts year by year retire,
 As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,
 And he who loves the wild game-flavor more
 Than city-feasts, where every man 's a bore
 To every other man, must seek it where
 The steamer's throb and railway's iron blare
 Have not yet startled with their punctual stir

The shy, wood-wandering brood of Character.
 There is a village, once the county town,
 Through which the weekly mail rolled dustily down,
 Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a year,
 And the one tavern reeked with rustic cheer;
 Cheeshogquesumscot erst, now Jethro hight,
 Red-man and pale-face bore it equal spite.
 The railway ruined it, the natives say,
 That passed unwisely fifteen miles away,
 And made a drain to which, with steady ooze,
 Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade, and news.
 The railway saved it, so at least think those
 Who love old ways, old houses, old repose.
 Of course the Tavern stayed: its genial host
 Thought not of flitting more than did the post
 On which high-hung the fading signboard creaks,
 Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.'

"If in life's journey you should ever find
 An inn medicinal for body and mind,
 'T is sure to be some drowsy-looking house
 Whose easy landlord has a bustling spouse:
 He, if he like you, will not long forego
 Some bottle deep in cobwebbed dust laid low,
 That, since the War we used to call the 'Last,'
 Has dozed and held its lang-syne memories fast;
 From him exhales that Indian-summer air
 Of hazy, lazy welcome everywhere,
 While with her toil the napery is white,
 The china dustless, the keen knife-blades bright,
 Salt dry as sand, and bread that seems as though
 'T were rather sea-foam baked than vulgar dough.

"In our swift country, houses trim and white
 Are pitched like tents, the lodging of a night;
 Each on its bank of baked turf mounted high
 Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry,
 While the wronged landscape coldly stands aloof,
 Refusing friendship with the upstart roof.
 Not so the Eagle; on a grass-green swell
 That toward the south with sweet concessions fell,
 It dwelt retired, and half had grown to be
 As aboriginal as rock or tree.
 It nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood
 O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood,
 As by the peat that rather fades than burns
 The smouldering grandam nods and knits by turns,
 Happy, although her newest news were old
 Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;
 If paint it e'er had known, it knew no more
 Than yellow lichens spattered thickly o'er
 That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath the eaves,
 Which the slow brush of wind and weather leaves.

The ample roof sloped backward to the ground,
 And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly round,
 Patched on, as sire or son had felt the need,
 Like chance growths sprouting from the old roof's seed,
 Just as about a yellow-pine-tree spring
 Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring.
 But the great chimney was the central thought
 Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,
 For 't is not styles far-fetched from Greece or Rome,
 But just the Fireside, that can make a home;
 None of your spindling things of modern style,
 Like pins stuck through to stay the card-built pile,
 It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, debonair,
 Its warm breath whitening in the October air,
 While on its front a heart in outline showed
 The place it filled in that serene abode.

"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
 Ezra sat listless by the open door;
 One chair careened him at an angle meet,
 Another nursed his hugely-slippered feet;
 Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
 And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.
 'Are you the landlord?' 'Wahl, I guess I be,'
 Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.
 He was a stoutish man, and through the breast
 Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest;
 Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding morn,
 His tanned cheeks curved to temples closely shorn;
 Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge of gray
 Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
 About an Adam's-apple that beneath
 Bulged like a boulder from a furzy heath.
 'Can I have lodging here?' once more I said.
 He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his head,
 'You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I s'pose,
 Acrost a bridge where a big swamp-oak grows?
 It don't grow neither; it's ben dead ten year,
 Nor th' ain't a livin' creetur, fur nor near,
 Can tell wut killed it; but I some misdoubt
 'T was borers, there 's sech heaps on 'em about;
 You did n' chance to run ag'inst my son,
 A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
 He 'd oughto ben back more 'n an hour ago
 An' brought some birds to dress for supper — Sho!
 There he comes now. 'Say, Obed, wut ye got?
 (He 'll hev some upland plover like as not.)
 Wal, them 's real nice uns an 'll eat A 1,
 Ef I can stop their bein' over-done;
 Nothin' riles *me*, (I pledge my fastin' word,)
 Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird;
 (Obed, you pick 'em out o' sight an' sound,
 Your ma'am don't love no feathers cluttrin' round;)

Jes' scare 'em with the coals ; thet 's *my* idee.'
 Then, turning suddenly about on me,
 'Wal, Square, I guess so. Callilate to stay?
 I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout *thet* it 's hern to say.'

"Well, there I lingered all October through,
 In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,
 So leisurely, so soothing, so forgiving,
 That sometimes makes New England fit for living;
 I watched the landscape, erst so granite glum,
 Bloom like the south side of a ripening plum,
 And each rock-maple on the hillside make
 His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake;
 The very stone walls draggling up the hills
 Seemed touched, and wavered in their roundhead wills.
 Ah! there 's a deal of sugar in the sun!
 Tap me in Indian-summer, I should run
 A juice to make rock-candy of,—but then
 We get such weather scarce one year in ten.

"There was a parlor in the house, a room
 To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.
 The furniture stood round with such an air,
 There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair;
 Each looked as it had scuttled to its place
 And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
 Too smugly proper for a world of sin,
 Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
 The table, fronting you with icy stare,
 Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,
 While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall
 Gloomed like the bier for Comfort's funeral.
 Two portraits graced the wall in grimmest truth,
 Mister and Mistress W. in their youth,—
 New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,
 Half wish-I-dared, half Edwards on the Will,
 Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
 Of Calvinistic cholic on the face.
 Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state
 Solomon's temple, done in copperplate;
 Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,
 To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
 Facing this last, two samplers you might see,
 Each, with its urn and stiffly-weeping tree,
 Devoted to some memory long ago
 More faded than their lines of worsted woe;
 Cut paper decked the frames against the flies,
 Though none e'er dared an entrance who were wise,
 And bushed asparagus in fading green
 Added its shiver to the franklin clean.

"When first arrived, I chilled a half-hour there,
 Nor dared deflower with use a single chair;

I caught no cold, yet flying pains could find
 For weeks in me, — a rheumatism of mind.
 One thing alone imprisoned there had power
 To hold me in the place that one half-hour, —
 A scutcheon this, a helm-surmounted shield,
 Three griffins argent on a sable field;
 A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
 And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
 Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
 These cooped traditions with a broken wing,
 This real estate in Fancy's pipe-blown ball,
 This less than nothing that is more than all!
 Have I not seen sweet natures kept alive
 Amid the humdrum of your business hive,
 Undowered spinsters shielded from all harms,
 By force imagined of a coat of arms?"

He paused a moment, and his features took
 The flitting sweetness of that inward look
 I hinted at before; but, scarcely seen,
 It shrank for shelter 'neath his harder mien,
 And, rapping his black pipe of ashes clear,
 He went on with a self-derisive sneer: —
 "No doubt we make a part of God's design,
 And break the forest-path for feet divine;
 To furnish foothold for this grand prevision
 Is good, — and yet to be the mere transition, —
 That, you will say, is also good, though I
 Scarce like to feed the ogre By-and-by;
 My skull has somehow never closed the suture
 That seems to bind yours firmly with the future,
 So you'll excuse me if I'm sometimes fain
 To tie the past's warm nightcap o'er my brain;
 I'm quite aware 't is not in fashion here,
 But then your northeast winds are *so* severe!

"But to my story: though 't is truly naught
 But a few hints in Memory's sketchbook caught,
 And which may claim a value on the score
 Of calling back some scenery now no more.
 Shall I confess? The tavern's only Lar
 Seemed (be not shocked!) its homely-featured bar.
 Here snapped a fire of beechen logs, that bred
 Strange fancies in its embers golden-red,
 And nursed the loggerhead whose hissing dip,
 Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip
 Which made from mouth to mouth its genial round,
 Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound;
 Hence dropt the tinkling coal all mellow-ripe
 For Uncle Reuben's talk-extinguished pipe;
 Hence rayed the heat, as from an in-door sun,
 That wooed forth many a shoot of rustic fun.
 Here Ezra ruled as king by right divine;

No other face had such a wholesome shine,
No laugh like his so full of honest cheer;
Above the rest it crowed like Chanticleer;
No eye like his to value horse or cow,
Or gauge the contents of a stack or mow.
He could foretell the weather at a word,
He knew the haunt of every beast and bird,
Or where a two-pound trout was sure to lie
Waiting the flutter of his home-made fly;
Nay, once in autumns five, he had the luck
To drop at fair-play range a ten-tined buck.
Of sportsmen true he favored every whim,
But never cockney found a guide in him.
A natural man, with all his instincts fresh,
Not buzzing helpless in Reflection's mesh,
Firm on its feet stood his broad-shouldered mind,
As bluffly honest as a northwest wind;
Hard-headed and soft-hearted, you 'd scarce meet
A kinder mixture of the shrewd and sweet;
Generous by birth, and ill at saying "No,"
Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe,
Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made.

"In this one room his dame you never saw,
Where reigned by custom old a salic law;
Here coatless lolled he on his throne of oak,
And every tongue was muffled if he spoke;
Due mirth he loved, yet was his sway severe;
No blear-eyed driveller got his stagger here;
'Measure was happiness; who wanted more,
Must buy his ruin at the Deacon's store';
None but his lodgers after ten could stay,
Nor after nine on eves of Sabbath-day.
He had his favorites and his pensioners,
The same that gypsy Nature owns for hers, —
Loose-ended souls, whose skills bring scanty gold,
And whom the poor-house catches when they 're old;
Rude country-minstrels, men who doctor kine,
Or graft, and, out of scions ten, save nine;
Creatures of genius they, but never meant
To keep step with the civic regiment.
These Ezra welcomed, feeling in his mind
Perhaps some motions of the vagrant kind;
These paid no money, yet for them he drew
Special Jamaica from a tap they knew,
And, for their feelings, chalked behind the door
With solemn face a visionary score.
This warmed the one-eyed fiddler to his task,
Perched in the corner on an empty cask,
By whose shrill art rapt suddenly, some boor
Rattled a double-shuffle on the floor;
This thawed to life in Uncle Reuben's throat

A torpid shoal of jest and anecdote,
Like those queer fish that doze the droughts away,
And wait for moisture, wrapt in sun-baked clay.

“’T was there I caught from Uncle Reuben’s lips,
In dribbling monologue ’twixt whiffs and sips,
The story I so long have tried to tell ;
The humor coarse, the persons common, — well,
From Nature only do I love to paint,
Whether she send a satyr or a saint ;
To me Sincerity’s the one thing good,
Soiled though she be and lost to maidenhood.
Quompegan is a town some ten miles south
From Jethro, at Nagumscot river-mouth, —
A seaport town, and makes its title good
With lumber and dried fish and eastern wood.
Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the Store,
The richest man for many a mile of shore ;
In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting-houses to a chest of tea,
So dextrous therewithal a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin ;
In business strict, to bring the balance true,
He had been known to cut a fig in two
And change a board-nail for a shingle-nail.
All that he had he ready held for sale, —
His house, his tomb, whate’er the law allows,
And he had gladly parted with his spouse.
His one ambition still to get and get,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.
His store looked righteous, should the Parson come,
But in a dark back-room he peddled rum,
And eased Ma’am Conscience, if she e’er would scold,
By christening it with water ere he sold.
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,
And one white neckcloth all the week-days through,
On Monday white, by Saturday as dun
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son ;
His earlocks gray, striped with a foxy brown,
Were braided up to hide a desert crown ;
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore ;
In summer-time a banyan loose he wore ;
His trousers short, through many a season true,
Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue ;
A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,
Its porcelain buttons rimmed with dusky brass.
A deacon he, you saw it in each limb,
And well he knew to deacon-off a hymn,
Or lead the choir through all its wandering woes
With voice that gathered unction in his nose,
Wherein a constant snuffle you might hear,
As if with him ’t were winter all the year.
At his pew-head he sat with decorous pains,

In sermon-time could foot his weekly gains,
Or, with closed eyes and heaven-abstracted air,
Could plan a new investment in long-prayer ;
A pious man and thrifty too, he made
The psalms and prophets partners in his trade,
And in his orthodoxy straitened more
As it enlarged the business at his store ;
He honored Moses, but, when gain he planned,
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sledding good,
From far around the farmers hauled him wood,
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb ;
He paid in groceries and New England rum,
Making two profits with a conscience clear,
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear ;
With his own mete-wand measuring every load,
Each somehow had diminished on the road ;
An honest cord in Jethro still would fail
By a good foot upon the Deacon's scale,
And, more to abate the price, his gimlet eye
Would pierce to catsticks that none else could spy ;
Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.

"While the first snow was mealy under feet
A team drawled creaking down Quompegan street ;
Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
And cornstalk fodder rustled overhead ;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-fringed ; the driver's own was blue
As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.
Behind his load for shelter waded he ;
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet
Hushed as a ghost's ; his armpit scarce could hold
The walnut whipstock slippery-bright with cold.
What wonder if, the tavern as he past,
He looked and longed and stayed his beasts at last,
Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam ?

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
There sat a brother-townsmen weather-bound ;
A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,
Red as a pepper ; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,
Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged pools ;
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
Could swap a poor horse for a better one, —
He 'd a high-stepper always in his stall ;
Liked far and near, and dreaded therewithal.
To him the in-comer, 'Perez, how d' ye do ?'

'Jest as I'm mind to, Obed; how do you?'
 Then, his eyes twinkling such swift gleams as run
 Along the levelled barrel of a gun
 Brought to his shoulder by a man you know
 Will bring his game down, he continued, 'So,
 I s'pose you're hauling wood? But you're too late;
 The Deacon's off; Old Splitfoot could n't wait;
 He made a bee-line last night in the storm
 To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.
 'Fore this he's treasurer of a fund to train
 Young imps as missionaries; hopes to gain
 That way a contract that he has in view
 For fireproof pitchforks of a pattern new.
 It must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
 To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;
 His soul, to start with, was n't worth a carrot,
 And all he'd left would hardly serve to swear at.'

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,
 And, looking at the other half in doubt,
 Took off his fox-skin cap to scratch his head,
 Donned it again, and drawled forth, 'Mean he's dead?'
 'Jes' so; he's dead and tother *d* that follers
 With folks that never love a thing but dollars;
 He pulled up stakes last evening, fair and square,
 And ever since there's been a row Down There;
 The minute the old chap arrived, you see,
 Comes the Boss-devil to him, and says he,
 "What are you good at? Little enough, I fear;
 We calculate to make folks useful here."
 "Well," says old Bitters, "I expect I can
 Scale a fair load of wood with e'er a man."
 "Wood we don't deal in; but perhaps you'll suit,
 Because we buy our brimstone by the foot:
 Here, take this measuring-rod as smooth as sin,
 And keep a reckoning of what loads come in;
 You'll not want business, for we need a lot
 To keep the Yankees that you send us hot;
 At firing up they're barely half as spry
 As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry;
 At first we have to let the draught on stronger,
 But, heat 'em through, they seem to hold it longer."

"'Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon
 A teamster comes, whistling an ex-psalm tune.
 A likelier chap you would n't ask to see,
 No different, but his limp, from you or me —'
 'No different, Perez! Don't your memory fail?
 Why where in thunder were his horns and tail?'
 'They're only worn by some old-fashioned pokes;
 They mostly aim at looking just like folks.
 Such things are scarce as queues and topboots here;
 'T would spoil their usefulness to look too queer.

If you could always know 'em when they come,
 They'd get no purchase on you: now be mum.
 On came the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,
 Jingling the red-hot coppers in his pocket,
 And close behind, ('t was gold-dust, you'd ha' sworn,)
 A load of sulphur yellower than seed-corn,—
 To see it wasted as it is Down There,
 Would make a Friction Match Co. tear its hair!
 "Hold on!" says Bitters, "stop right where you be;
 You can't go in without a pass from me."
 "All right," says t' other, "only step round smart,
 I must be home by noon-time with the cart."
 Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,
 Then with a scrap of paper on his hat
 Pretends to cipher. "By the public staff
 That load scarce rises twelve foot and a half."
 "There's fourteen foot and over," says the driver,
 "Worth twenty dollars, if it's worth a stiver,—
 Good fourth-proof brimstone, that'll make 'em squirm,
 I leave it to the Headman of the Firm;
 After we measure it, we always lay
 Some on to allow for settling on the way;
 Imp and full-grown, I've carted sulphur here,
 And given fair satisfaction, thirty year."
 With that they fell to quarrelling so loud
 That in five minutes they had drawn a crowd,
 And before long the Boss, who heard the row,
 Comes elbowing in with "What's to pay here now?"
 Both parties heard, the measuring-rod he takes,
 And of the load a careful survey makes.
 "Since I have bossed the business here," says he,
 "No fairer load was ever seen by me";
 Then, turning to the Deacon, "You mean cus,
 None of your old Quompegan tricks with us!
 They won't do here: we're plain old-fashioned folks,
 And don't quite understand that kind of jokes.
 I know this teamster, and his pa before him,
 And the hard-working Mrs. D. that bore him;
 He would not soil his conscience with a lie,
 Though he might get the custom-house thereby.
 Here, constable, take Bitters by the queue
 And clap him into furnace ninety-two,
 And try this brimstone on him; if he's bright,
 He'll find the measure honest before night.
 He is n't worth his fuel, and I'll bet
 The parish poor-house has to take him yet!"

"This is my tale, heard twenty years ago
 From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned low,
 Touching the walls and ceiling with that bloom
 That make's a rose's calyx of a room.
 I could not give his language, wherethrough ran
 The gamy flavor of the bookless man

Who shapes a word before the fancy cools,
 As lonely Crusoe had to forge his tools.
 I liked the tale, 't was like so many told
 By Rutebeuf and his brother Trouvères bold ;
 Nor were the hearers much unlike to theirs,
 Men unsophisticate, rude-nerved as bears.
 Ezra is gone and his large-hearted kind,
 The landlords of the hospitable mind ;
 Good Warriner of Springfield was the last.
 An inn is now a vision of the past ;
 One yet-surviving host my mind recalls,—
 You 'll find him if you go to Trenton Falls."

A PLEA FOR CULTURE.

THEODORE PARKER somewhere says that in America every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarcely any one a full meal. It seems the defect of some of our recent debates on this subject, that, instead of remedying the starvation, the reformers propose to deduct from the dinner. The disputants appear to agree in assuming that an average Senior Sophister is a plethoric monster of learning, and that something must be done to take him down. For this end, some plan to remove his Greek and Latin, others his German, others again his mathematics, — all assuming it as a thing not to be tolerated, that one small head should carry all he knows.

Yet surely it needs but little actual observation of our college boys, in their more unguarded moments, — at the annual regatta, for instance, or among the young ladies on Class Day, — to mitigate the intensity of these fears. The Class Orator does not always impress us with any bewildering accumulation of mental attainments ; nor does the head of the Lazy Club appear to possess more of any branch of letters than he can hope, by reasonable non-industry, to forget within a single year. Because the standard of acquirement has been raised within a quarter of a century, it does not follow that it is

now very high, for our so-called universities were once but high-schools, and it was no uncommon thing for boys to graduate with honor at seventeen. I can easily recall three successive Harvard classes in which this happened. In one class, the first and second scholars were of this unripe age ; in another class, the second scholar ; while in the intermediate class a student obtained very respectable rank, though graduating at sixteen. Honors thus obtained were the honors of school-boys, and showed a boyish standard of attainment ; they gave no guaranty of real merit ; they implied nothing which it was not a disgrace to our culture to call scholarship. Yet academic laurels like these, with a year or two of professional study superadded, were all that America had then to give. He who wished for more must exile himself to find it, or must supply, as he best could, by solitary effort and with little encouragement, what should have been urged and pressed upon him by the full force of some great institution. To say that later years have amended these things a little, is to say something ; but the mass of our colleges are now where the highest then were. The advance in the means of education thus afforded in America bears no comparison with the advance in material wealth.

And how has it been with the other instrumentalities of American culture, during the last twenty-five years? Schools have been improved, periodical publications multiplied, libraries quadrupled, music and pictures made more accessible, at least in our larger cities. These are gains, to be balanced by a few losses. For instance, an institution which was once more potent than all of these for the intellectual training of the adult American has almost ceased to exist in its original form. The engrossing excitement of public affairs has nearly abolished the old "Lyceum," and put a political orator in the lecturer's place. Science and art have almost ceased to be subjects available for a popular lecture. Agassiz and Bayard Taylor, by dint of exceedingly rapid and continuous travelling, can still find a few regions which Americans will consent to hear described, outside of America; and a few wandering lecturers on geology still haunt the field, their discourses being almost coeval with their specimens. Emerson still makes his stately tour, through wondering Western towns, where an enterprising public spirit sometimes, it is said, plans a dance for the same evening in the same hall,—"Tickets to lecture and ball one dollar." Yet the fact remains, that nine addresses out of ten in every popular course are simply stump-speeches, more or less eloquent; and though an enlightened moral sentiment is doubtless the result of this change of diet, yet to science and art it is almost a total loss. Take away the Lowell and the Cooper Institutes, and all our progress in wealth has secured for the public no increased means of intellectual culture through lectures.

Now there are two aspects to all material successes. They are sublime or base only as they prepare the way for higher triumphs, or displace them. Horace Mann lamented that in European exhibitions the fine arts were always assigned a more conspicuous place than the useful arts. Theodore Parker complained that in Rome

the studios were better than the carpenters' shops. Both exulted in the thought that in America these things were better ordered; and both therein approached the verge of concessions which would sacrifice the noblest aims of man. For carpentry and upholstery, good as a beginning, are despicable as an ending. What cultivated person would not prefer poorer lodgings and better galleries? I remember that, many years since, in a crowded country-house, I slept one night on the floor beneath Retzsch's copy of the Sistine Madonna,—then perhaps the loveliest work of art on this continent. As I lay and watched the silent moonbeams enter and rest upon the canvas, I felt that my share of the hospitality was after all the best. The couch might be comfortless, but the dreams were divine. It is such a hospitality that one wishes, after all, from the age in which he lives.

Culture is the training and finishing of the whole man, until he sees physical demands to be merely secondary, and pursues science and art as objects of intrinsic worth. It undoubtedly places the fine arts above the useful arts, in a certain sense, and is willingly impoverished in material comforts, if it can thereby obtain nobler living. When this impulse takes the form of a reactionary distrust of the whole spirit of the age, it is unhealthy and morbid. In its healthy form, it simply keeps alive the conviction that the life is more than meat; and so supplies that counterpoise to mere wealth which Europe vainly seeks to secure by aristocracies of birth.

So far as our colleges go, what is needed seems tolerably plain. Our educational system requires a process of addition, not of subtraction; not to save our children from the painful necessity of studying this or that, but to gain for them the opportunity of studying that and more, in their own way. The demand for high culture outruns the supply. This is proved by the palpable fact, that more and more pupils are sent to Europe for instruction, every year; and more from the West-

ern States than from the Eastern. There are more and more young men of fortune whose parents will not stint them in education, at least; more and more poor young men, who will live on bread and water, if need be, to gain knowledge. What we need is the opportunity of high culture somewhere, — that there should be some place in America where a young man may go and study anything that kindles his enthusiasm, and find there instrumentalities to help the flame. As it is now, the maximum range of study in most of our colleges leaves a young man simply with a good preparation for Germany, while the minimum leaves him very ill prepared for America. What we need is a university. Whether this is to be a new creation, or something reared on the foundations now laid at Cambridge, or New Haven, or Ann Arbor, is unimportant. Until we have it somewhere, our means of culture are still provincial.

Grant this one assumption, that we need a university, and then almost all the recent discussions on the subject seem to be merely questions of detail. There is small difficulty about discipline or selection of studies, when an institution undertakes to deal with men, not children, and assumes that they have come to learn, and not to be feruled. Give young men the opportunity to study anything which anybody in the land knows, and then the various departments will rest upon their own merits, and students will direct their course as parents direct, example influences, or genius guides. But compel them to give their time to something which neither they nor their parents desire, and the result will be ignorance, broken windows, and the torturing of Freshmen.

A more difficult point of detail, perhaps, will be to determine how much account should be made, in organizing such a university, of our present undergraduate system. My own impression is, that the true basis of the future university must be the professional schools, and that what is now called distinctive-

ly the College must shrink into a preparatory department, instead of being accepted, as now, for the full sum of a liberal education. Even the professional schools are not yet liberal enough, and their very name indicates that they are founded with a view to certain avocations, and not with a view to culture. It was a misfortune, in this respect, when the Scientific School at Cambridge abandoned its projected departments of Latin and Greek; for these might have led the way (as at New Haven) to Philology, History, and Metaphysics, and would have helped to save science from being confounded with mere technological training. On the other hand, the recent organization of an Academical Senate at Cambridge for the general government of all departments, and the introduction of University Lectures, are a great step towards giving us the larger system which the nation needs.

The error committed in our colleges of making Latin and Greek compulsory, and therefore unattractive, should not make us forget that this is, after all, an error in the direction of high culture, and one more pardonable in America than anywhere else. These languages are a perpetual protest against the strong tendency to make all American education hasty and superficial. They stand for a learning which makes no money, but helps to make men. Astronomy, metaphysics, the higher mathematics, and the critical or literary study of the modern languages, have the same advantage; but the Latin and Greek tongues represent this culture best. For they remain still synonymous with accurate linguistic training, and with the study of *form* in literature. Compared with these, all modern languages are undeniably loose in structure, deficient in models, and destitute of the apparatus of critical study. It is certainly unfortunate that it is so, but there is the fact. To suppose the modern languages used in education as we now use the ancient, would imply the complete transformation of the former, — their structure, their literary models,

their text-books, and their teachers. I know of no institution in America where this change is even attempted, of none where they are taught except as accomplishments. Nor is it apparent how they could be so taught with any existing instrumentalities. A man may speak a dozen dialects as fluently as a European courier, and yet know as little as the courier knows of the principles of language. Whereas it is impossible for any boy to have faithfully learned the simplest manual of Latin or Greek grammar without having laid some foundation for systematic philology.

And as for the literary value of these languages, I will go still further, and with especial reference to that which there is most disposition to banish from use, the Greek. It certainly is not a hasty or boyish judgment on my part, nor yet one in which pedantry or servility can have much to do, when I deliberately avow the belief that the Greek literature is still so entirely unequalled among the accumulated memorials of the world, that it seems to differ from all others in kind rather than in degree, and that even a very superficial knowledge of it is worth much. In writing this, I am thinking less of Plato than of Homer, and not more of Homer than of the dramatic and lyric poets. So far from the knowledge of other literatures tending to depreciate the Greek, it seems to me that no one can adequately value this who has not come back to it after long study of the others. Ampère, that master of French prose, has hardly overstated the truth when he says that the man best versed in all other books must say, after all, in returning to a volume of Homer or Sophocles, — "Here is beauty, true and sovereign; its like was never written among men, — *Voilà la beauté véritable et souveraine; jamais il ne s'est écrit rien de pareil chez les hommes.*" I do not see how there could possibly be a list of the dozen masterpieces of the world's literature, of which at least one half should not be Greek. And,

indeed, when one considers the mere vehicle, the language itself, one must remember that there is no more possibility of arbitrary choice in languages than in stones; and Greek, the native tongue of sculptors, is the only tongue that has the texture of marble.

Perhaps every man of studious habits, growing occasionally impatient of the healthful practical duties which American life involves, has his own whim as to his imaginary employments in case illness or other interference should deny him even the action of the pen, and throw him entirely upon books. I can remember a time, for one, when the State prison would have looked rather alluring to me, if it had guaranteed a copy of the *Mécanique Céleste*, with full leisure to read it. But foremost among such fantastic attractions are those which obtained actual control over that English clergyman, described in Hogg's Life of Shelley, who had for his one sole aim in existence the reiterated perusal of a three years' course of Greek books. He had no family, scarcely any professional duties, a moderate income, and perfect health. He took his three meals a day and his two short walks; and all the rest of his waking hours, for thirty years, he gave to Greek. No; he read a newspaper once a week, and two or three times a year he read a few pages of Virgil and Cicero, just to satisfy himself that it was a waste of time for a man who could read Greek to read their writings. On Sunday he read the Septuagint and the New Testament. From his three years' course of authors he never deviated; when they were ended, he began again. The only exception was Homer, whose works were read every year during a summer vacation of a month at the sea-shore, — "the proper place to read Homer," he said. "I read a book of the Iliad every day before dinner, and a book of the Odyssey daily after dinner. In a month there are twenty-four week-days; there being twenty-four books in each poem, it just does it. . . . I throw in the Hymns, — there are commonly two or

three rainy days in the four weeks when I cannot take a walk."

It is hard to imagine a life which would seem to most Americans more utterly misspent than this. Misspent it was, but how harmlessly and how happily! What pure delight, what freedom from perturbation and care, when a dictionary and a dozen books furnished luxury for a lifetime! What were wealth and fame, peerages and palaces, to him who had all *Æschylus* for a winter residence, and *Homer* for the seaside! And a culture which seems remotest from practical ends may not only thus furnish exhaustless intellectual enjoyment, but may educate one's æsthetic perceptions to the very highest point.

But I repeat, that all preference as to department of study is a secondary and incidental matter, and the special student of any pursuit will have sympathies with the devotees of all others. The essential thing is, that we should recognize, as a nation, the value of all culture, and resolutely organize it into our institutions. As a stimulus to this we must constantly bear in mind, and cheerfully acknowledge, that American literature is not yet copious, American scholarship not profound, American society not highly intellectual, and the American style of execution, in all high arts, yet hasty and superficial. It is not true, as our plain-speaking friend *Von Humboldt* said, that "the United States are a dead level of mediocrities"; but it is undoubtedly true that our brains as yet lie chiefly in our machine-shops. Make what apology we please for the defect, it still remains; while what the world asks of us is not excuses for failure, but facts of success. When Europe comes to America for culture, instead of America's thronging to Europe, the fact will publish itself, and the discussion cease. There is no debate about our reapers and sewing-machines.

No candid person can compare the trade-lists of American publishers with those received from England, France, and Germany, without admitting that

we are hardly yet to be ranked among the productive nations in literature. There are single works, and there are individual authors; but the readiness with which their names suggest themselves shows how exceptional they are. They represent no considerable literary class, scarcely even a cultivated class. Till *Emerson* came, we were essentially provincial in the tone of our thought; provincial in attainments we still are. One rarely sees in America, outside the professions, a man who gives any large portion of his life to study; and the professions themselves are with us mainly branches of practical activity, not intellectual pursuits. This is true even of the clergy, and of lawyers and physicians still more. They are absorbed, perhaps inevitably, in the practical side of their professions. I was a member, for some time, of a flourishing local *Natural History Society*, which counted among its active members but one of the numerous physicians of the city where it was formed. A college president, who had been long officially connected with the leading lawyers of Boston, once stated it to me as an axiom, "No eminent lawyer ever reads a book."

The chief discouragement of American literature does not seem to me to lie in the want of an international copyright law, as some think, nor in the fact that other pursuits bid higher prices. These are subordinate things, for there will always be men like *Palissy*, who will starve self and wife and children, if need be, for the sake of their dream. Nor is it from the want of libraries and collections; for these are beginning to exist, and nature exists always. The true, great want is of an atmosphere of sympathy in intellectual aims. An artist can afford to be poor, but not to be companionless. It is not well that he should feel pressing on him, in addition to his own doubt whether he can achieve a certain work, the weight of the public doubt whether it be worth achieving. No one can live entirely on his own ideal. The man who is compelled by his constitution to view literature as

an art is more lonely in America than even the painter or the sculptor; and he has no Italy for a refuge. His practical life may be developed by the activity around him; his aims may be ennobled by the great ideas of his nation; and so far all is well. It is only his artistic inspiration that lies dormant, and his power of execution that misses its full training. A man of healthy nature can, indeed, find a certain tonic in this cool atmosphere; it is only a question whether more perfect works of art may not one day be produced, amid more genial surroundings. Firm must be the will, patient the heart, passionate the aspiration, to secure the fulfilment of some high and lonely purpose, when revery spreads always its beds of roses on the one side, and practical work summons to its treadmill on the other.

Whatever may have been the case in De Tocqueville's day, — and his report of us, thirty-five years old, seems to be almost the latest intelligence that has reached Europe, — there is certainly now no danger that public life will not have sufficient attractions for cultivated Americans. There is more danger that it will absorb them too much. Why should we insist, like Nick Bottom the weaver, on playing all the parts? The proper paths of the statesman and the artist may often touch, but will rarely coincide. It is not that politics are so unworthy, but that no one man can do everything. There are a thousand rough-hewn brains which can well perform the plain work which American statesmanship now demands, without calling on the artist to cut blocks with his razor. His shrinking is not cowardice; this relief from glaring publicity is the natural condition under which works of art mature. The crystal forms by its own laws, and the granite by its own. Yet moments constantly occur to the American student, when he has to bind himself to the mast, like Farragut, to resist the dazzling temptations of paths alien to his own. What is art, what is beauty, (he is tempted to say,) beside the magnificent utilities of Amer-

ican life, — the work of distributing over a continent the varied treasures already gained? Why hold against the current, when even one's prospects of immediate usefulness lie with the current, and even conscience joins, half shrinking, to lure him from his plighted faith? In Europe art is a career, the greatest and most permanent career. History lies around us, a perpetual incentive, since art has everywhere survived all else, and proved itself alone immortal. But here art is still an alien, tolerated, protected, respected even, but without a vote.

What we thus miss in literary culture may be best explained by showing the result of the universal political culture which we possess. It is often noticed that, while the leaders of public affairs in America are usually what are called self-made men, this is not the case with our literary leaders. Among first-class American writers, culture is usually in the second generation; they have usually "tumbled about in a library," as Holmes says, in childhood; at all events, they are usually college-bred men. It has been remarked, for instance, that our eight foremost historians — assuming that this list comprises Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Hildreth, Sparks, Ticknor, Palfrey, Parkman — were all college graduates, and indeed graduated at a single college. The choice of names may be open to question, but the general fact is undoubted.

Now if it be true that there are fewer among us who rise from the ranks in literature than in politics, it seems not merely to indicate that literature, as being a finer product than statesmanship, implies more elaborate training; but also that our institutions guarantee such training in the one case, and not in the other. Every American boy imbibes political knowledge through the pores of his skin; every newspaper, every caucus, contributes to his instruction; and he is expected to have mature convictions before he is fourteen. In the height of the last Presidential contest, a little boy was hung out of a school window by his heels,

within my knowledge, because his small comrades disapproved his political sentiments. For higher intellectual pursuits there are not only no such penalties among us, but there are no such opportunities. Yet in Athens — with its twenty thousand statues, with the tragedies of Æschylus enacted for civic prizes, and the histories of Herodotus read at the public games — a boy could no more grow up ignorant of art than he could here remain untrained in politics.

When we are once convinced that this result is desirable, we shall begin to feel the worth of our accumulated wealth. That is true of wealth which Talleyrand said of wisdom, — *everybody* is richer than *anybody*. The richest man in the world cannot afford the parks, the edifices, the galleries, the libraries, which this community can have for itself, whenever it chooses to create them. The Central Park in New York, the Public Library at Boston, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, — these are steps towards a more than Athenian culture. These institutions open their vast privileges, free from that sting of selfishness which the private monopolizer feels. Public enthusiasm is roused to sustain them, gifts flow in upon them, and they ennoble the common life around. It was claimed for Athens, that wealth could buy few facilities for culture which poverty did not also share. I take it, we aim at least to secure for the poorest American opportunities such as no wealth could buy in Europe. It may take centuries to accomplish it, but it can be done.

And it will not take so long as one might imagine. Although the great intellectual institutions of Europe are often nominally ancient, yet their effective life has been chiefly in the last few centuries. A hundred years ago, the British Museum and the Bodleian Library had each but about ten thousand volumes. The Imperial Library at Paris had then but fifty thousand, and the present century has added the most valuable half of its seven hundred thou-

sand books. At the time of our Revolution, there were but three public galleries of art in Europe; and the Louvre, "the chief attraction of the most attractive city of the world," is of later origin. One half of the leading German universities are younger than Harvard College. With the immense wealth accumulating in America, and the impulse inherent in democracies to identify one's own name and successes with the common weal, such institutions will rise among us like Aladdin's palace, when public spirit is once thoroughly turned that way.

For we must carefully distinguish between a want of cultivated sympathy with the higher intellectual pursuits, and a want of popular respect for them. It is this distinction which relieves the American people from the imputation of materialism. I solemnly believe that no race of practical laborers since the world began was ever so ready to feel respect for those higher pursuits to which it could as yet give no time. The test of a people is not in its occupations, but in its heroes. Whose photographs are for sale in the shop-windows? I remember to have observed with delight, in a trade-list of photographic likenesses which reached me while in camp, that even in the very height of the war the civilians outnumbered the soldiers. Who are these civilians? There is not a millionaire among them; scarcely a man eminent in mere business pursuits; scarcely a man whose fame is based on his income. They are statesmen, preachers, lecturers, poets, — men who stand low on the income-lists, and high only on the scale of intangible services, — heroes whose popularity is often exaggerated in quantity, no doubt, but in its quality always honorable. The community seeks wealth, but it knows how to respect its public men who are poor through honesty, or its scholars who are poor for the sake of knowledge. Agassiz never said anything which more endeared him to the mass of his adopted fellow-countrymen, than when he declined a profitable lecturing en-

gagement on the ground that he had no time to make money.

Such a community is at least building the nursery whence artists may be born. All that institutions can do is to saturate the mass with culture, and give a career to genius when it comes. Great men are rarely isolated mountain peaks; they are the summits of ranges. The thought of a century seems to posterity to have been intrusted to very few minds, but those minds have always been fed by a myriad minds unseen. Why ask whether there was one Homer or a hundred? The hundred contributed their lives, their hopes, their passions, their despairs, to enrich the one. Genius is lonely without the surrounding presence of a people to inspire it. How sad seems the intellectual isolation of Voltaire with his "*Le peuple n'est rien*." To have loved America is a liberal education. Let the student think with reverence of the value of this great race to him, and of his possible worth to it, though his very name be forgotten. Every act of his may be a solid contribution towards a nation's training.

But as the value of a nation to the human race does not depend upon its wealth or numbers, so it does not depend even upon the distribution of elementary knowledge, but upon the high-water mark of its highest mind. Before the permanent tribunal, copyists and popularizers count for nothing, and even the statistics of common schools are of secondary value. So long as the sources of art and science are still Transatlantic, we are still a province, not a nation. For these are the highest pursuits of man, — higher than trades or professions, higher than statesmanship, far higher than war. Jean Paul said: "Schiller and Herder were both destined for physicians, but Providence said, No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body, — and so they both became authors." "After all," said Rufus Choate, at the zenith of his professional success, "a book is the only immortality."

It is observable that in English books and magazines everything seems written for some limited circle, — tales for those who can speak French, essays for those who can understand a Latin quotation. But every American writer must address himself to a vast audience, possessing the greatest quickness and common-sense, with but little culture; and he must command their attention as he may. This has some admirable results: one must put some life into what he writes, or his thirty million auditors will go to sleep; he must write clearly, or they will cease to follow him; must keep clear of pedantry and unknown tongues, or they will turn to some one who can address them in English. On the other hand, these same conditions tempt one to accept a low standard of execution, to substitute artifice for art, and to disregard the more permanent verdict of more select tribunals. The richest thought and the finest literary handling which America has yet produced — as of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau — reached at first but a small audience, and are but very gradually attaining a wider hold. Rénan has said that every man's work is superficial, until he has learned to content himself with the approbation of a few. This is only one half the truth; but it is the half which Americans find hardest to remember.

But American literature, though its full harvest be postponed for another hundred years, is sure to come to ripeness at last. Our national development in this direction, though slow, is perfectly healthy. There are many influences to retard, but none to distort. Even if the more ideal aims of the artist are treated with indifference, it is a frank indifference; there is no contempt, no jealousy, no call for petty manœuvres. No man is asked to flatter this vast audience; no man can succeed by flattering; it simply reserves its attention, and lets one obtain its ear if he can. When won, it is worth the winning, — generous in its confidence, noble in its rewards. There is abun-

dant cause for strenuous effort among those who give their lives to the intellectual service of America, but there is no cause for fear. If we can only avoid incorporating superficiality into our institutions, literature will come when all is ready, and when it comes will be of the best. It is not enough to make England or France our standard. There is something in the present atmosphere of England which seems fatal to genius: its fruits do not mature and mellow, but grow more and more acid until they drop. Give Ruskin space enough, and he grows frantic and beats the air like Carlyle; and Browning's last volume is scarcely better. Thackeray was tinged with the same bitterness, but he was the last Englishman who could be said, in any artistic sense, to have a style; as Heine was the last German. The French seems the only prose literature of the present day in which the element of form has any prominent place; and literature in France is after all but a favored slave. This surely leaves a clear field for America.

But it is peculiarly important for us to remember that we can make no progress through affectation or spasm, only by accepting the essential laws of art, which are the same for the whole human race. Any misconceived patronage—to call anything art merely because it interests us as American—must react against us in the end. A certain point of culture once reached, we become citizens of the world. Art is higher than nations, older than many centuries; its code includes no local or partial provisions. No Paris Exposition is truly universal, compared with that vast gallery of Time to which nations and ages are but contributors. So far as circumstances excuse America from being yet amenable before this high tribunal, she is safe; but if she enters its jurisdiction, she must own its laws. Neither man nor nation can develop by defying traditions, but by first mastering and then remoulding them. That genius is feeble which

cannot hold its own before the masterpieces of the world.

Above all other races and all other times, we should be full of hearty faith. It is but a few years since we heard it said that the age was dull and mean, and inspiration gone. A single gunshot turned meanness to self-sacrifice, mercenary toil to the vigils of the camp and the transports of battle. It linked boyish and girlish life to new opportunities, sweeter self-devotions, more heroic endings; tied and loosed the threads of existence in profounder complications. That is all past now; but its results can never pass. The nation has found its true grandeur by war, but must retain it in peace.

Peace too has its infinite resources, after a nation has once become conscious of itself. It is impossible that human life should ever be utterly impoverished, and all the currents of American civilization now tend to its enrichment. This vast development of rudimentary intellect, this mingling of nationalities, these opportunities of books and travel, educate in this new race a thousand new susceptibilities. Then comes Passion, a hand straying freely through all the chords, and thrilling all with magic. We cannot exclude it, a forbidden guest. It re-creates itself in each generation, and bids art live. *Rouge gagne.* If the romance of life does not assert itself in safe and innocent ways, it finds its outlet with fatal certainty in guilt; as we see colorless Puritanism touched with scarlet glory through the glass of Hawthorne. Every form of human life is romantic; every age may become classic. Lamentations, doubts, discouragements, all are wasted things. Everything is here, between these Atlantic and Pacific shores, save only the perfected utterance that comes with years. Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in Hamlet there was needed but an interval of time, and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of art.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH.

IS there anything in America more peculiar to America, or more curious in itself, than one of our "fashionable" Protestant churches, — such as we see in New York, on the Fifth Avenue and in the adjacent streets? The lion and the lamb in the Millennium will not lie down together more lovingly than the Church and the World have blended in these singular establishments. We are far from objecting to the coalition, but note it only as something curious, new, and interesting.

We enter an edifice, upon the interior of which the upholsterer and the cabinet-maker have exhausted the resources of their trades. The word "subdued" describes the effect at which those artists have aimed. The woods employed are costly and rich, but usually of a sombre hue, and, though elaborately carved, are frequently unpolished. The light which comes through the stained windows, or through the small diamond panes, is of that description which Mr. Verplanck, in an unfortunate moment, styled "dim, religious." Every part of the floor is thickly carpeted. The pews differ little from sofas, except in being more comfortable, and the cushions for the feet or the knees are as soft as hair and cloth can make them. It is a fashion, at present, to put the organ out of sight, and to have a clock so unobtrusive as not to be observed. Galleries are now viewed with an unfriendly eye by the projectors of churches, and they are going out of use. Everything in the way of conspicuous lighting apparatus, such as the gorgeous and dazzling chandeliers of fifteen years ago, and the translucent globes of later date, is discarded, and an attempt is sometimes made to hide the vulgar fact that the church is ever open in the evening. In a word, the design of the fashionable church-builder of the present moment is to produce a richly furnished, quietly adorned, dimly illuminated, eccle-

siastical parlor, in which a few hundred ladies and gentlemen, attired in kindred taste, may sit perfectly at their ease, and see no object not in harmony with the scene around them.

To say that the object of these costly and elegant arrangements is to repel poor people would be a calumny. On the contrary, persons who show by their dress and air that they exercise the less remunerative vocations are as politely shown to seats as those who roll up to the door in carriages, and the presence of such persons is desired, and, in many instances, systematically sought. Nevertheless, the poor are repelled. They know they cannot pay their proportion of the expense of maintaining such establishments, and they do not wish to enjoy what others pay for. Everything in and around the church seems to proclaim it a kind of exclusive ecclesiastical club, designed for the accommodation of persons of ten thousand dollars a year, and upward. Or it is as though the carriages on the Road to Heaven were divided into first-class, second-class, and third-class, and a man either takes the one that accords with his means, or denies himself the advantage of travelling that road, or prefers to trudge along on foot, an independent wayfarer.

It is Sunday morning, and the doors of this beautiful drawing-room are thrown open. Ladies dressed with subdued magnificence glide in, along with some who have not been able to leave at home the showier articles of their wardrobe. Black silk, black velvet, black lace, relieved by intimations of brighter colors, and by gleams from half-hidden jewelry, are the materials most employed. Gentlemen in uniform of black cloth and white linen announce their coming by the creaking of their boots, quenched in the padded carpeting. It cannot be said of these churches, as Mr. Carlyle remarked of certain London ones, that a pistol could be

fired into a window across the church without much danger of hitting a Christian. The attendance is not generally very large ; but as the audience is evenly distributed over the whole surface, it looks larger than it is. In a commercial city everything is apt to be measured by the commercial standard, and accordingly a church numerically weak, but financially strong, ranks, in the estimation of the town, not according to its number of souls, but its number of dollars. We heard a fine young fellow, last summer, full of zeal for everything high and good, conclude a glowing account of a sermon by saying that it was the direct means of adding to the church a capital of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. He meant nothing low or mercenary : he honestly exulted in the fact that the power and influence attached to the possession of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars were thenceforward to be exerted on behalf of objects which he esteemed the highest. If therefore the church before our view cannot boast of a numerous attendance, it more than consoles itself by the reflection, that there are a dozen names of talismanic power in Wall Street on its list of members.

"But suppose the Doctor should leave you?" objected a friend of ours to a trustee, who had been urging him to buy a pew in a fashionable church.

"Well, my dear sir," was the business-like reply ; "suppose he should. We should immediately engage the very first talent which money can command."

We can hardly help taking this simple view of things in rich commercial cities. Our worthy trustee merely put the thing on the correct basis. He frankly *said* what every church *does*, ought to do, and must do. He stated a universal fact in the plain and sensible language to which he was accustomed. In the same way, these business-like Christians have borrowed the language of the Church, and speak of men who are "good" for a million.

The congregation is assembled. The low mumble of the organ ceases. A female voice rises melodiously above the rustle of dry-goods and the whispers of those who wear them. So sweet and powerful is it, that a stranger might almost suppose it borrowed from the choir of heaven ; but the inhabitants of the town recognize it as one they have often heard at concerts or at the opera ; and they listen critically, as to a professional performance, which it is. It is well that highly artificial singing prevents the hearer from catching the words of the song ; for it *would* have rather an odd effect to hear rendered, in the modern Italian style, such plain, straightforward words as these : —

"Can sinners hope for heaven
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness
While on the road to hell?"

The performance, however, is so exquisite that we do not think of these things, but listen in rapture to the voice alone. When the lady has finished her stanza, a noble barytone, also recognized as professional, takes up the strain, and performs a stanza, solo ; at the conclusion of which, four voices, in enchanting accord, breathe out a third. It is evident that the "first talent that money can command" has been "engaged" for the entertainment of the congregation ; and we are not surprised when the information is proudly communicated that the music costs a hundred and twenty dollars per Sunday.

What is very surprising and well worthy of consideration is, that this beautiful music does not "draw." In our roving about among the noted churches of New York, — of the kind which "engage the first talent that money can command," — we could never see that the audience was much increased by expensive professional music. On the contrary, we can lay it down as a general rule, that the costlier the music, the smaller is the average attendance. The afternoon service at Trinity Church, for example, is little more than a delightful gratuitous concert of boys, men, and organ ; and the

spectacle of the altar brilliantly lighted by candles is novel and highly picturesque. The sermon also is of the fashionable length, — twenty minutes ; and yet the usual afternoon congregation is about two hundred persons. Those celestial strains of music, — well, they enchant the ear, if the ear happens to be within hearing of them ; but somehow they do not furnish a continuous attraction.

When this fine prelude is ended, the minister's part begins ; and, unless he is a man of extraordinary bearing and talents, every one present is conscious of a kind of lapse in the tone of the occasion. Genius composed the music ; the "first talent" executed it ; the performance has thrilled the soul, and exalted expectation ; but the voice now heard may be ordinary, and the words uttered may be homely, or even common. No one unaccustomed to the place can help feeling a certain incongruity between the language heard and the scene witnessed. Everything we see is modern ; the words we hear are ancient. The preacher speaks of "humble believers," and we look around and ask, Where are they ? Are these costly and elegant persons humble believers ? Far be it from us to intimate that they are not ; we are speaking only of their appearance, and its effect upon a casual beholder. The clergyman reads,

"Come, let us join in sweet accord,"

and straightway four hired performers execute a piece of difficult music, to an audience sitting passive. He discourses upon the "pleasures of the world," as being at war with the interests of the soul ; and, while a severe sentence to this effect is coming from his lips, down the aisle marches the sexton, showing some stranger to a seat, who is a professional master of the revels. He expresses, perchance, a fervent desire that the heathen may be converted to Christianity, and we catch ourselves saying, "Does he mean *this* sort of thing ?" When we pronounce the word Christianity, it calls up recol-

lections and associations that do not exactly harmonize with the scene around us. We think rather of the fishermen of Palestine, on the lonely sea-shore ; of the hunted fugitives of Italy and Scotland ; we think of it as something lowly, and suited to the lowly, — a refuge for the forsaken and the defeated, not the luxury of the rich and the ornament of the strong. It may be an infirmity of our mind ; but we experience a certain difficulty in realizing that the sumptuous and costly apparatus around us has anything in common with what we have been accustomed to think of as Christianity.

Sometimes, the incongruity reaches the point of the ludicrous. We recently heard a very able and well-intentioned preacher, near the Fifth Avenue, ask the ladies before him whether they were in the habit of speaking to their female attendants about their souls' salvation, — particularly those who dressed their hair. He especially mentioned the hair-dressers ; because, as he truly remarked, ladies are accustomed to converse with those *artistes*, during the operation of hair-dressing, on a variety of topics ; and the opportunity was excellent to say a word on the one most important. This incident perfectly illustrates what we mean by the seeming incongruity between the ancient cast of doctrine and the modernized people to whom it is preached. We have heard sermons in fashionable churches in New York, laboriously prepared and earnestly read, which had nothing in them of the modern spirit, contained not the most distant allusion to modern modes of living and sinning, had no suitability whatever to the people or the time, and from which everything that could rouse or interest a human soul living on Manhattan Island in the year 1867 seemed to have been purposely pruned away. And perhaps, if a clergyman really has no message to deliver, his best course is to utter a jargon of nothings.

Upon the whole, the impression left upon the mind of the visitor to the

fashionable church is, that he has been looking, not upon a living body, but a decorated image.

It may be, however, that the old conception of a Christian church, as the one place where all sorts and conditions of men came together to dwell upon considerations interesting to all equally, is not adapted to modern society, wherein one man differs from another in knowledge even more than a king once differed from a peasant in rank. When all were ignorant, a mass chanted in an unknown tongue, and a short address warning against the only vices known to ignorant people, sufficed for the whole community. But what form of service can be even imagined, that could satisfy Bridget, who cannot read, and her mistress, who comes to church cloyed with the dainties of half a dozen literatures? Who could preach a sermon that would hold attentive the man saturated with Buckle, Mill, Spencer, Thackeray, Emerson, Humboldt, and Agassiz, and the man whose only literary recreation is the dime novel? In the good old times, when terror was latent in every soul, and the preacher had only to deliver a very simple message, pointing out the one way to escape endless torture, a very ordinary mortal could arrest and retain attention. But this resource is gone forever, and the modern preacher is thrown upon the resources of his own mind and talent. There is great difficulty here, and it does not seem likely to diminish. It may be, that never again, as long as time shall endure, will ignorant and learned, masters and servants, poor and rich, feel themselves at home in the same church.

At present we are impressed, and often oppressed, with the too evident fact, that neither the intelligent nor the uninstructed souls are so well ministered to, in things spiritual, as we could imagine they might be. The fashionable world of New York goes to church every Sunday morning with tolerable punctuality, and yet it seems to drift rapidly toward Paris. What it usually hears at church does not ap-

pear to exercise controlling influence over its conduct or its character.

Among the churches about New York to which nothing we have said applies, the one that presents the strongest contrast to the fashionable church is Henry Ward Beecher's. Some of the difficulties resulting from the altered state of opinion in recent times have been overcome there, and an institution has been created which appears to be adapted to the needs, as well as to the tastes, of the people frequenting it. We can at least say of it, that it is a living body, and *not* a decorated image.

For many years, this church upon Brooklyn Heights has been, to the best of the visitors to the metropolis, the most interesting object in or near it. Of Brooklyn itself, — a great assemblage of residences, without much business or stir, — it seems the animating soul. We have a fancy, that we can tell by the manner and bearing of an inhabitant of the place whether he attends this church or not; for there is a certain joyousness, candor, and democratic simplicity about the members of that congregation, which might be styled Beecherian, if there were not a better word. This church is simply the most characteristic thing of America. If we had a foreigner in charge to whom we wished to reveal this country, we should like to push him in, hand him over to one of the brethren who perform the arduous duty of providing seats for visitors, and say to him: "There, stranger, you have arrived; *this* is the United States, the New Testament, Plymouth Rock, and the Fourth of July, — *this* is what they have brought us to. What the next issue will be, no one can tell; but this is about what we are at present."

We cannot imagine what the brethren could have been thinking about when they ordered the new bell that hangs in the tower of Plymouth Church. It is the most superfluous article in the known world. The New-Yorker who steps on board the Fulton ferry-boat about ten o'clock on Sunday morning

finds himself accompanied by a large crowd of people who bear the visible stamp of strangers, who are going to Henry Ward Beecher's church. You can pick them out with perfect certainty. You see the fact in their countenances, in their dress, in their demeanor, as well as hear it in words of eager expectation. They are the kind of people who regard wearing-apparel somewhat in the light of its utility, and are not crushed by their clothes. They are the sort of people who take the "Tribune," and get up courses of lectures in the country towns. From every quarter of Brooklyn, in street cars and on foot, streams of people are converging toward the same place. Every Sunday morning and evening, rain or shine, there is the same concourse, the same crowd at the gates before they are open, and the same long, laborious effort to get thirty-five hundred people into a building that will seat but twenty-seven hundred. Besides the ten or twelve members of the church who volunteer to assist in this labor, there is employed a force of six policemen at the doors, to prevent the multitude from choking all ingress. Seats are retained for their proprietors until ten minutes before the time of beginning; after that the strangers are admitted. Mr. Buckle, if he were with us still, would be pleased to know that his doctrine of averages holds good in this instance; since every Sunday about a churchful of persons come to this church, so that not many who come fail to get in.

There is nothing of the ecclesiastical drawing-room in the arrangements of this edifice. It is a very plain brick building, in a narrow street of small, pleasant houses, and the interior is only striking from its extent and convenience. The simple, old-fashioned design of the builder was to provide seats for as many people as the space would hold; and in executing this design, he constructed one of the finest interiors in the country, since the most pleasing and inspiring spectacle that human eyes ever behold in this world is such an assembly as fills this church. The

audience is grandly displayed in those wide, rounded galleries, surging up high against the white walls, and scooped out deep in the slanting floor, leaving the carpeted platform the vortex of an arrested whirlpool. Often it happens that two or three little children get lodged upon the edge of the platform, and sit there on the carpet among the flowers during the service, giving to the picture a singularly pleasing relief, as though they and the bouquets had been arranged by the same skilful hand, and for the same purpose. And it seems quite natural and proper that children should form part of so bright and joyous an occasion. Behind the platform rises to the ceiling the huge organ, of dark wood and silvered pipes, with fans of trumpets pointing heavenward from the top. This enormous toy occupies much space that could be better filled, and is only less superfluous than the bell; but we must pardon and indulge a foible. We could never see that Mr. Forrest walked any better for having such thick legs; yet they have their admirers. Blind old Handel played on an instrument very different from this, but the sexton had to eat a cold Sunday dinner; for not a Christian would stir as long as the old man touched the keys after service. But not old Handel nor older Gabriel could make such music as swells and roars from three thousand human voices,—the regular choir of Plymouth Church. It is a decisive proof of the excellence and heartiness of this choir, that the great organ has not lessened its effectiveness.

It is not clear to the distant spectator by what aperture Mr. Beecher enters the church. He is suddenly discovered to be present, seated in his place on the platform,—an under-sized gentleman in a black stock. His hair combed behind his ears, and worn a little longer than usual, imparts to his appearance something of the Puritan, and calls to mind his father, the champion of orthodoxy in heretical Boston. In conducting the opening exercises, and, indeed, on all occasions of ceremony, Mr.

Beecher shows himself an artist,—both his language and his demeanor being marked by the most refined decorum. An elegant, finished simplicity characterizes all he does and says: not a word too much, nor a word misused, nor a word waited for, nor an unharmonious movement, mars the satisfaction of the auditor. The habit of living for thirty years in the view of a multitude, together with a natural sense of the becoming, and a quick sympathy with men and circumstances, has wrought up his public demeanor to a point near perfection. A candidate for public honors could not study a better model. This is the more remarkable, because it is a purely spiritual triumph. Mr. Beecher's person is not imposing, nor his natural manner graceful. It is his complete extirpation of the desire of producing an illegitimate effect; it is his sincerity and genuineness as a human being; it is the dignity of his character, and his command of his powers,—which give him this easy mastery over every situation in which he finds himself.

Extempore prayers are not, perhaps, a proper subject for comment. The grand feature of the preliminary services of this church is the singing, which is not executed by the first talent that money can command. When the prelude upon the organ is finished, the whole congregation, almost every individual in it, as if by a spontaneous and irresistible impulse, stands up and sings. We are not aware that anything has ever been done or said to bring about this result; nor does the minister of the church set the example, for he usually remains sitting and silent. It seems as if every one in the congregation was so full of something that he felt impelled to get up and sing it out. In other churches where congregational singing is attempted, there are usually a number of languid Christians who remain seated, and a large number of others who remain silent; but here there is a strange unanimity about the performance. A sailor might as well try not to join in the chorus of a fore-castle song as a member of this joyous

host not to sing. When the last preliminary singing is concluded, the audience is in an excellent condition to sit and listen, their whole corporeal system having been pleasantly exercised.

The sermon which follows is new wine in an old bottle. Up to the moment when the text has been announced and briefly explained, the service has all been conducted upon the ancient model, and chiefly in the ancient phraseology; but from the moment when Mr. Beecher swings free from the moorings of his text and gets fairly under way, his sermon is modern. No matter how fervently he may have been praying supernaturalism, he preaches pure cause and effect. His text may savor of old Palestine, but his sermon is inspired by New York and Brooklyn; and nearly all that he says, when he is most himself, finds an approving response in the mind of every well-disposed person, whether orthodox or heterodox in his creed.

What is religion? That, of course, is the great question. Mr. Beecher says: Religion is the slow, laborious, self-conducted EDUCATION of the whole man, from grossness to refinement, from sickness to health, from ignorance to knowledge, from selfishness to justice, from justice to nobleness, from cowardice to valor. In treating this topic, whatever he may pray or read or assent to, he *preaches* cause and effect, and nothing else. Regeneration he does not represent to be some mysterious, miraculous influence exerted upon a man from without, but the man's own act, wholly and always, and in every stage of its progress. His general way of discoursing upon this subject would satisfy the most rationalized mind; and yet it does not appear to offend the most orthodox.

This apparent contradiction between the spirit of his preaching and the facts of his position is a severe puzzle to some of our thorough-going friends. They ask, How can a man demonstrate that the fall of rain is so governed by unchanging laws that the shower of yesterday dates back in its

causes to the origin of things, and, having proved this to the comprehension of every soul present, finish by *praying* for an immediate outpouring upon the thirsty fields? We confess that, to our modern way of thinking, there is a contradiction here, but there is none at all to an heir of the Puritans. We reply to our impatient young friends, that Henry Ward Beecher at once represents and assists the American Christian of the present time, just because of this seeming contradiction. He is a bridge over which we are passing from the creed-enslaved past to the perfect freedom of the future. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of the Spirit of Rationalism," has shown the process by which truth is advanced. Old errors, he says, do not die because they are refuted, but *fade out* because they are neglected. One hundred and fifty years ago, our ancestors were perplexed, and even distressed, by something they called the doctrine of Original Sin. No one now concerns himself either to refute or assert the doctrine; few people know what it is; we all simply let it alone, and it fades out. John Wesley not merely believed in witchcraft, but maintained that a belief in witchcraft was essential to salvation. All the world, except here and there an enlightened and fearless person, believed in witchcraft as late as the year 1750. That belief has not perished because its folly was demonstrated, but because the average human mind grew past it, and let it alone until it faded out in the distance. Or we might compare the great body of beliefs to a banquet, in which every one takes what he likes best; and the master of the feast, observing what is most in demand, keeps an abundant supply of such viands, but gradually withdraws those which are neglected. Mr. Beecher has helped himself to such beliefs as are congenial to him, and shows an exquisite tact in passing by those which interest him not, and which have lost regenerating power. There *are* minds which cannot be content with anything like vagueness or inconsistency in their opinions. They must know to a cer-

tainty whether the sun and moon stood still or not. His is not a mind of that cast; he can "hover on the confines of truth," and leave the less inviting parts of the landscape veiled in mist unexplored. Indeed, the great aim of his preaching is to show the insignificance of opinion compared with right feeling and noble living, and he prepares the way for the time when every conceivable latitude of mere opinion shall be allowed and encouraged.

One remarkable thing about his preaching is, that he has not, like so many men of liberal tendencies, fallen into milk-and-waterism. He often gives a foretaste of the terrific power which preachers will wield when they draw inspiration from science and life. Without ever frightening people with horrid pictures of the future, he has a sense of the perils which beset human life here, upon this bank and shoal of time. How needless to draw upon the imagination, in depicting the consequences of violating natural law! Suppose a preacher should give a plain, cold, scientific exhibition of the penalty which Nature exacts for the crime, so common among church-going ladies and others, of murdering their unborn offspring! It would appall the Devil. Scarcely less terrible are the consequences of the most common vices and meannesses when they get the mastery. Mr. Beecher has frequently shown, by powerful delineations of this kind, how large a part legitimate terror must ever play in the services of a true church, when the terrors of superstition have wholly faded out. It cannot be said of his preaching, that he preaches "Christianity with the bones taken out." He does not give "twenty minutes of tepid exhortation," nor amuse his auditors with elegant and melodious essays upon virtue.

We need not say that his power as a public teacher is due, in a great degree, to his fertility in illustrative similes. Three or four volumes, chiefly filled with these, as they have been caught from his lips, are before the public, and are admired on both continents. Many

of them are most strikingly happy, and flood his subject with light. The smiles that break out upon the sea of upturned faces, and the laughter that whispers round the assembly, are often due as much to the aptness as to the humor of the illustration: the mind receives an agreeable shock of surprise at finding a resemblance where only the widest dissimilarity had before been perceived.

Of late years, Mr. Beecher never sends an audience away half satisfied; for he has constantly grown with the growth of his splendid opportunity. How attentive the great assembly, and how quickly responsive to the points he makes! That occasional ripple of laughter,—it is not from any want of seriousness in the speaker, in the subject, or in the congregation, nor is it a Rowland Hill eccentricity. It is simply that it has pleased Heaven to endow this genial soul with a quick perception of the likeness there is between things unlike; and, in the heat and torrent of his speech, the suddenly discovered similarity amuses while it instructs. Philosophers and purists may cavil at parts of these sermons, and, of course, they are not perfect; but who can deny that their general effect is civilizing, humanizing, elevating, and regenerating, and that this master of preaching is the true brother of all those high and bright spirits, on both sides of the ocean, who are striving to make the soul of this age fit to inhabit and nobly impel its new body?

The sermon over, a livelier song brings the service to a happy conclusion; and slowly, to the thunder of the new organ, the great assembly dissolves and oozes away.

The Sunday services are not the whole of this remarkable church. It has not yet adopted Mrs. Stowe's suggestion of providing billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, and gymnastic apparatus for the development of Christian muscle, though these may come in time. The building at present contains eleven apartments, among which are two large parlors, wherein, twice a

month, there is a social gathering of the church and congregation, for conversation with the pastor and with one another. Perhaps, by and by, these will be always open, so as to furnish club conveniences to young men who have no home. Doubtless, this fine social organization is destined to development in many directions not yet contemplated.

Among the ancient customs of New England and its colonies (of which Brooklyn is one) is the Friday-evening prayer-meeting. Some of our readers, perhaps, have dismal recollections of their early compelled attendance on those occasions, when, with their hands firmly held in the maternal grasp, lest at the last moment they should bolt under cover of the darkness, they glided round into the back parts of the church, lighted by one smoky lantern hung over the door of the lecture-room, itself dimly lighted, and as silent as the adjacent chambers of the dead. Female figures, demure in dress and eyes cast down, flitted noiselessly in, and the awful stillness was only broken by the heavy boots of the few elders and deacons who constituted the male portion of the exceedingly slender audience. With difficulty, and sometimes only after two or three failures, a hymn was raised, which, when in fullest tide, was only a dreary wail,—how unmelodious to the ears of unreverential youth, gifted with a sense of the ludicrous! How long, how sad, how pointless the prayers! How easy to believe, down in that dreary cellar, that this world was but a wilderness, and man "a feeble piece"! Deacon Jones could speak up briskly enough when he was selling two yards of shilling calico to a farmer's wife sharp at a bargain; but in that apartment, contiguous to the tombs, it seemed natural that he should utter dismal views of life in bad grammar through his nose. Mrs. Jones was cheerful when she gave her little tea-party the evening before; but now she appeared to assent, without surprise, to the statement that she was a pilgrim travelling through a vale of

tears. Veritable pilgrims, who do actually meet in an oasis of the desert, have a merry time of it, travellers tell us. It was not so with these good souls, inhabitants of a pleasant place, and anticipating an eternal abode in an inconceivably delightful paradise. But then there was the awful chance of missing it! And the reluctant youth, dragged to this melancholy scene, who avenged themselves by giving select imitations of deaconian eloquence for the amusement of young friends,—what was to become of *them*? It was such thoughts, doubtless, that gave to those excellent people their gloomy habit of mind; and if their creed expressed the literal truth respecting man's destiny, character, and duty, terror alone was rational, and laughter was hideous and defiant mockery. What room in a benevolent heart for joy, when a point of time, a moment's space, removed us to that heavenly place, or shut us up in hell?

From the time when we were accustomed to attend such meetings, long ago, we never saw a Friday-evening meeting till the other night, when we found ourselves in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church.

The room is large, very lofty, brilliantly lighted by reflectors affixed to the ceiling, and, except the scarlet cushions on the settees, void of upholstery. It was filled full with a cheerful company, not one of whom seemed to have on more or richer clothes than she had the moral strength to wear. Content and pleasant expectation sat on every countenance, as when people have come to a festival, and await the summons to the banquet. No pulpit, or anything like a pulpit, cast a shadow over the scene; but in its stead there was a rather large platform, raised two steps, covered with dark green canvas, and having upon it a very small table and one chair. The red-cushioned settees were so arranged as to enclose the green platform all about, except on one side; so that he who should sit upon it would appear to be in the midst of the people, raised above them that

all might see him, yet still among them and one of them. At one side of the platform, but on the floor of the room, among the settees, there was a piano open. Mr. Beecher sat near by, reading what appeared to be a letter of three or four sheets. The whole scene was so little like what we commonly understand by the word "meeting," the people there were so little in a "meeting" state of mind, and the subsequent proceedings were so informal, unstudied, and social, that, in attempting to give this account of them, we almost feel as if we were reporting for print the conversation of a private evening party. Anything more unlike an old-fashioned prayer-meeting it is not possible to conceive.

Mr. Beecher took his seat upon the platform, and, after a short pause, began the exercises by saying, in a low tone, these words: "Six twenty-two."

A rustling of the leaves of hymn-books interpreted the meaning of this mystical utterance, which otherwise might have been taken as announcing a discourse upon the prophetic numbers. The piano confirmed the interpretation; and then the company burst into one of those joyous and unanimous singings which are so enchanting a feature of the services of this church. Loud rose the beautiful harmony of voices, constraining every one to join in the song, even those most unused to sing. When it was ended, the pastor, in the same low tone, pronounced a name; upon which one of the brethren rose to his feet, and the rest of the assembly slightly inclined their heads. It would not, as we have remarked, be becoming in us to say anything upon this portion of the proceedings, except to note that the prayers were all brief, perfectly quiet and simple, and free from the routine or regulation expressions. There were but two or three of them, alternating with singing; and when that part of the exercises was concluded, Mr. Beecher had scarcely spoken. The meeting ran alone, in the most spontaneous and pleasant manner; and, with all its heartiness and simplicity,

there was a certain refined decorum pervading all that was done and said. There was a pause after the last hymn died away, and then Mr. Beecher, still seated, began, in the tone of conversation, to speak, somewhat after this manner.

"When," said he, "I first began to walk as a Christian, in my youthful zeal I made many resolutions that were well meant, but indiscreet. Among others, I remember I resolved to pray, at least once, in some way, every hour that I was awake. I tried faithfully to keep this resolution, but never having succeeded a single day, I suffered the pangs of self-reproach, until reflection satisfied me that the only wisdom possible, with regard to such a resolve, was to break it. I remember, too, that I made a resolution to speak upon religion to every person with whom I conversed, — on steamboats, in the streets, anywhere. In this, also, I failed, as I ought; and I soon learned that, in the sowing of such seed, as in other sowings, times and seasons and methods must be considered and selected, or a man may defeat his own object, and make religion loathsome."

In language like this he introduced the topic of the evening's conversation, which was, How far, and on what occasions, and in what manner, one person may invade, so to speak, the personality of another, and speak to him upon his moral condition. The pastor expressed his own opinion, always in the conversational tone, in a talk of ten minutes' duration; in the course of which he applauded, not censured, the delicacy which causes most people to shrink from doing it. He said that a man's personality was not a macadamized road for every vehicle to drive upon at will; but rather a sacred enclosure, to be entered, if at all, with the consent of the owner, and with deference to his feelings and tastes. He maintained, however, that there *were* times and modes in which this might properly be done, and that every one *had* a duty to perform of this nature. When he had finished his observations,

he said the subject was open to the remarks of others; whereupon a brother instantly rose and made a very honest confession.

He said that he had *never* attempted to perform the duty in question without having a palpitation of the heart, and a complete "turning over" of his inner man. He had often reflected upon this curious fact, but was not able to account for it. He had not allowed this repugnance to prevent his doing the duty; but he always had to rush at it and perform it by a sort of *coup de main*; for if he allowed himself to think about the matter, he could not do it at all. He concluded by saying that he should be very much obliged to any one if he could explain this mystery.

The pastor said: "May it not be the natural delicacy we feel, and ought to feel, in approaching the interior consciousness of another person?"

Another brother rose. There was no hanging back at this meeting; there were no awkward pauses; every one seemed full of matter. The new speaker was not inclined to admit the explanation suggested by the pastor. "Suppose," said he, "we were to see a man in imminent danger of immediate destruction, and there was one way of escape, and but one, which *we* saw and he did not, should we feel any delicacy in running up to him and urging him to fly for his life? Is it not a want of faith on our part that causes the reluctance and hesitation we all feel in urging others to avoid a peril so much more momentous?"

Mr. Beecher said the cases were not parallel. Irreligious persons, he remarked, were not in imminent danger of immediate death; they might die to-morrow; but in all probability they would not, and an ill-timed or injudicious admonition might forever repel them. We must accept the doctrine of probabilities, and act in accordance with it in this particular, as in all others.

Another brother had a puzzle to present for solution. He said that he too had experienced the repugnance to

which allusion had been made; but what surprised him most was, that the more he loved a person, and the nearer he was related to him, the more difficult he found it to converse with him upon his spiritual state. Why is this? "I should like to have this question answered," said he, "if there *is* an answer to it."

Mr. Beecher observed that this was the universal experience, and he was conscious himself of a peculiar reluctance and embarrassment in approaching one of his own household on the subject in question. He thought it was due to the fact that we respect more the personal rights of those near to us than we do those of others, and it was more difficult to break in upon the routine of our ordinary familiarity with them. We are accustomed to a certain tone, which it is highly embarrassing to jar upon.

Captain Duncan related two amusing anecdotes to illustrate the right way and the wrong way of introducing religious conversation. In his office there was sitting one day a sort of lay preacher, who was noted for lugging in his favorite topic in the most forbidding and abrupt manner. A sea-captain came in, who was introduced to this individual.

"Captain Porter," said he, with awful solemnity, "are you a captain in Israel?"

The honest sailor was so abashed and confounded at this novel salutation, that he could only stammer out an incoherent reply; and he was evidently much disposed to give the tactless zealot a piece of his mind expressed in the language of the quarter-deck. When the solemn man took his leave, the disgusted captain said, "If ever I should be coming to your office again, and that man should be here, I wish you would send me word, and I'll stay away."

A few days after, another clergyman chanced to be in the office, no other than Mr. Beecher himself, and another captain came in, a roystering, swearing, good-hearted fellow. The conversation

fell upon sea-sickness, a malady to which Mr. Beecher is peculiarly liable. This captain also was one of the few sailors who are always sea-sick in going to sea, and gave a moving account of his sufferings from that cause. Mr. Beecher, after listening attentively to his tale, said, "Captain Duncan, if I was a preacher to such sailors as your friend here, I should represent hell as an eternal voyage, with every man on board in the agonies of sea-sickness, the crisis always imminent, but never coming."

This ludicrous and most unprofessional picture amused the old salt exceedingly, and won his entire good-will toward the author of it; so that, after Mr. Beecher left, he said, "That's a good fellow, Captain Duncan. I like *him*, and I'd like to hear him talk more."

Captain Duncan contended that this free-and-easy way of address was just the thing for such characters. Mr. Beecher had shown him, to his great surprise, that a man could be a decent and comfortable human being, although he was a minister, and had so gained his confidence and good-will that he could say *anything* to him at their next interview. Captain Duncan finished his remarks by a decided expression of his disapproval of the canting regulation phrases so frequently employed by religious people, which are perfectly nauseous to men of the world.

This interesting conversation lasted about three quarters of an hour, and ended, not because the theme seemed exhausted, but because the time was up. We have only given enough of it to convey some little idea of its spirit. The company again broke into one of their cheerful hymns, and the meeting was dismissed in the usual manner.

During the whole evening not a canting word nor a false tone had been uttered. Some words were used, it is true, and some forms practised, which are not congenial to "men of the world," and some doctrines were assumed to be true which have become incredible to many of us. These, however, were not

conspicuous nor much dwelt upon. The subject, too, of the conversation was less suitable to our purpose than most of the topics discussed at these meetings, which usually have a more direct bearing upon the conduct of life. Nevertheless, is it not apparent that such meetings as this, conducted by a man of tact, good sense, and experience, must be an aid to good living? Here were a number of people,—parents, businessmen, and others,—most of them heavily burdened with responsibility, having notes and rents to pay, customers to get and keep, children to rear,—busy people, anxious people, of extremely diverse characters, but united by a common desire to live nobly. The difficulties of noble living are very great,—never so great, perhaps, as now and here,—and these people assemble every week to converse upon them. What more rational thing could they do? If they came together to snivel and cant, and to support one another in a miserable conceit of being the elect of the human species, we might object. But no description can show how far from that, how opposite to that, is the tone, the spirit, the object, of the Friday-evening meeting at Plymouth Church.

Have we "Liberals"—as we presume to call ourselves—ever devised anything so well adapted as this to the needs of average mortals, struggling with the ordinary troubles of life? We know of nothing. Philosophical treatises, and arithmetical computations respecting the number of people who inhabited Palestine, may have their use, but they cannot fill the aching void in the heart of a lone widow, or teach an anxious father how to manage a troublesome boy. There was an old lady near us at this meeting,—a good soul in a bonnet four fashions old,—who sat and cried for joy, as the brethren carried on their talk. She had come in alone from her solitary room, and enjoyed all the evening long a blended moral and literary rapture. It was a banquet of delight to her, the recollection of which would brighten all her

week, and it cost her no more than air and sunlight. To the happy, the strong, the victorious, Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses may appear to suffice; but the world is full of the weak, the wretched, and the vanquished.

There was an infuriate heretic in Boston once, whose antipathy to what he called "superstition" was something that bordered upon lunacy. But the time came when he had a child, his only child, and the sole joy of his life, dead in the house. It had to be buried. The broken-hearted father could not endure the thought of his child's being carried out and placed in its grave without *some* outward mark of respect, *some* ceremonial which should recognize the difference between a dead child and a dead kitten; and he was fain, at last, to go out and bring to his house a poor lame cobbler, who was a kind of Methodist preacher, to say and read a few words that should break the fall of the darling object into the tomb. The occurrence made no change in his opinions, but it revolutionized his feelings. He is as untheological as ever; but he would subscribe money to build a church, and he esteems no man more than an honest clergyman.

If anything can be predicated of the future with certainty, it is, that the American people will never give up that portion of their heritage from the past which we call Sunday, but will always devote its hours to resting the body and improving the soul. All our theologies will pass away, but this will remain. Nor less certain is it, that there will always be a class of men who will do, professionally and as their settled vocation, the work now done by the clergy. That work can never be dispensed with, either in civilized or in barbarous communities. The great problem of civilization is, how to bring the higher intelligence of the community, and its better moral feeling, to bear upon the mass of people, so that the lowest grade of intelligence and morals shall be always approaching the higher, and the higher still rising. A church purified of superstition solves part of

this problem, and a good school system does the rest.

All things improve in this world very much in the same way. The improvement originates in one man's mind, and, being carried into effect with evident good results, it is copied by others. We are all apt lazily to run in the groove in which we find ourselves; we are creatures of habit, and slaves of tradition. Now and then, however, in every profession and sphere, if they are untrammelled by law, an individual appears who is discontented with the ancient methods, or sceptical of the old traditions, or both, and he invents better ways, or arrives at more rational opinions. Other men look on and approve the improved process, or listen and imbibe the advanced belief.

Now, there appears to be a man upon Brooklyn Heights who has found out a more excellent way of conducting a church than has been previously known. He does not waste the best hours of every day in writing sermons, but employs those hours in absorbing the knowledge and experience which should be the matter of sermons. He does not fritter away the time of a public instructor in "pastoral visits," and other useless visitations. His mode of conducting a public ceremonial reaches the finish of high art, which it resembles also in its sincerity and simplicity. He has known how to banish from his church everything that savors of cant and sanctimoniousness, — so loathsome to honest minds. Without formally rejecting time-honored forms and usages, he has infused into his teachings more and more of the modern spirit, drawn more and more from science and life, less and less from tradition, until he has acquired the power of preaching sermons which Edwards and Voltaire, Whitefield and Tom Paine, would heartily and equally enjoy. Surely, there is something in all this which could be imitated. The great talents with which he is endowed cannot be imparted, but we do not believe that his power is wholly derived from his

talent. A man of only respectable abilities, who should catch his spirit, practise some of his methods, and spend his strength in getting knowledge, and not in coining sentences, would be able anywhere to gather round him a concourse of hearers. The great secret is, to let orthodoxy slide, as something which is neither to be maintained nor refuted, — insisting only on the spirit of Christianity, and applying it to the life of the present day in this land.

There are some reasons for thinking that the men and the organizations that have had in charge the moral interests of the people of the United States for the last fifty years have not been quite equal to their trust. What are we to think of such results of New England culture as Douglas, Cass, Webster, and many other men of great ability, but strangely wanting in moral power? What are we to think of the great numbers of Southern Yankees who were, and are, the bitterest foes of all that New England represents? What are we to think of the Rings that seem now-a-days to form themselves, as it were, spontaneously in every great corporation? What of the club-houses that spring up at every corner, for the accommodation of husbands and fathers who find more attractions in wine, supper, and equivocal stories than in the society of their wives and children? What are we to think of the fact, that among the people who can afford to advertise at the rate of a dollar and a half a line are those who provide women with the means of killing their unborn children, — a double crime, murder and suicide? What are we to think of the moral impotence of almost all women to resist the tyranny of fashion, and the *necessity* that appears to rest upon them to copy every disfiguration invented by the harlots of Paris? What are we to think of the want both of masculine and moral force in men, which makes them helpless against the extravagance of their households, to support which they do fifty years' work in twenty, and then die? What are we to think of the fact, that

all the creatures living in the United States enjoy good health, except the human beings, who are nearly all ill?

When we consider such things as these, we cannot help calling in question a kind of public teaching which leaves the people in ignorance of so much that they most need to know. Henry Ward Beecher is the only clergyman we ever heard who habitually promulgates the truth, that to be ill is generally a sin, and always a shame. We never heard him utter the demoralizing falsehood, that this present life is short and of small account, and that nothing is worthy of much consideration except the life to come. He dwells much on the enormous length of this life, and the prodigious revenue of happiness it may yield to those who comply with the conditions of happiness. It is his habit, also, to preach the duty which devolves upon every person, to labor for the increase of his knowledge and the general improvement of his mind. We have heard him say on the platform of his church, that it was disgraceful to any mechanic or clerk to let such a picture as the Heart of the Andes be

exhibited for twenty-five cents, and not go and see it. Probably there is not one honest clergyman in the country who does not fairly earn his livelihood by the good he does, or by the evil he prevents. But not enough good is done, and not enough evil prevented. The sudden wealth that has come upon the world since the improvement of the steam-engine adds a new difficulty to the life of millions. So far, the world does not appear to have made the best use of its too rapidly increased surplus. "We cannot sell a twelve-dollar book in this country," said a bookseller to us the other day. But how easy to sell two-hundred-dollar garments! There seems great need of something that shall have power to spiritualize mankind, and make head against the reinforced influence of material things. It may be that the true method of dealing with the souls of modern men has been, in part, discovered by Mr. Beecher, and that it would be well for persons aspiring to the same vocation to *begin* their preparation by making a pilgrimage to Brooklyn Heights.

THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the island of Manisecs,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails show, —

Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

There, circling ever their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine, —

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped:
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White up-turned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said:
"There 'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more
Along their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,
Mending their nets on their patient knees
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;
"It is known to us all," they quietly say;
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative,

Whence, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing Ghost of the Palatine!

THE STRANGE FRIEND.

IT would have required an intimate familiarity with the habitual demeanor of the people of Londongrove to detect in them an access of interest, (we dare not say excitement,) of whatever kind. Expression, with them, was pitched to so low a key, that its changes might be compared to the slight variations in the drabs and grays in which they were clothed. Yet that there was a moderate, decorously subdued curiosity present in the minds of many of them on one of the First-days of the Ninth-month, in the year 1815, was as clearly apparent to a resident of the neighborhood as are the indications of a fire or a riot to the member of a city mob.

The agitations of the war which had so recently come to an end had hardly touched this quiet and peaceful community. They had stoutly "borne their testimony," and faced the question where it could not be evaded; and although the dashing Philadelphia militia had been stationed at Camp Bloomfield, within four miles of them, the previous year, these good people simply ignored the fact. If their sons ever listened to the trumpets at a distance, or stole nearer to have a peep at the uniforms, no report of what they had seen or heard was likely to be made at home. Peace brought to them a relief, like the awakening from an uncomfortable dream: their lives at once reverted to the calm which they had breathed for thirty years preceding the national disturbance. In their ways they had not materially changed for a hundred years. The surplus produce of their farms more than sufficed for the very few needs which those farms did not supply, and they seldom touched the world outside of their sect except in matters of business. They were satisfied with themselves and with their lot; they lived to a ripe and beautiful age, rarely "borrowed trouble," and were patient to endure that which came

in the fixed course of things. If the spirit of curiosity, the yearning for an active, joyous grasp of life, sometimes pierced through this placid temper, and stirred the blood of the adolescent members, they were persuaded by grave voices, of almost prophetic authority, to turn their hearts towards "the Stillness and the Quietness."

It was the pleasant custom of the community to arrive at the meeting-house some fifteen or twenty minutes before the usual time of meeting, and exchange quiet and kindly greetings before taking their places on the plain benches inside. As most of the families had lived during the week on the solitude of their farms, they liked to see their neighbors' faces, and resolve, as it were, their sense of isolation into the common atmosphere, before yielding to the assumed abstraction of their worship. In this preliminary meeting, also, the sexes were divided, but rather from habit than any prescribed rule. They were already in the vestibule of the sanctuary; their voices were subdued and their manner touched with a kind of reverence.

If the Londongrove Friends gathered together a few minutes earlier on that September First-day; if the younger members looked more frequently towards one of the gates leading into the meeting-house yard than towards the other; and if Abraham Bradbury was the centre of a larger circle of neighbors than Simon Pennock (although both sat side by side on the highest seat of the gallery), — the cause of these slight deviations from the ordinary behavior of the gathering was generally known. Abraham's son had died the previous Sixth-month, leaving a widow incapable of taking charge of his farm on the Street Road, which was therefore offered for rent. It was not always easy to obtain a satisfactory tenant in those days, and Abraham was not more relieved than surprised on

receiving an application from an unexpected quarter. A strange Friend, of stately appearance, called upon him, bearing a letter from William Warner, in Adams County, together with a certificate from a Monthly Meeting on Long Island. After inspecting the farm and making close inquiries in regard to the people of the neighborhood, he accepted the terms of rent, and had now, with his family, been three or four days in possession.

In this circumstance, it is true, there was nothing strange, and the interest of the people sprang from some other particulars which had transpired. The new-comer, Henry Donnelly by name, had offered, in place of the usual security, to pay the rent annually in advance; his speech and manner were not, in all respects, those of Friends, and he acknowledged that he was of Irish birth; and moreover, some who had passed the wagons bearing his household goods had been struck by the peculiar patterns of the furniture piled upon them. Abraham Bradbury had of course been present at the arrival, and the Friends upon the adjoining farms had kindly given their assistance, although it was a busy time of the year. While, therefore, no one suspected that the former could possibly accept a tenant of doubtful character, a general sentiment of curious expectancy went forth to meet the Donnelly family.

Even the venerable Simon Pennock, who lived in the opposite part of the township, was not wholly free from the prevalent feeling. "Abraham," he said, approaching his colleague, "I suppose thee has satisfied thyself that the strange Friend is of good repute."

Abraham was assuredly satisfied of one thing, — that the three hundred silver dollars in his antiquated secretary at home were good and lawful coin. We will not say that this fact disposed him to charity, but will only testify that he answered thus: —

"I don't think we have any right to question the certificate from Islip, Simon; and William Warner's word

(whom thee knows by hearsay) is that of a good and honest man. Henry himself will stand ready to satisfy thee, if it is needful."

Here he turned to greet a tall, fresh-faced youth, who had quietly joined the group at the men's end of the meeting-house. He was nineteen, blue-eyed, and rosy, and a little embarrassed by the grave, scrutinizing, yet not unfriendly eyes fixed upon him.

"Simon, this is Henry's oldest son, De Courcy," said Abraham.

Simon took the youth's hand, saying, "Where did thee get thy outlandish name?"

The young man colored, hesitated, and then said, in a low, firm voice, "It was my grandfather's name."

One of the heavy carriages of the place and period, new and shiny, in spite of its sober colors, rolled into the yard. Abraham Bradbury and De Courcy Donnelly set forth, side by side, to meet it. Out of it descended a tall, broad-shouldered figure, — a man in the prime of life, whose ripe, aggressive vitality gave his rigid Quaker garb the air of a military undress. His blue eyes seemed to laugh above the measured accents of his plain speech, and the close crop of his hair could not hide its tendency to curl. A bearing expressive of energy and the habit of command was not unusual in the sect, strengthening, but not changing, its habitual mask; yet in Henry Donnelly this bearing suggested — one could scarcely explain why — a different experience. Dress and speech, in him, expressed condescension rather than fraternal equality.

He carefully assisted his wife to alight, and De Courcy led the horse to the hitching-shed. Susan Donnelly was a still blooming woman of forty; her dress, of the plainest color, was yet of the richest texture; and her round, gentle, almost timid face looked forth like a girl's from the shadow of her scoop bonnet. While she was greeting Abraham Bradbury, the two daughters, Sylvia and Alice, who had been standing shyly by themselves on the

edge of the group of women, came forward. The latter was a model of the demure Quaker maiden; but Abraham experienced as much surprise as was possible to his nature on observing Sylvia's costume. A light-blue dress, a dark-blue cloak, a hat with ribbons, and hair in curls,—what Friend of good standing ever allowed his daughter thus to array herself in the fashion of the world?

Henry read the question in Abraham's face, and preferred not to answer it at that moment. Saying, "Thee must make me acquainted with the rest of our brethren," he led the way back to the men's end. When he had been presented to the older members, it was time for them to assemble in meeting.

The people were again quietly startled when Henry Donnelly deliberately mounted to the third and highest bench facing them, and sat down beside Abraham and Simon. These two retained, possibly with some little inward exertion, the composure of their faces, and the strange Friend became like unto them. His hands were clasped firmly in his lap; his full, decided lips were set together, and his eyes gazed into vacancy from under the broad brim. De Courcy had removed his hat on entering the house, but, meeting his father's eyes, replaced it suddenly, with a slight blush.

When Simon Pennock and Ruth Treadwell had spoken the thoughts which had come to them in the stillness, the strange Friend arose. Slowly, with frequent pauses, as if waiting for the guidance of the Spirit, and with that *inward* voice which falls so naturally into the measure of a chant, he urged upon his hearers the necessity of seeking the Light and walking therein. He did not always employ the customary phrases, but neither did he seem to speak the lower language of logic and reason; while his tones were so full and mellow that they gave, with every slowly modulated sentence, a fresh satisfaction to the ear. Even his broad *a*'s and the strong roll of his *r*'s, which verified the rumor of his foreign

birth, did not detract from the authority of his words. The doubts which had preceded him somehow melted away in his presence, and he came forth, after the meeting had been dissolved by the shaking of hands, an accepted tenant of the high seat.

That evening, the family were alone in their new home. The plain rush-bottomed chairs and sober carpet, in contrast with the dark, solid mahogany table, and the silver branched candlestick which stood upon it, hinted of former wealth and present loss; and something of the same contrast was reflected in the habits of the inmates. While the father, seated in a stately arm-chair, read aloud to his wife and children, Sylvia's eyes rested on a guitar-case in the corner, and her fingers absently adjusted themselves to the imaginary frets. De Courcy twisted his neck as if the straight collar of his coat were a bad fit; and Henry, the youngest boy, nodded drowsily from time to time.

"There, my lads and lasses!" said Henry Donnelly, as he closed the book, "now we're plain farmers at last,—and the plainer the better, since it must be. There's only one thing wanting—"

He paused; and Sylvia, looking up with a bright, arch determination, answered: "It's too late now, father,—they have seen me as one of the world's people, as I meant they should. When it is once settled as something not to be helped, it will give us no trouble."

"Faith, Sylvia!" exclaimed De Courcy, "I almost wish I had kept you company."

"Don't be impatient, my boy," said the mother, gently. "Think of the vexations we have had, and what a rest this life will be!"

"Think, also," the father added, "that I have the heaviest work to do, and that thou'lt reap the most of what may come of it. Don't carry the old life to a land where it's out of place. We must be what we seem to be, every one of us!"

"So we will!" said Sylvia, rising from her seat,— "I, as well as the rest.

It was what I said in the beginning, you—no, *thee* knows, father. Somebody must be interpreter when the time comes; somebody must remember while the rest of you are forgetting. O, I shall be talked about, and set upon, and called hard names; it won't be so easy. Stay where you are, De Courcy; that coat will fit sooner than you think."

Her brother lifted his shoulders and made a grimace. "I've an unlucky name, it seems," said he. "The old fellow—I mean Friend Simon—pronounced it outlandish. Could n't I change it to Ezra or Adonijah?"

"Boy, boy—"

"Don't be alarmed, father. It will soon be as Sylvia says; *thee's* right, and mother is right. I'll let Sylvia keep my memory, and start fresh from here. We must into the field to-morrow, Hal and I. There's no need of a collar at the plough-tail."

They went to rest, and on the morrow not only the boys, but their father, were in the field. Shrewd, quick, and strong, they made available what they knew of farming operations, and disguised much of their ignorance while they learned. Henry Donnelly's first public appearance had made a strong impression in his favor, which the voice of the older Friends soon stamped as a settled opinion. His sons did their share, by the amiable, yielding temper they exhibited, in accommodating themselves to the manners and ways of the people. The graces which came from a better education, and, possibly, more refined associations, gave them an attraction, which was none the less felt because it was not understood, to the simple-minded young men who worked with the hired hands in their fathers' fields. If the Donnelly family had not been accustomed, in former days, to sit at the same table with laborers in shirt-sleeves, and be addressed by the latter in fraternal phrase, no little awkwardnesses or hesitations betrayed the fact. They were anxious to make their naturalization complete, and it soon became so.

The "strange Friend" was now known in Londongrove by the familiar name of "Henry." He was a constant attendant at meeting, not only on First-days, but also on Fourth-days, and whenever he spoke his words were listened to with the reverence due to one who was truly led towards the Light. This respect kept at bay the curiosity that might still have lingered in some minds concerning his antecedent life. It was known that he answered Simon Pennock, who had ventured to approach him with a direct question, in these words:—

"*Thee* knows, Friend Simon, that sometimes a seal is put upon our mouths for a wise purpose. I have learned not to value the outer life except in so far as it is made the manifestation of the inner life, and I only date my own from the time when I was brought to a knowledge of the truth. It is not pleasant to me to look upon what went before; but a season may come when it shall be lawful for me to declare all things,—nay, when it shall be put upon me as a duty. *Thee* must suffer me to wait the call."

After this there was nothing more to be said. The family was on terms of quiet intimacy with the neighbors; and even Sylvia, in spite of her defiant eyes and worldly ways, became popular among the young men and maidens. She touched her beloved guitar with a skill which seemed marvellous to the latter; and when it was known that her refusal to enter the sect arose from her fondness for the prohibited instrument, she found many apologists among them. She was not set upon, and called hard names, as she had anticipated. It is true that her father, when appealed to by the elders, shook his head, and said, "It is a cross to us!"—but he had been known to remain in the room while she sang "Full high in Killbride," and the keen light which arose in his eyes was neither that of sorrow nor anger.

At the end of their first year of residence the farm presented evidences of much more orderly and intelligent management than at first, although the ad-

joining neighbors were of the opinion that the Donnellys had hardly made their living out of it. Friend Henry, nevertheless, was ready with the advance rent, and his bills were promptly paid. He was close at a bargain,—which was considered rather a merit than otherwise,—and almost painfully exact in observing the strict letter of it, when made.

As time passed by, and the family became a permanent part and parcel of the remote community, wearing its peaceful color and breathing its untroubled atmosphere, nothing occurred to disturb the esteem and respect which its members enjoyed. From time to time the postmaster at the corner delivered to Henry Donnelly a letter from New York, always addressed in the same hand. The first which arrived had an “Esq.” added to the name, but this “compliment” (as the Friends termed it) soon ceased. Perhaps the official may have vaguely wondered whether there was any connection between the occasional absence of Friend Henry—not at Yearly-Meeting time—and these letters. If he had been a visitor at the farm-house he might have noticed variations in the moods of its inmates, which must have arisen from some other cause than the price of stock or the condition of the crops. Outside of the family circle, however, they were serenely reticent.

In five or six years, when De Courcy had grown to be a hale, handsome man of twenty-four, and as capable of conducting a farm as any to the township born, certain aberrations from the strict line of discipline began to be rumored. He rode a gallant horse, dressed a little more elegantly than his membership prescribed, and his unusually high, straight collar took a knack of falling over. Moreover, he was frequently seen to ride up the Street Road, in the direction of Fagg’s Manor, towards those valleys where the brick Presbyterian church displaces the whitewashed Quaker meeting-house. Had Henry Donnelly not occupied so high a seat, and exercised such an acknowledged author-

ity in the sect, he might sooner have received counsel, or proffers of sympathy, as the case might be; but he heard nothing until the rumors of De Courcy’s excursions took a more definite form.

But one day Abraham Bradbury, after discussing some Monthly-Meeting matters, suddenly asked: “Is this true that I hear, Henry,—that thy son De Courcy keeps company with one of the Alison girls?”

“Who says that?” Henry asked, in a sharp voice.

“Why, it’s the common talk! Surely, thee’s heard of it before?”

“No!”

Henry set his lips together in a manner which Abraham understood. Considering that he had fully performed his duty, he said no more.

That evening, Sylvia, who had been gently thrumming to herself at the window, began singing “Bonnie Peggy Alison.” Her father looked at De Courcy, who caught his glance, then lowered his eyes and turned to leave the room.

“Stop, De Courcy,” said the former; “I’ve heard a piece of news about thee to-day, which I want thee to make clear.”

“Shall I go, father?” asked Sylvia.

“No; thee may stay to give De Courcy his memory. I think he is beginning to need it. I’ve learned which way he rides, on Seventh-day evenings.”

“Father, I am old enough to choose my way,” said De Courcy.

“But no such ways *now*, boy! Has thee clean forgotten? This was among the things upon which we agreed, and you all promised to keep watch and guard over yourselves. I had my misgivings then, but for five years I’ve trusted you, and now, when the time of probation is so nearly over—”

He hesitated, and De Courcy, plucking up courage, spoke again. With a strong effort the young man threw off the yoke of a self-taught restraint, and asserted his true nature. “Has O’Neil written?” he asked.

“Not yet.”

“Then, father,” he continued, “I

prefer the certainty of my present life to the uncertainty of the old. I will not dissolve my connection with the Friends by a shock which might give thee trouble; but I will slowly work away from them. Notice will be taken of my ways; there will be family visitations, warnings, and the usual routine of discipline, so that when I marry Margaret Alison, nobody will be surprised at my being read out of meeting. I shall soon be twenty-five, father, and this thing has gone on about as long as I can bear it. I must decide to be either a man or a milksop."

The color rose to Henry Donnelly's cheeks, and his eyes flashed, but he showed no signs of anger. He moved to De Courcy's side and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Patience, my boy!" he said. "It's the old blood, and I might have known it would proclaim itself. Suppose I were to shut my eyes to thy ridings, and thy merry-makings, and thy worldly company. So far I might go; but the girl is no mate for thee. If O'Neil is alive, we are sure to hear from him soon; and in three years, at the utmost, if the Lord favors us, the end will come. How far has it gone with thy courting? Surely, surely, not too far to withdraw, at least under the plea of my prohibition?"

De Courcy blushed, but firmly met his father's eyes. "I have spoken to her," he replied, "and it is not the custom of our family to break plighted faith."

"Thou art our cross, not Sylvia. Go thy ways now. I will endeavor to seek for guidance."

"Sylvia," said the father, when De Courcy had left the room, "what is to be the end of this?"

"Unless we hear from O'Neil, father, I am afraid it cannot be prevented. De Courcy has been changing for a year past; I am only surprised that you did not sooner notice it. What I said in jest has become serious truth: he has already half forgotten. We might have expected, in the beginning, that one of two things would happen: either he would become a plodding

Quaker farmer or take to his present courses. Which would be worse, when this life is over,—if that time ever comes?"

Sylvia sighed, and there was a weariness in her voice which did not escape her father's ear. He walked up and down the room with a troubled air. She sat down, took the guitar upon her lap, and began to sing the verse, commencing, "Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken," when—perhaps opportunely—Susan Donnelly entered the room.

"Eh, lass!" said Henry, slipping his arm around his wife's waist, "art thou tired yet? Have I been trying thy patience, as I have that of the children? Have there been longings kept from me, little rebellions crushed, battles fought that I supposed were over?"

"Not by me, Henry," was her cheerful answer. "I have never been happier than in these quiet ways with thee. I've been thinking, what if something has happened, and the letters cease to come? And it has seemed to me—now that the boys are as good farmers as any, and Alice is such a tidy housekeeper—that we could manage very well without help. Only for thy sake, Henry: I fear it would be a terrible disappointment to thee. Or is thee as accustomed to the high seat as I to my place on the women's side?"

"No!" he answered, emphatically. "The talk with De Courcy has set my quiet Quaker blood in motion. The boy is more than half right; I am sure Sylvia thinks so too. What could I expect? He has no birthright, and did n't begin his task, as I did, after the bravery of youth was over. It took six generations to establish the serenity and content of our brethren here, and the dress we wear don't give us the nature. De Courcy is tired of the masquerade, and Sylvia is tired of seeing it. Thou, my little Susan, who wert so timid at first, putteth us all to shame now!"

"I think I was meant for it,—Alice, and Henry, and I," said she.

No outward change in Henry Don-

nelly's demeanor betrayed this or any other disturbance at home. There were repeated consultations between the father and son, but they led to no satisfactory conclusion. De Courcy was sincerely attached to the pretty Presbyterian maiden, and found livelier society in her brothers and cousins than among the grave, awkward Quaker youths of Londongrove. With the occasional freedom from restraint there awoke in him a desire for independence,—a thirst for the suppressed license of youth. His new acquaintances were accustomed to a rigid domestic *régime*, but of a different character, and they met on a common ground of rebellion. Their aberrations, it is true, were not of a very formidable character, and need not have been guarded but for the severe conventionalities of both sects. An occasional fox-chase, horse-race, or a "stag party" at some outlying tavern, formed the sum of their dissipation; they sang, danced reels, and sometimes ran into little excesses through the stimulating sense of the trespass they were committing.

By and by reports of certain of these performances were brought to the notice of the Londongrove Friends, and, with the consent of Henry Donnelly himself, De Courcy received a visit of warning and remonstrance. He had foreseen the probability of such a visit and was prepared. He denied none of the charges brought against him, and accepted the grave counsel offered, simply stating that his nature was not yet purified and chastened; he was aware he was not walking in the Light; he believed it to be a troubled season through which he must needs pass. His frankness, as he was shrewd enough to guess, was a source of perplexity to the elders; it prevented them from excommunicating him without further probation, while it left him free to indulge in further recreations.

Some months passed away, and the absence from which Henry Donnelly always returned with a good supply of ready money did not take place. The knowledge of farming which his sons had acquired now came into play. It

was necessary to exercise both skill and thrift in order to keep up the liberal footing upon which the family had lived; for each member of it was too proud to allow the community to suspect the change in their circumstances. De Courcy, retained more than ever at home, and bound to steady labor, was man enough to subdue his impatient spirit for the time; but he secretly determined that with the first change for the better he would follow the fate he had chosen for himself.

Late in the fall came the opportunity for which he had longed. One evening he brought home a letter, in the well-known handwriting. His father opened and read it in silence.

"Well, father?" he said.

"A former letter was lost, it seems. This should have come in the spring; it is only the missing sum."

"Does O'Neil fix any time?"

"No; but he hopes to make a better report next year."

"Then, father," said De Courcy, "it is useless for me to wait longer; I am satisfied as it is. I should not have given up Margaret in any case; but now, since thee can live with Henry's help, I shall claim her."

"Must it be, De Courcy?"

"It must."

But it was not to be. A day or two afterwards the young man, on his mettled horse, set off up the Street Road, feeling at last that the fortune and the freedom of his life were approaching. He had become, in habits and in feelings, one of the people, and the relinquishment of the hope in which his father still indulged brought him a firmer courage, a more settled content. His sweetheart's family was in good circumstances; but, had she been poor, he felt confident of his power to make and secure for her a farmer's home. To the past—whatever it might have been—he said farewell, and went carolling some cheerful ditty, to look upon the face of his future.

That night, a country wagon slowly drove up to Henry Donnelly's door. The three men who accompanied it hesitated

before they knocked, and, when the door was opened, looked at each other with pale, sad faces, before either spoke. No cries followed the few words that were said, but silently, swiftly, a room was made ready, while the men lifted from the straw and carried up stairs an unconscious figure, the arms of which hung down with a horrible significance as they moved. He was not dead, for the heart beat feebly and slowly; but all efforts to restore his consciousness were in vain. There was concussion of the brain, the physician said. He had been thrown from his horse, probably alighting upon his head, as there were neither fractures nor external wounds. All that night and next day, the tenderest, the most unwearied care was exerted, to call back the flickering gleam of life. The shock had been too great; his deadly torpor deepened into death.

In their time of trial and sorrow the family received the fullest sympathy, the kindest help, from the whole neighborhood. They had never before so fully appreciated the fraternal character of the society whereof they were members. The plain, plodding people living on the adjoining farms became virtually their relatives and fellow-mourners. All the external offices demanded by the sad occasion were performed for them, and other eyes than their own shed tears of honest grief over De Courcy's coffin. All came to the funeral, and even Simon Pennock, in the plain, yet touching words which he spoke beside the grave, forgot the young man's wandering from the Light, in the recollection of his frank, generous, truthful nature.

If the Donnellys had sometimes found the practical equality of life in London-grove a little repellent, they were now gratefully moved by the delicate and refined ways in which the sympathy of the people sought to express itself. The better qualities of human nature always develop a temporary good-breeding. Wherever any of the family went, they saw the reflection of their own sorrow; and a new spirit informed to their eyes the quiet pastoral landscapes.

In their life at home there was little change. Abraham Bradbury had insisted on sending his favorite grandson, Joel, a youth of twenty-two, to take De Courcy's place for a few months. He was a shy, quiet creature, with large brown eyes like a fawn's, and young Henry Donnelly and he became friends at once. It was believed that he would inherit the farm at his grandfather's death; but he was as subservient to Friend Donnelly's wishes in regard to the farming operations, as if the latter held the fee of the property. His coming did not fill the terrible gap which De Courcy's death had made, but seemed to make it less constantly and painfully evident.

Susan Donnelly soon remarked a change, which she could neither clearly define nor explain to herself, both in her husband and in their daughter Sylvia. The former, although in public he preserved the same grave, stately face, — its lines, perhaps, a little more deeply marked, — seemed to be devoured by an internal unrest. His dreams were of the old times: words and names long unused came from his lips as he slept by her side. Although he bore his grief with more strength than she had hoped, he grew nervous and excitable, — sometimes unreasonably petulant, sometimes gay to a pitch which impressed her with pain. When the spring came around and the mysterious correspondence again failed, as in the previous year, his uneasiness increased. He took his place on the high seat on First-days, as usual, but spoke no more.

Sylvia, on the other hand, seemed to have wholly lost her proud, impatient character. She went to meeting much more frequently than formerly, busied herself more actively about household matters, and ceased to speak of the uncertain contingency which had been so constantly present to her thoughts. In fact, she and her father had changed places. She was now the one who preached patience, who held before them all the bright side of their lot, who brought Margaret Alison to the

house and justified her dead brother's heart to his father's, and who repeated to the latter, in his restless moods, "De Courcy foresaw the truth, and we must all, in the end, decide as he did."

"Can *thee* do it, Sylvia?" her father would ask.

"I believe I have done it already," she said. "If it seems difficult, pray consider how much later I begin my work. I have had all your memories in charge, and now I must not only forget for myself, but for you as well."

Indeed, as the spring and summer months came and went, Sylvia evidently grew stronger in her determination. The fret of her idle force was allayed, and her content increased as she saw and performed the possible duties of her life. Perhaps her father might have caught something of her spirit, but for his anxiety in regard to the suspended correspondence. He wearied himself in guesses, which all ended in the simple fact, that, to escape embarrassment, the rent must again be saved from the earnings of the farm.

The harvests that year were bountiful: wheat, barley, and oats stood thick and heavy in the fields. No one showed more careful thrift or more cheerful industry than young Joel Bradbury, and the family felt that much of the fortune of their harvest was owing to him.

On the first day after the crops had been securely housed, all went to meeting, except Sylvia. In the walled graveyard the sod was already green over De Courcy's unmarked mound, but Alice had planted a little rose-tree at the head, and she and her mother always visited the spot before taking their seats on the women's side. The meeting-house was very full that day, as the busy season of the summer was over, and the horses of those who lived at a distance had no longer such need of rest.

It was a sultry forenoon, and the windows and doors of the building were open. The humming of insects was heard in the silence, and broken lights and shadows of the poplar-leaves were

sprinkled upon the steps and sills. Outside, there were glimpses of quiet groves and orchards, and blue fragments of sky,—no more semblance of life in the external landscape than there was in the silent meeting within. Some quarter of an hour before the shaking of hands took place, the hoofs of a horse were heard in the meeting-house yard,—the noise of a smart trot on the turf, suddenly arrested.

The boys pricked up their ears at this unusual sound, and stole glances at each other when they imagined themselves unseen by the awful faces in the gallery. Presently those nearest the door saw a broader shadow fall over those flickering upon the stone. A red face appeared for a moment, and was then drawn back out of sight. The shadow advanced and receded, in a state of curious restlessness. Sometimes the end of a riding-whip was visible, sometimes the corner of a coarse gray coat. The boys who noticed these apparitions were burning with impatience, but they dared not leave their seats until Abraham Bradbury had reached his hand to Henry Donnelly.

Then they rushed out. The mysterious personage was still beside the door, leaning against the wall. He was a short, thick-set man of fifty, with red hair, round gray eyes, a broad pug nose, and projecting mouth. He wore a heavy gray coat, despite the heat, and a waistcoat with many brass buttons; also corduroy breeches and riding boots. When they appeared, he started forward with open mouth and eyes, and stared wildly in their faces. They gathered around the poplar-trunks, and waited with some uneasiness to see what would follow.

Slowly and gravely, with the half-broken ban of silence still hanging over them, the people issued from the house. The strange man stood, leaning forward, and seemed to devour each, in turn, with his eager eyes. After the young men came the fathers of families, and lastly the old men from the gallery seats. Last of these came Henry Donnelly. In the mean time,

all had seen and wondered at the waiting figure : its attitude was too intense and self-forgetting to be misinterpreted. The greetings and remarks were suspended until the people had seen for whom the man waited, and why.

Henry Donnelly had no sooner set his foot upon the door-step than, with something between a shout and a howl, the stranger darted forward, seized his hand, and fell upon one knee, crying : "O my lord ! my lord ! Glory be to God that I've found ye at last !"

If these words burst like a bomb on the ears of the people, what was their consternation when Henry Donnelly exclaimed, "The Devil ! Jack O'Neil, can that be you ?"

"It's me, meself, my lord ! When we heard the letters went wrong last year, I said, 'I'll trust no such good news to their blasted mail-posts : I'll go meself and carry it to his lordship, — if it is t' other side o' the say. Him and my lady and all the children went, and sure I can go too.' And as I was the one that went with you from Dunleigh Castle, I'll go back with you to that same, for it stands awaitin', and blessed be the day that sees you back in your ould place !"

"All clear, Jack ? All mine again ?"

"You may believe it, my lord ! And money in the chest beside. But where's my lady, bless her sweet face ! Among yon women, belike, and you'll help me to find her, for it's herself must have the news next, and then the young master —"

With that word Henry Donnelly awoke to a sense of time and place. He found himself within a ring of staring, wondering, scandalized eyes. He met them boldly, with a proud, though rather grim smile, took hold of O'Neil's arm and led him towards the women's end of the house, where the sight of Susan in her scoop bonnet so moved the servant's heart that he melted into tears. Both husband and wife were eager to get home and hear O'Neil's news in private ; so they set out at once in their plain carriage, followed by the latter on horseback. As

for the Friends, they went home in a state of bewilderment.

Alice Donnelly, with her brother Henry and Joel Bradbury, returned on foot. The two former remembered O'Neil, and, although they had not witnessed his first interview with their father, they knew enough of the family history to surmise his errand. Joel was silent and troubled.

"Alice, I hope it does n't mean that we are going back, don't you ?" said Henry.

"Yes," she answered, and said no more.

They took a foot-path across the fields, and reached the farm-house at the same time with the first party. As they opened the door Sylvia descended the staircase dressed in a rich shimmering brocade, with a necklace of amethysts around her throat. To their eyes, so long accustomed to the absence of positive color, she was completely dazzling. There was a new color on her cheeks, and her eyes seemed larger and brighter. She made a stately courtesy and held open the parlor door.

"Welcome, Lord Henry Dunleigh, of Dunleigh Castle !" she cried ; "welcome, Lady Dunleigh !"

Her father kissed her on the forehead. "Now give us back our memories, Sylvia !" he said, exultingly.

Susan Donnelly sank into a chair, overcome by the mixed emotions of the moment.

"Come in, my faithful Jack ! Unpack thy portmanteau of news, for I see thou art bursting to show it ; let us have everything from the beginning. Wife, it's a little too much for thee, coming so unexpectedly. Set out the wine, Alice !"

The decanter was placed upon the table. O'Neil filled a tumbler to the brim, lifted it high, made two or three hoarse efforts to speak, and then walked away to the window, where he drank in silence. This little incident touched the family more than the announcement of their good fortune. Henry Donnelly's feverish exultation subsided :

he sat down with a grave, thoughtful face, while his wife wept quietly beside him. Sylvia stood waiting with an abstracted air; Alice removed her mother's bonnet and shawl; and Henry and Joel, seated together at the farther end of the room, looked on in silent anticipation.

O'Neil's story was long, and frequently interrupted. He had been Lord Dunleigh's steward in better days, as his father had been to the old lord, and was bound to the family by the closest ties of interest and affection. When the estates became so encumbered that either an immediate change or a catastrophe was inevitable, he had been taken into his master's confidence concerning the plan which had first been proposed in jest, and afterwards adopted in earnest. The family must leave Dunleigh Castle for a period of probably eight or ten years, and seek some part of the world where their expenses could be reduced to the lowest possible figure. In Germany or Italy there would be the annoyance of a foreign race and language, of meeting with tourists belonging to the circle in which they had moved, a dangerous idleness for their sons, and embarrassing restrictions for their daughters. On the other hand, the suggestion to emigrate to America and become Quakers during their exile offered more advantages the more they considered it. It was original in character; it offered them economy, seclusion, entire liberty of action inside the limits of the sect, the best moral atmosphere for their children, and an occupation which would not deteriorate what was best in their blood and breeding.

How Lord Dunleigh obtained admission into the sect as plain Henry Donnelly is a matter of conjecture with the Londongrove Friends. The deception which had been practised upon them — although it was perhaps less complete than they imagined — left a soreness of feeling behind it. The matter was hushed up after the departure of the family, and one might now live for years in the neighbor-

hood without hearing the story. How the shrewd plan was carried out by Lord Dunleigh and his family, we have already learned. O'Neil, left on the estate, in the north of Ireland, did his part with equal fidelity. He not only filled up the gaps made by his master's early profuseness, but found means to move the sympathies of a cousin of the latter, — a rich, eccentric old bachelor, who had long been estranged by a family quarrel. To this cousin he finally confided the character of the exile, and at a lucky time; for the cousin's will was altered in Lord Dunleigh's favor, and he died before his mood of reconciliation passed away. Now, the estate was not only unencumbered, but there was a handsome surplus in the hands of the Dublin bankers. The family might return whenever they chose, and there would be a festival to welcome them, O'Neil said, such as Dunleigh Castle had never known since its foundations were laid.

"Let us go at once!" said Sylvia, when he had concluded his tale. "No more masquerading: I never knew, until to-day, how much I have hated it! I will not say that your plan was not a sensible one, father; but I wish it might have been carried out with more honor to ourselves. Since De Courcy's death I have begun to appreciate our neighbors: I was resigned to become one of these people, had our luck gone the other way. Will they give us any credit for goodness and truth, I wonder? Yes, in mother's case, and Alice's; and I believe both of them would give up Dunleigh Castle for this little farm."

"Then," her father exclaimed, "it is time that we should return, and without delay. But thee wrongs us somewhat, Sylvia: it has not all been masquerading. We have become the servants, rather than the masters, of our own parts, and shall live a painful and divided life until we get back in our old place. I fear me it will always be divided for thee, wife, and Alice and Henry. If I am subdued by the element which I only meant to assume,

how much more deeply must it have wrought in your natures ! Yes, Sylvia is right, we must get away at once. To-morrow we must leave London-grove forever !”

He had scarcely spoken, when a new surprise fell upon the family. Joel Bradbury arose and walked forward, as if thrust by an emotion so powerful that it transformed his whole being. He seemed to forget everything but Alice Donnelly's presence. His soft brown eyes were fixed on her face with an expression of unutterable tenderness and longing. He caught her by the hands. “Alice, O Alice !” burst from his lips ; “you are not going to leave me ?”

The flush in the girl's sweet face faded into a deadly paleness. A moan came from her lips ; her head dropped, and she would have fallen, swooning, from the chair, had not Joel knelt at her feet and caught her upon his breast.

For a moment there was silence in the room.

Presently, Sylvia, all her haughtiness gone, knelt beside the young man, and took her sister from his arms. “Joel, my poor, dear friend,” she said, “I am sorry that the last, worst mischief we have done must fall upon you.”

Joel covered his face with his hands, and convulsively uttered the words, “*Must she go ?*”

Then Henry Donnelly—or, rather, Lord Dunleigh, as we must now call him—took the young man's hand. He was profoundly moved ; his strong voice trembled, and his words came slowly. “I will not appeal to thy heart, Joel,” he said, “for it would not hear me now. But thou hast heard all our story, and knowest that we must leave these parts, never to return. We belong to another station and another mode of life than yours, and it must come to us as a good fortune that our time of probation is at an end. Bethink thee, could we leave our darling Alice behind us, parted as if by the grave ? Nay, could we rob her of the life to which she is born,—of her share in our lives ? On the other hand, could we take thee with us, into relations

where thee would always be a stranger, and in which a nature like thine has no place ? This is a case where duty speaks clearly, though so hard, so very hard, to follow.”

He spoke tenderly, but inflexibly, and Joel felt that his fate was pronounced. When Alice had somewhat revived, and was taken to another room, he stumbled blindly out of the house, made his way to the barn, and there flung himself upon the harvest-sheaves which, three days before, he had bound with such a timid, delicious hope working in his arm.

The day which brought such great fortune had thus a sad and troubled termination. It was proposed that the family should start for Philadelphia on the morrow, leaving O'Neil to pack up and remove such furniture as they wished to retain ; but Susan, Lady Dunleigh, could not forsake the neighborhood without a parting visit to the good friends who had mourned with her over her first-born ; and Sylvia was with her in this wish. So two more days elapsed, and then the Dunleighs passed down the Street Road, and the plain farmhouse was gone from their eyes forever. Two grieved over the loss of their happy home ; one was almost broken-hearted ; and the remaining two felt that the trouble of the present clouded all their happiness in the return to rank and fortune.

They went, and they never came again. An account of the great festival at Dunleigh Castle reached Londongrove two years later, through an Irish laborer, who brought to Joel Bradbury a letter of recommendation signed “Dunleigh.” Joel kept the man upon his farm, and the two preserved the memory of the family long after the neighborhood had ceased to speak of it. Joel never married ; he still lives in the house where the great sorrow of his life befell. His head is gray, and his face deeply wrinkled ; but when he lifts the shy lids of his soft brown eyes, I fancy I can see in their tremulous depths the lingering memory of his love for Alice Dunleigh.

CAPILLARY FREAKS.

IT would be a serious undertaking to glean from the pages of history and mythology all the narrations that are associated with that beautiful, but perishable material, human hair. Tresses were to blame when the young man Absalom was hoisted aloft by the skeleton hand of the tree, and the welkin rang to the *vox populi* when Delilah took down the strong man of his time by shearing off the locks in which it was supposed that his strength lay. *Delirium tremens* must have been epidemic in the days when the Gorgonian female, whose curls were the curling of snakes, made stone sculptures of men by revealing herself to their gaze. From all time death and fury, as well as love and glory, have leaped out with the sparks that flash from a lock of woman's hair. It is well to say that the story of Jason, and how he sailed the good ship "Argos," with a princely crew, in search of a golden fleece, is nothing but a romance and a myth. Some girl with golden hair was at the bottom of that fiction, you may depend. It might have been Medea, and it might not; but as I conjure up a vision of a tree with a golden fleece hanging upon it, and a dragon at the foot of it keeping guard over the treasure, the scene changes like a dissolving view, and I see nothing but a lovely woman tressed in golden glory, watched by an elderly person who might pass for a very good dragon *ex machina* indeed. Look at home, now, and see the legions of Browns and Smiths who have pricked each other with rapiers, or riddled each other with lead, on account of a ringlet accorded to one or the other of them by some damsel false as fair. But the romance of hair is too prolific a subject to be lightly handled, and I pass on to its history.

The caprices of fashion with regard to woman's hair furnish a good deal of material for satire at the present day; but the most extravagant of them now

are tame compared with the capillary freaks of women in the olden times. Among the Roman women, at one period, there was a morbid ambition to grow beards, and they used to shave their faces and smear them with unguents to produce those inappropriate appendages. Cicero tells us that there was a law passed against this practice, which is a proof that it must have been carried to a great extent. Among the Greeks, too, a similar fancy appears at one time to have existed; for they represented their Cyprian Venus with a beard, and Suidas asserts that false beards were more than once in vogue with the Athenian women. The Lombard lasses, also, had the same notion, but with more purpose in it; for we learn from old writers that the amazons of that nation, when levying war upon their neighbors, used to improvise beards by arranging their hair upon their cheeks, so that they might look, at a little distance, like warriors of the rougher sex, and so strike the more terror to their male foes.

It appears from various records, that the present passion for the different shades of red hair — golden, auburn, and bronze-red — has raged very fiercely in different periods, and from very early times. The great Italian painters, Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, and others, had gold-red hair "on the brain." Their beauties were nearly all crowned with a glory of the fascinating tint. In "beautiful Venice," about the days of Titian, a glorious sight to see must have been the house-tops, from a bird's-eye view, when the belles of noble rank sat out upon them, catching the golden flashes of the sun with their damp tresses. Vecelli states that they used to procure the desired tint by the following process. They would soak their hair thoroughly with a wash made up of black sulphur, alum, and honey. Then they would repair to the flat house-tops, and, hanging the wet

masses of their hair over the wide brims of crownless straw hats, would sit there for hours, until even the darkest-eyed brunette of them all would have her raven tresses alchemized into burning gold. That must have been a wondrous and beautiful sight, out there on the flat roofs of Venice, the morning before some great Carnival ball. Will observers who dwell much in attics inform us whether our American belles recline out upon the house-tops, and lay traps with their tresses to catch the audacious radiance of the sun? I look out from my window now, — a back window commanding an extensive view of house-tops, — flat, some of them, and others of sufficiently gentle slope. I strain my eyes to behold some such beatific vision as might have dazzled Titian when he emerged from the roof-scuttle of his house, and singled out for a Madonna some fair and fulvous one of the bleachers that were spreading their tresses on the leads below. But, alas! I see no such gorgeous sight. I see nothing more lovely, in fact, than tom-cats and chimneypots, the sooty tops of the latter of which certainly do not absorb any glory from the gilding rays of the warm October sun.

But the rage for golden hair was nothing of a new one in the days of olden Venice. The Greek women had a touch of it, — though it was considered meretricious, if we are to believe Menander, who in one of his comedies makes a man bundle his wife out of doors because she came home one day with her hair stained yellow. And the fashion prevailed among the Roman ladies too, by whom it was adopted soon after the conquests of Gaul and Germany, when the tawny hair of the natives of those countries became quite the thing in the capital of the Empire. To imitate this the dark-haired belles of Rome had recourse to a pomade, — the *spuma caustica*, — with which, as Martial tells us, they used to render their locks Teutonic. It seems, too, that yellow hair — whether natural or otherwise — was notable

in the time of Horace, since he inquires, tauntingly, of the fascinating Pyrrha, —

“Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis?”

Again, so lately as the time of the first Empire, golden or flaxen hair was a folly of the day, and prevailed much in France. A late writer mentions a very old lady of his acquaintance who told him that, when in Paris many years ago, she was acquainted with a lady of great age who used laughingly to say, “Only imagine that I used to be silly enough, when I was a girl, to wear a light flaxen wig!” The lady who told this about herself was a *brunette* of the darkest shade; and she further stated, that in her young days it was a common fashion for *blondes* to hide their fair locks under dark-colored wigs. Envy was clearly at work then, and nature at a discount. Red hair, rather than flaxen, seems to have touched the fancy at many periods, both long ago and of later years. In Ireland locks of the most fiery hue have long been regarded by the peasantry as a lovely attribute of beauty. “She’s an iligant lady, — good luck to her,” some ragged loiterer near a carriage-window will say. “She’s a mighty fine woman intirely; only it’s a pity but she had red hair.” And then there is an old ditty that I remember often to have heard trolled by grooms and ploughmen of the Celtic race, a stave of which runs thus: —

“Heigh for the apple, and ho for the pear;
But give me the pretty girl with the red hair.”

Truly the hair of woman is a mysterious and wonderful thing, and one about which hardly anything has been left unwritten, unsaid, or unsung. It seems impossible that any fashion of wearing it can be new. In pictures painted centuries ago we see women with their hair made up in nets, precisely in a fashion that is very general at the present day. From the peat-bogs of Ireland coils of female hair have been dug, rolled upon great wooden pins, not unlike the gilt dumb-bells passed sometimes through the *chignons*

worn by women of our period. Hair has been padded, in many ages of the world, just as it is padded now. The Roman women had "rats"; and the "Grecian curls" now so often worn by the loveliest of their age and sex were sported in ancient Greece, not only by the women, but by the men. And in this fashion, too, did other nations of olden times dress their hair. Old French writers record that Theodoric le Jeune, king of the Goths, wore his in long, heavy tresses, — *toupets à la Grecque*. It was crimped in front, and combed back, and it is easy to guess that the *coiffeur royal* had no easy time of it while he was making a guy of that young Goth. The Lombards also wore tresses falling over their ears and down upon their shoulders behind; and, *à propos* of this, here is a legend recorded by some German writer.

Once there was a king of the Lombards, whose name I have forgotten; but, as I remember the story, he was a man of noble stature, and took much pride in the heavy side-locks of his luxuriant hair. His immediate body-guard consisted of fifty noblemen, each of them selected for his resemblance to the king in stature and general appearance, and they too wore their hair in tresses like those of their royal master. The queen's apartments were at a little distance from the palace, and when, after the fatigues of the chase, the king would resort there at even, he usually wore a white mantle wrapped so as partially to conceal his features, and gave a particular countersign to the sentry at the queen's gate. Now one of the tall body-guard was an enterprising young noble, and he bethought himself of a stratagem by which he might obtain an interview with the queen, who lived in great seclusion, but was reputed as being very beautiful in person, though in intellect rather the reverse of bright. Ascertaining that the king would return at least an hour later than usual from the chase, on a particular day, the young guardsman, who bore a remarkable personal re-

semblance to his master, wrapped himself at evening in a white mantle, and, having possessed himself in some way of the countersign, passed the sentry at the queen's gate, and entered the royal apartments. A favoring twilight prevailed there. The air was languid with the odor of essences and mellow fruits, and the audacious guardsman could see that the queen was very beautiful indeed, as she reclined among velvet cushions and sipped the beverage most in fashion among the Lombard ladies of the day, whatever that might have been. On a table before her there was a toothsome spread, — supper for two, — and of this the ambitious young warrior partook. Then he made himself quite at home for an hour or so, till he thought that it might not be safe for him to remain there any longer; so he kissed her most gracious Majesty the queen, — only think of *that*! — and, quietly withdrawing from the premises, returned to his own quarters.

He had not been gone five minutes when the king, wrapped in his white mantle, strode past the astonished sentry and entered the queen's apartments.

"Your Majesty does me great honor this evening," said the partner of his royal bosom. "It is not often that you return so quickly after having kissed me good-night."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the quick-witted monarch, carrying his hand to his dagger; "have we rats here? I think I smell one, and so here goes to ferret him out of his retreat!"

Hastening to the dormitory in which his fifty guardsmen slept, the king entered softly, armed with his dagger and a dark lantern. There, on fifty camp-beds, all in a row, lay his fifty doubles, wrapped, apparently, in deep slumber, and looking as like each other as a row of peas upon the half-shell. The king threw the light of his lantern upon the first bed, and, approaching it, laid his hand lightly over the sleeper's heart. "He sleeps well," thought he; "the culprit's heart will scarce beat so lightly as that." And on he went, along the

row of beds, trying each sleeper's heart as he went, but finding no flutter until he came to the last. The sleep of that stalwart young nobleman was so calm and deep, apparently, that it might have been taken for death, had it not been accompanied by a sonorous and healthy snore; but when the king came to lay his hand over the snorer's heart, he found it beating like a drum.

"This is my man," muttered he, between his teeth. "His life's blood is up in evidence against him, and I will have it." Then, raising his dagger, he was about to plunge it into the noble young snorer's heart, when another idea arrested him. "I will not kill him now," thought he. "Justice before all; and he shall have a fair trial on the morrow. But meantime, here goes to mark him; for I can hardly tell one of these fellows of mine from the other, nor from myself, for the matter of that." And with these words he gathered together the flowing tresses on the left side of the warrior's head, and, having cut them off with the sharp edge of his dagger, walked out from the dormitory as softly as he had come.

Morning had hardly dawned when the king, fuming with rage, and bent on vengeance, ordered his fifty pet guardsmen to be paraded before him, while he chuckled inwardly at his own sagacity in detecting and putting a mark on the delinquent the night before. But lo and behold! when the parade was formed, not a man of the whole fifty had locks on the left side of his head; for the gay young guardsman, who was wide awake when the king came to his bedside, had arisen quietly in the night and docked them of their tresses all round. And so the king of the Lombards was balked of his vengeance; for his fifty noble warriors all looked so like each other, and so innocent, there in the gray light of morning, that he could neither point out the man who had the palpitant heart, nor find it in his own to order his body-guard for execution in the bulk.

In the sixteenth century a curious circumstance threw tresses out of fash-

ion in France, — amongst men, at least. Francis I., who wore his hair in that style, met with an accident while engaged in a sham fight with snowballs. He was attacking a position which the Count de St. Pol was defending, each accompanied by his band of followers, when a firebrand, thrown by mistake, (a rather queer mistake that, by the by, not to know a firebrand from a snowball!) caught the king upon the head and burnt off his hair; and so the barbers had plenty to do in clipping away the tresses of the courtiers and young men about town, who of course could not think of wearing their hair differently from the king.

A few artists affect the Greek tresses in our time; but for men the style is considered decidedly eccentric, and it must be rather inconvenient to the wearer, under many circumstances to which men are liable in active life. Cork-screw curls have always wriggled themselves into fashion with men, as well as with women, from time to time. At present they are wholly provincial, and, even in the rural districts, are looked upon as a sign hung out by desperate maiden ladies of uncertain years, alone; but we shall see them in the market again, by and by, when the "waterfall" shall have dried up, and the "rats" deserted the tottering castle that now beetles upon the summit of my lady's brow. Only a few years ago it was a common fashion for ladies to train a small curl on each temple, to which it was affixed with bandoline or gum. These appendages were called *accroche-cours* by the French; and heart-hooks indeed they were, suggesting the idea of the barbed steel belonging to the salmon-fly of the angler; while the rest of the lady might have been compared, not unaptly, to the gay combination of silk and feathers with which that deceptive and artificial insect is usually made up.

And to think that red hair should be a coveted distinction, now, and of the obloquy that used to be heaped upon the red-head a few short years ago! "Aunt," says the *enfant terrible* of

some caricature, addressing a lady of rufous temperament, "is it true that you dress your hair with tomato ketchup?" Few of us but have reminiscences of some hapless schoolfellow who led a dog's life on account of his red hair. Well I remember one such, whose young days were embittered by the odium thrown upon the volcanic summit with which nature had marked him for ridicule. Philology ran riot in the school for epithets wherewith to assail that unfortunate youth. We would tell him that he "must be the work of an incendiary." "Did his mother take out an additional policy of insurance upon the premises when he went home in vacations?" "Used they to put ginger in his pap when he was a baby, or brickbats, or red peppers, or what?" One day the leading humorist of the school came rushing across the play-ground with a pail of water, crying, "Fire! fire!" with all his might; and, before the boys could collect themselves to ask "Where?" he extinguished the unlucky Rufulus by dashing the contents of the pail over his devoted head.

It seems that, even when red heads were least in favor, the color was not considered so objectionable as applying to the beard. In modern times, generally, a man with a beard like a brick might go through life unchaffed. Old Butler does not seem to be absolutely disparaging his hero when he describes him as a man

"With beard so like a tile,
A sudden view it might beguile."

But it has not been so in all times and countries. In Mr. Edwards's "Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian," it is related how Delhi came to be sacked by Nadir Shah. Some time previous to that event, it seems, an Affghan officer employed in the Deccan came to Delhi to pay his respects to the Emperor. He happened to have a long red beard, and the courtiers, on his entering the hall of audience, jeered him, saying, "What next? — here we have now a red-haired baboon come to court!" To this the officer retorted, "I will tell

you what next, — that before a year is over I will fill Delhi itself, as well as the palaces, with red-bearded baboons like me." Then he went away in a great rage, and sent off a messenger to Nadir Shah with a letter, saying, "You are wanted here, for all are old women now in Delhi." Nadir answered the summons; and, on his arrival, plundered the city and put its inhabitants to the sword. But there was a time when, in France at least, red beards were much in vogue. This was toward the close of the sixteenth century, when dyes and various other preparations were used for procuring the desired tint, and the height of the *mode* then was to have the head black and the beard red. There must have been a *furor* about the thing, in fact, for Pierre le Guillard, a bard of the time, published a poem called *Eloge des Barbes Rousses*.

Few things, adopted with intention to deceive, are less deceptive than wigs. Many a man has worn a wig for years, quite satisfied in his own mind that the secret rests between himself and his "artist in hair"; but that is all a delusion. The blanched hair will crop out at the nape of the neck, or the unnatural luxuriance of the head-gear in juxtaposition with crows' feet and pendulous cheeks will tell the tale. I can recall but two instances within my own observation in which there was an entire absence on the part of wig-wearers of any attempt to deceive. One was the case of a young man of very dark complexion, who, having had his head shaved after an attack of illness, borrowed the flaxen wig of a friend who had left off wearing it, — and a very funny contrast it made with the raven whiskers of that honest young man. The other case which recurs to me was of a still more praiseworthy and honorable kind. Years ago I was acquainted with a gentleman very much of the old school, — an elderly gentleman, who wore a thick cravat, and whose starched shirt-collars threatened continually to saw off his ears. In the morning this old gentleman would usu-

ally make his appearance in a glossy brown wig, having a stiff roll, or tube, to it, extending across the nape of the neck from ear to ear. Observe him in his afternoon trim, and his wig would be a white one instead of a brown, — a sort of sunny white peruke, that accorded much better with his years than the gay and juvenile one of his morning style. There was something typical in this, — each day being, with that fine old gentleman, an epitome of the morning and evening of life. Among the ancient Romans, the yellow hair of the Germans was in much request for wigs; and the Egyptians of old wore wigs very generally, though more on the principle of cleanliness than from any foppish conceit. By far the greatest absurdity, however, that has ever been perpetrated in the way of a wig, is the pert little grizzly horse-hair one worn by the British barrister while in court. It sits upon the top of the head like a cat upon a town-pump, and the contrast frequently made by it with whiskers that are very red or very black is often ludicrous in the extreme. In the last century, and until toward the close of it, I believe, a curious fashion prevailed among the Irish peasantry of wearing a small red scratch wig over the natural hair. These were called “bay wigs,” a term which was fastened as a nickname on the wearers; and it was a common thing then for an Irish peasant to whip off his wig when a distinguished visitor entered his cabin, and, having dusted a chair with it for the arrival, to replace it upon his head. I remember, when a boy, how we had a tradition among us of a certain parrot then long passed away, who had been taught to pronounce the word “bay-wig” in a very loud and distinct voice, and whose delight it was to vociferate it from his cage near some high window, to the great discomfiture and scandal of the honest farmers as they passed to and fro on their business in the old market-town.

Throughout the past centuries, France appears to have set the fashion in beards for the neighboring nations, gen-

erally. Frequent changes took place in the form of the beard, sometimes mustaches only being worn, and sometimes clean shaving being the order of the day; while, anon, conceits the most fantastic were devised with all the hair that could be grown upon the cheeks and chin. Perhaps it will be interesting to the ladies to know that, eight centuries ago, the “waterfall” was absolutely a masculine appendage, and quite the thing among men of fashion in France. The mode was known as *le visage en cascade*, and the hair, mustache, and beard were combined to produce the effect. To represent the upper fall, the hair was cut evenly all round the head. The mustaches, worn very heavy and drooping, formed the second fall, and the third was ably simulated by the long, pointed beard. It was in this wonderful guise that Hugues, Count of Chalons, appeared when conquered by Richard of Normandy, before whom he went on all-fours with a saddle on his back, in token of submission. Even the grave old chronicler who relates this appears to have been touched by the ludicrous points of the scene, for he dryly remarks that Hugues, in spite of the saddle, might better have passed for a goat than for a horse, bearded *en cascade* as he was. About this time, too, the beard was so highly honored that epithets were taken from it. There was Geoffroi le Barbu, for instance, and Baudoin à la belle Barbe. Likewise the atrocious Gilles de Laval, Maréchal de Retz, who was called Barbe-Bleu, and was undoubtedly the original Bluebeard of the old nursery tale. The history of this diabolical wretch and his crimes has been written in compendious form by Paul Lacroix (*Bibliophile Jacob*). His beard is described as having been of a light color, shot with tinges of blue when seen in certain lights. Whether this be true or otherwise, there is no doubt attaching to the records of his horrible crimes, which he expiated by being hanged on a gallows, after which his body was burnt to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the four winds.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century, a very remarkable beard made its appearance in France. It was worn by an impostor calling himself the Patriarch of Constantinople, who came to Paris in 1392. There was much excitement about it at the time, and some of the chroniclers hint that it might have been an artificial beard; for these appendages had then been lately invented by a Spaniard, whose name has not survived him, and it is said that they came into very general fashion in Spain,—so much so, indeed, that nearly every person who had any beard used to shave it off and replace it with a false one. These sham beards were as various in form and color as are the *chignons* and “coils” now worn by women; and it was customary to change the beard two or three times a day, just as the old gentleman already introduced to the reader used to change his wig. So absurd was the excess to which this whim was pushed, that Don Pedro, king of Aragon, issued an edict in the year 1351 against wearing false beards.

It seems to have been easy, in the old times, to get up a fashion for beards in France. We read that, in 1599, as the Maréchal de Beaumanoir was hunting in the forests of Maine, some of his *chasseurs* brought to him a man whom they had found sleeping in a thicket. This singular being had two horns like those of a ram growing upon his forehead. His head was quite destitute of hair, but he had a large red beard, which grew in tufts or flakes, like that of a satyr; and the Parisians, who were much excited by the accounts that came in about him, immediately took to dressing their beards *en flocons*, a mode which prevailed for some time.

At various periods beards were regulated by law. In 1533, Francis I. issued an edict ordaining that Bohemians, Egyptians, and other persons of that sort should be arrested, *shaved*, and committed to the galleys. It is said that the Parliament of Toulouse forbade the wearing of beards, and that, when a certain gentleman, furnished with a

very long one, brought some claims before that body, he was told that they could not be entertained until he had shaven his face clean. Indeed, so much controversy took place at this time regarding the beard, that the learned doctor Gentien Hervet wrote a discourse upon the subject, which was printed at Orleans in 1536. He divided his discourse into three sections. The first maintained that all men ought to allow their beards to grow; the second, that all men ought to shave their beards off; and the third, that every man should do just as he pleases about his beard. Twenty years later, beards were again much in vogue. They were worn in the swallow-tail cut now, and there were fan-tail beards to be seen also, as well as many other strange and grotesque devices in the arrangement of the facial hair. A great variety of unguents for the beard were also brought into use at this time, all of different colors and perfumes. The beard, at this period, was generally made up at night, and placed in a bag to prevent it from getting out of form. It became the proper thing now, in France, to carry a small brush for the purpose of arranging the mustache, an office which ladies would sometimes perform for their beaux, and great value was attached to a mustache that had been put in form for the wearer by some fair hand.

In those periods in which the mustache alone was worn, it varied in form at least as much as it does at the present day. Charlemagne, who was opposed to full beards, restored mustaches to favor; and the style then was to wear them very long, twisted to a point at either end, and drooping down to the chest. Charles le Chauve is represented with mustaches of this cut, and his reign has sometimes been called the reign of *Moustaches à la Charloise*. Later still, the inconvenience of the long mustache gave rise to the fashion of cutting it short and trimming it to a square form; and in the reign of Louis le Jeune, about the year 1149, it began to be worn short and bristly,

somewhat like a brush. Thus it was that the Normans, at the beginning of the tenth century, used to dress their upper lips, the stubbly, brush-like mustache being considered by them a symbol of courage, as it also seems to be by the "roughs" of modern times.

At last, as the centuries rolled on, beards went out of fashion altogether in France. The extreme youth of Louis XIII., when he came to the throne, was a staggering blow to them; and even when his beard did begin to grow, he always had it shaved clean off. When Sully, who wore a flowing beard, came to the court of Louis, he was an object for the sneers and derision of the young courtiers, nettled at which, the old man said to the king, "When your father did me the honor to consult me upon important affairs of state, he always used to dismiss the merry-andrews and jack-puddings from the chamber." But, to make amends for the loss of beards in this reign, fashion ordained that wonderful structures should be erected upon the human head. Hair-powder came into use now, and numerous top-dressings arose in the way of periwigs and perukes of extravagant size. Thackeray, in his "Paris Sketch-Book," I think, had a caricature showing the make-up of little Louis in one of these awful hair towers, which he wore to give him height. By and by, when Louis XIV. mounted the throne, beards fell into disrepute, the introduction of snuff tending to hasten their decline; and so, when the eighteenth century dawned, very few persons were to be seen with beards,—the last to wear them being the Capuchin friars.

Then a new era beamed out for the fashions in human hair. All through this century, and well on into the present one, hair-powder continued to be used by both sexes, its origin being traceable, probably, to the desire for concealing gray hair. Queues became the fashion among men. Sometimes these were made up in the form called "clubs," which bore some resemblance to the *chignons* of to-day. There was a vast deal of time and trouble wasted

upon these absurd appendages. Soldiers, in particular, had a hard time of it with their queues, which they were obliged to arrange with the greatest accuracy for every parade; and there still exists a reminiscence of the barbarism in one of the English fusileer regiments, the officers of which, when in full uniform, wear between their shoulders the broad black ribbon on which the queue of bygone days was wont to rest. Early in the present century all these fashions went gradually out of vogue. Women began to wear their hair in a simple coil behind, confining it with a high tortoise-shell comb, such as the "Yankee female" of the stage wears at the present day. Corkscrew ringlets were also in favor now. Men took to wearing their hair closely cropped, except on the top of the forehead, from which it was brushed up into a high peak called a "topping,"—a style which would be rather inconvenient with the low hats now so generally worn. The beard was tolerated on the cheeks only. In England, especially, the whiskers were trimmed to a form not unaptly likened to that of a mutton-chop; and there was a military regulation in force within a few years past, that the soldier, in shaving, was to draw his razor on an imaginary line running from the corner of the mouth to the but of the ear, and so downwards over the maxillary tracts to the chin and throat. In some of the armies of Continental Europe, at this period, cavalry soldiers wore heavy mustaches; but it was not until after the close of the Peninsular war that the style was adopted by English hussars. Among the peasantry, mustaches were then looked upon with an awe that almost verged on superstition. It is related of the eldest son of Sir Walter Scott, then a gallant dragoon officer quartered with his regiment in Ireland, that the mail-coach, on the top of which he once happened to be travelling, was beset, in some small town, by a ragged host of beggars. One old harridan was so importunate for alms that Major Scott at last threw her

a half-crown, a donation so unusually liberal for those parts that the beggar-woman exclaimed with effusion, "Ya, th'n, may Heaven bless yer honer, for it's bether to us ye are nor the Christians!" The Major wore a tremendous mustache, twisted up at the ends nearly to the cheek-bones, and the woman probably took him for a Turk, or some other heretical monster from foreign parts.

Thirty or forty years ago, beards again began to be revived in France. For some time they were of revolutionary import, and, when associated with closely cropped heads, were apt to subject the wearer to the delicate attentions of the police. In England, at this time, civilians but seldom ventured on the mustache. It is wonderful how strong was the prejudice maintained against this accessory among the staid elderly gentlemen of the period. A man wearing a mustache was regarded by them as an adventurer at best, and possibly a swindler. Representative gentlemen of the Regency school, with high black stocks—over which their cheeks hung in jowls—and no shirt-collars, would tap their foreheads significantly when some young innovator with mustaches hove in sight, and say, with a wink, "Lodgings to let yonder,"—meaning that hair on the upper lip is a sign of unfurnished apartments in the head. To the young ladies, however, there has ever been something sweetly wicked in the swirl of a mustache, and that it was thus even in Tom Moore's time is shown by that letter in the "Twopenny Post-Bag," wherein a young lady tells her bosom friend about a certain fascinating gentleman in Paris,—

"With mustachios that give what we read of so oft,
The dear corsair expression, half savage, half soft."

During many years of the past, and for some fifty of the present century, it seems to have been customary for Americans to shave off all the beard. Even the men of the mountains and plains—hunters, trappers, and guides—wore no beards, as a general thing, until within a few years past. A departure from this fashion began to ap-

pear soon after the discovery of gold in California, and there is little doubt that the picturesque appearance presented by miners returning from the "diggings" had much to do with the general introduction of mustaches and beards. In England these did not become general until after the Crimean war, during which struggle the razor was abandoned by the army,—infantry as well as cavalry adopting the full beard, which, with certain modifications, is still worn by them. Then civilians—slowly, however, and with sheepish reserve—began to let their mustaches grow. Innovation is a hard card to play in England. Bankers, in many instances, actually threatened their clerks with dismissal if they showed the slightest appearance of an incipient mustache,—and this was hardly ten years ago! Much was written upon the subject at this time, and at last the medical faculty entered the lists in defence of beards. Instances were adduced by them, showing the value of the appendage in a sanitary point of view. The stone-masons of Edinburgh and Glasgow had long been subject to pulmonary diseases induced by the fine dust inhaled by them during their work; but the doctors advised them to let their beards grow, and there were fewer complaints thereafter about their lungs. At last the fogies who objected to the beard began to think that there "must be something in it," and some among them would pluck up sufficient moral courage to drop the razor for a day or two. These daring spirits kept well in the dark, however. They would retire to remote corners of the country for a week or a month, to conceal the *mauvaise honte* experienced by them under the stigma of growing a mustache. If they chanced to be stumbled on by an acquaintance, then they would pretend to blow their noses, so that the pocket-handkerchief might screen their folly from his inquiring gaze. It was very slow work, to be sure, getting people to separate the idea of folly, or of criminality, from the fact of wearing hair upon the lip. Says one

fogy to another, in my hearing, once, "Only think of an attorney with a mustache!" To which says the other, "You did n't employ him, I hope!" But they all came to it, at last. I remember, not many years ago, a lawyer, of the priggish stamp, pointing to his mouth, and saying to an acquaintance whom he had not seen for some time previously, and who had grown a mustache in the interval, "O, I see you have been weak enough!" About two years afterwards the lawyer, then wearing a very full mustache,—and a very red one too,—met the same acquaintance, who gave him the retort justifiable with, "O, I see you have been weak enough!" and a significant jerk of his thumb.

Now-a-days no man is martyred for his heresy on the subject of the razor. The fruit of old Gentien Hervet's dis-

course is fully ripe to-day, and every man does exactly as he pleases with regard to his beard. We have it of all sorts and sizes now. Here we see a "swell" barbed after the drooping fashion known here as "English whiskers," but cherished by the London cockneys as "Piccadilly weepers." There goes a business person with beard as forked as the lightning, and almost as fiery; and by him there shoulders a professional bully, with short, blue-black mustaches nestling closely under his puggy nose. And lo! to crown all, here comes somebody's grandfather, looking like an arctic owl in the whiteness of his thick, puffy beard,—a worthy old gentleman, who, twenty-five years ago, would have disinherited a son for letting twelve hairs have their wicked way upon his upper lip!

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the afternoon of the day following I made it a point to look after Nelly; for the Doctor always said it was very important to keep her out of doors as much as was possible without over-fatiguing her, and to make the most of the fine weather while it lasted; and since I saw her last, her little, pale, piteous, hopeless face had haunted me so that I could not rest till I had tried to do something to make it brighter. She was not below. Mrs. Cumberland came to the door, and insisted upon taking me up stairs. Nelly's small chamber was darkened. She sat in one corner of it, in the old-fashioned easy-chair, pressing her forehead, I could see, hard against the side. She kept her face turned away as I entered,

and only put her little hand out backwards to welcome me. It felt almost as much like snow as it looked.

"Why, Nelly, darling!" said I; "up here, all alone and cold, in the dark?"

"Yes."

It was all, I suspected, that the poor little voice could steady itself enough to answer; and there was a gasping sigh that seemed to come with it out of her heart.

"Does your head ache? Has anything happened to trouble you?"

"Not—lately."

"What *is* the matter, Nelly?"

"I don't suppose I ought to say anything is, when I have so many comforts, and you to come and see me. Aunt Cumberland says a great many people are as happy as the day is long, who have n't half so much as I to

make them. It can only be because I am so all wrong, and feel so wrong. If I were only good and grateful and resigned, I might be very happy — blessed.”

“Perhaps you are more blessed than you think, already, you dear little pet, and more grateful than some of the well and happy people. But we must try to get you well and happy too. What would you like best now, if you could have just what you wanted to make you happy? Think, and tell me.”

“It would n’t do any good.”

“O, yes, perhaps it would. Let me hear; and see if we can’t get it.”

She turned her weary, wistful eyes suddenly round to mine. “I should like — I should like — O, I can’t say what I should *like*; but I think the best thing that could happen to me would be to be very good now, and then, by and by, — in God’s own time, — to die.”

“But that, darling, must be just what God wishes for you. If you wish it, and God wishes it too, what can prevent it? Nothing.”

“I don’t wish it half the time,” said she, hastily; “I’m impatient and wicked!” She could not go on, but kissed my hand, and pressed it to her lips with a tremulous earnestness that seemed to beg me to say more.

“It is a beautiful and holy wish, darling, and sure to be fulfilled, — that is, if you do your part towards its fulfilment; for God will most surely do His.”

Still she kissed and pressed my hand, and could not speak.

“Whatever other things our Heavenly Father withholds from you and me, Nelly, I do believe He stands ready to bestow on us these three, — contentment, gratitude, and the guidance of His Holy Spirit; and whoever has these need not envy the blessed angels, and will soon be among them.”

“I wish you could always talk to me, and other people be still!”

“Come out to walk with me then, and we will talk some more.” I was afraid I had not given her much comfort; but I changed the subject, be-

cause I saw it was as she had said: she could not tell me what she would like best, or, if she did, it would not do any good. But what I had said to her still rested in my own heart and comforted me. It seemed easier to be wise for Nelly, than to be wise for myself.

I could not have said it, even to her, a few months before. I had but just entered my nineteenth year; and my faith was still in its elements. When things went well with me in my girlhood, the Gospel and the spirit as I received them at home from my mother’s life and teachings were wont to come uppermost in my mind; when things went ill, I was apt to fall back upon the law and the letter as expounded by Miss Mehitable and her peers. (By the way, I cannot but wonder at the guileless confidence that ever turns poor innocents adrift into a Sunday school, without any previous knowledge of what their teachers are or are to teach. Imagine the quantities and qualities of spiritual “wild-oats” that may be sown there in their little souls!) But as I was about to say, within the last few months the same change had been going on in me that I was carrying out in Fanny’s Bible, where, leaving every gentle tracing of her pencil beside the texts that helped to make her what she was, I was little by little rubbing out the black, jagged, *thunderbolt* lines of Miss Mehitable, that seemed to point every threat, and drive each denunciation in, with something of the vengeful wrath of human judgments.

When I brought Nelly back again from our walk, she said to me, “It has done me good to be with you. It gives me strength and calm.”

“A coincidence!” exclaimed I. “Do you know? I was just thinking almost the very same thing about my being with you.”

She looked surprised, but really very much pleased, as she turned to creep up stairs.

Mrs. Cumberland followed me stealthily out of the house, and, with many “nods, becks, and wreathed smiles,” allured me into the yard. She took

the pump by the handle, and said in a stage-whisper, "Has Nelly told you yet what's the matter of her?"

"No."

"La, it's nothin' in the world but jest gittin' her head turned after that nasty little Sam Blight. When I fust put it to her, she made me promise not to pass a hint of it to nobody, or I b'lieve she'd have gone right off into a brain-fever; an' it wa'n't a very pooty thing to tell the Doctor; but I don't call you nobody."

"But what made you think it was that?" asked I, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"'Cause he was here, forever, a talkin' an' readin' poetry with her; an' the day he went to Ne' York, she begun cryin', an' she's cried ever since."

"Poor little dear! But what an escape for her!"

"Yes,—so I always keep a tellin' of her; an' now I want you jest to give her some sensible advice. You've got edication; an' she thinks everything of you. She'd think twice as much of anything you'd say. I've a'most talked my tongue off; but la! I might jest as well talk to the winds."

"Please not to tell her that I know anything about it, then, Mrs. Cumberland; and I will think what I can do."

I walked homewards, full indeed of thought. Sam Blight! Here was a revelation! Mrs. Cumberland was not euphemistic; but her characterization of him lay open in my judgment to no other criticism. I knew him a little, which was more than enough, before I went to Greenville, and knew in him a promising sample of that most unpleasant class of small mortals,—the little bad men who strive to form themselves upon the model of the great bad men, and succeed only in making themselves up of every creature's worst.

"Slender legs,—upon my word
He was a pretty fellow!"

He turned down his collar from his very lean throat, because Lord Byron had his from his very fat one, and professed to pore day and night over

what he was in the habit of pronouncing "po-ums by Gaiter." He was obliged to read them in English, to be sure; ("Pardon, monsieur, je n'en vois pas la nécessité!") as the great French minister said to the poor French journalist, who said to him, "Il faut que je vive";) but he apparently managed to extract quite as much mischief from them as if he could have had the benefit of the original. Altogether, the idea of anybody's being affected in the least—otherwise, at least, than agreeably—by his absence, was to me so comical that my risibles could not have stood it, if it had not been for the thought of my helpless little friend's peace and welfare being in any degree in the power of so selfish and unscrupulous a person. Her distress and despair made the matter tragic enough.

I should not now regret my own experience so much, mysterious as it seemed, and hard as I often found it still to bear, if it only helped me to discover some way to help her. What had aided me? First, change of scene; secondly, finding myself beloved and valued by some whose love and esteem were honorable and dear to me; thirdly, having others to think and care about than myself, and one who did not especially care for me, and whom it was desirable for me to think and care less about.

Now for Nelly. First, the scene was already changed to the poor little soul,—more than enough, no doubt, in her opinion, by the departure of the too captivating Sam; and I would try to vary it further by taking her about with me, as often as I could, to one or other of the grandest and most beautiful spots in the neighborhood. Secondly, I would endeavor to love her more and more,—it was becoming easier and easier,—and to show her that I did so. Thirdly, I would beg for her a little frisking, fondling Maltese kitten, possessed of white mittens, a white neckerchief, white nose, white point in the very middle of the forehead, and all the finest points that a kitten can have. Such a one was a supernumerary in our es-

tablishment, and was soon to be sent out into a too often heartless world to seek its fortune. I would enjoin upon Nelly to name it for me, to make it a crimson velvet collar, and to cherish it for my sake. This would be but a childish resource; but Nelly was not much better than a child.

I had got no further with my devices, when I saw Dr. Physick coming to meet me. I *did* think he might have been allowed a hint of the state of the case; but it was no business of mine to give it; and perhaps I should hardly have had the heart, when I came to ask myself how I should like to have him — or even a more honorable and kind-hearted man, if one could be found — know what came so near making me ill myself in the hay-field, not a year before. At any rate, I stood on my guard as well as I could.

"I saw you walking with Nelly Fader. Have you been able to make out yet whether she has anything on her mind?"

"Why, I am afraid that — like most other people, I suppose — she has some causes of regret; but I should think that she exaggerated them very much."

"Of course. People always do when they get brooding, with their attention concentrated on themselves and their troubles. The heart metaphorical, as well as the heart literal, can be put or kept out of order in that way. But can these 'causes' you speak of be removed?"

"So far as I see, only by making her cease to regret them."

"And there her physical feebleness is very much against her. It is as hard for Nelly, no doubt, just now to throw off any burden that rests on her mind, as it would be for her to get rid of a hundred-pound weight if it fell on her body."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. It is not easy for a sound, sensible, industrious girl like you, to conceive of such a condition as hers, I suppose, and I know it is not for a robust, hard-working, matter-of-fact fellow like me; but I have met with

it often enough to believe in it and pity it, or at least to try to. To say that I admire it, might be going a little too far. And so, Katy, the moral of Miss Nelly's story for you is, If you want always to come off victorious in encounters with the vapors, indulge in beeves and mutt-tons, bread and milk, bread and butter, ripe fruit and vegetables, as you do, and in air and exercise, as you don't."

"Why, Doctor, when have I stayed in the house all day?"

"Pretty much all last week, did n't you?"

"But it rained so! Do you mean that I am to go out in all weathers?"

"Why no, my dear, I should n't like to say that you *were* to go out in *all* weathers, — tornadoes, now, and simooms, — or such weather as they had in Sodom and Gomorrah, even, — I should n't advise you to expose yourself to that. Some of my patients, too, who are less imprudent in going out than they are in staying in, give me accounts sometimes of its raining 'cats and dogs.' You need not go out when it rains cats and dogs; at least, without a good strong umbrella and impervious draperies and boots, you need n't. But you can get up and put away your 'books and work and healthful play,' that Julia sings to little Phil about, and put on your wrappings, and go down to the door, and put out your nose; and if that is taken off, you can take the rest of yourself in again."

"Barbarous!" exclaimed I, making talk to keep him from getting back upon the subject of Nelly. "Nothing shall ever induce me to put myself into your professional hands, unless it is some very extremity of pain or danger; and in that case I shall make it a point to writhe and scream every moment, to make and keep you aware that I am not about to jump up and dance."

"I give you leave, — what is more, I defy you! Your sort won't writhe or scream if they die for it, and do die sometimes just because they won't. Teach Nelly to give up poetry and pastry, and she'll grow more like you, — perhaps."

"Indeed, Doctor, in order to that, I fear I should be obliged to give some lessons to a much more impracticable person than Nelly. I hope I am not doing wrong to tell tales out of school; but the day that Mrs. Cumberland insisted on my staying to dine with her, she had nothing on the table but veal pie and sausages. Nelly could not eat much of either, to be sure, because Mrs. Cumberland had made her a lemon custard for luncheon."

"And she had eaten it?"

"She could not well help it."

"How long before?"

"An hour or two, I should think."

"Well, there are some excuses for a niece of her aunt's, I admit. O, these frightful females in whom the slanderously so-called 'feminine element' predominates! How I wish that all who romance about them had them to deal with! The lectures that I have wasted on that unworthy woman! What are you to do? She is n't a child, and you can't shake her; and she is n't a rational adult, and you can't reason with her. If, instead of passing her life as she does, in baiting dyspepsia-traps for herself and her neighbors, she would only, I won't say inform her mind, for I never could find that she had any, but merely, like any intelligent animal, learn to do as she is bid! I tell her Nelly needs sunshine. She will keep that child stewing herself over the cooking-stove, cooking up things that it's a sin to cook up at all, till she's too much exhausted to stir out of doors, and then tells me, 'The fire's as warm as the sun.' She gives Nelly any quack medicine, too, that comes in her way. I literally caught her once in the act of administering something that I knew to be chemically incompatible with what the poor girl was taking by my orders; and Mrs. Cumberland tells me she keeps on with mine 'just the same, and so it gives her two chances for one.'"

"I wish Mrs. Cumberland could go down in town every day and keep the apothecary's shop, and Mr. Wardour stay at home and keep Nelly."

"You would rather have all my patients poisoned than one, hey?"

Here we both became speechless; and I slipped by him into the house and up to my chamber, which was just over the office.

I had not been there long when, through the open window, I heard a voice below ask for the Doctor. I thought I had heard it before. It sounded to me like little Paul Dudley's, but more sharp and less steady.

"Walk in," said the Doctor. "How do you do?"

"General health perfect, owing to a globule of *ignis fatuus*, administered to me in the cradle by a homœopathic ancestress. Particular ailment, I've broken my bones. Will you have the goodness to mend some of them for me?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Humph! To which of us, I wonder?"

"In the first place, to me in affording relief; secondly, to you in having it over. May I ask what part, or whether the whole of your skeleton requires my attention?"

"You can begin with this left forearm, and examine the rest at your leisure."

"I should think so! What have you been doing with these pulverized bones?"

"Putting them under the wheels of a hay-cart. I took it for the car of Juggernaut, and prostrated myself."

"A most injudicious step!"

"It was n't a step at all, — 't was a somersault. — Ugh! ugh! How you can find it in you to nip a mangled fellow-creature in that manner is more than I can see."

"It will be if you look in some other direction. There's a pretty lithograph, there on the wall, of a flayed man."

"Marsyas, is it? I don't take any interest in him. I'm absorbed in representing myself, a *tableau vivant* of St. Sebastian; but all the darts have struck in, and got inside of my arm, — that's the reason you don't see them. O-o-oh!" ejaculated the poor child,

with a great volume of voice. "Come, now, Doctor, if you do that again, I shall howl, you know."

"Shall you? I don't believe I shall notice the difference. — There, my boy, get your breath now. Your arm can be set, if you 'll only keep still; and I rather think I have some light, little, easy splints, that will just fit it. I 'll call in my man Martin to steady it for you."

"Why, Doctor, I 'm surprised you don't perceive I 'm fortitude itself. My contractions and extensions are purely physical, — nervous and muscular."

"So are his. *Similia similibus curantur*, according to the theory of your homœopathic ancestress. Martin!"

"O Doctor, two to one is n't fair, — much less four such great hands to one arm!"

"I 'll call down Miss Morne, then."

"Well, sir, that will be an appeal to my chivalry."

I caught a bottle of aromatic vinegar, and, running down, poured some on some linen, and laid it near the nose of the poor little patient, and clasped my fingers as softly as I could around his round white arm, that trembled through and through. He looked up very pleasantly, and managed a little bow; but at last, fairly vanquished by pain, held his wonderful tongue for full five minutes. Even after he recovered it, he did not regain his color, but looked as pale as the roguish little ghost of himself.

"Stay here on the sofa, and drink tea with me," said the Doctor; "and afterwards I will drive you home in my chaise."

"No, thank you; they 'll hear of my overthrow and be terrified. I must go straight home and be wept over. Besides, we are going to have waffles. You had better come, too, and partake."

"If I do, I shall not let you have any."

"How omnivorous! Then I shall hope for the pleasure of your company some other time."

"That makes no difference. I shall

come over to see you early to-morrow morning; and if I hear that you have eaten a mouthful of solid food beyond two or three thin slices of dry toast, I shall give you an emetic."

"Then you will take three bad things yourself."

"I hope not. What might they be?"

"First, a most unmanly advantage of my disabled condition. Secondly, two emetics, as soon as my fractures are well enough to hold your nose."

"Between them?"

"Your enunciation is so very imperfect that I can't distinguish what you say," returned Paul through his own nose, with what I afterwards found was a most perfect imitation of his elocutionary schoolmaster, Mr. Bellows; and the discussion was ended by the Doctor's taking him up bodily, scolding him into temporary quiescence, lifting him into the chaise, and driving him off.

"There never was such a pickle as that, never!" said Dr. Physick, when he came back again. "He was driving the cart himself, one of the laborers has just told me, got the four horses so wild that he could n't stop them, and jumped from the top of the load, while they were at the top of their speed, to pick up an Irish baby that toddled before them."

"But the baby?"

"Not hurt in the least, — went between the wheels while he was going under them. But a very lucky fellow he was, too, not to lose his arm."

CHAPTER IX.

If Paul *was* "a pickle," — a charge which, I am sorry to say, I have not the testimony at hand to confute, — I found in Miss Dudley's elegant little parlor a *pickle-jar*, on my next visit to Barberry Beach.

Paul and his "Pettitoes," having consented to a compromise, and abandoned their favorite haunt, the hay-loft, on condition of enjoying each other's society in the house, lay stretched side by side upon the sofa. The twins were

present also. They had been allowed to stay at home from school, to minister to their brother's wants and humors,—the latter much the more numerous of the two. Accordingly, as I entered, Rose was in the act of insinuating, timidly, with the sugar-tongs, her doll's own pillow under Pet's grim head,—“*Tam cari capitis*,” as Paul ungrammatically quoted for her encouragement, “or,” as he somewhat freely translated for her instruction, “such a dear cat-it-is!” Lily, meanwhile, followed up the attention by more promptly, if less tenderly, spreading her doll's table-cloth under his chin, and feeding him with some morsels of pound-cake, which she had been forbidden to eat, expressing to him, without disguise, as she did so, her “ardent hope that it would make him a dyspeptic for life, and spoil his appetite forever for such simple food as robins.” Paul greeted me with a Wellerism, — “Miss Morne, ‘All hail!’ as the farmer said after the drought, when the storm broke his wheat down.”

In the midst of their laughter and chattering and fun, Miss Dudley was looking as if she could hardly sit up. Her maid, I found,—a person whose nerves were never of the strongest,—had been frightened beyond all self-control by a frightfully exaggerated account of Paul's accident, and had communicated it to her in a very imprudent manner. She was able to repress her agitation at the moment, but had been feeling very languid ever since. Seeing me divided, as I was, between concern for her and diversion at the doings and sayings of the children, she made the proposal which I was myself longing to make, that we should give up any attempt at going on with the illustrations, and that I should mount guard over patient and nurses while she went away to her chamber to lie down. When the Doctor paid his visit, therefore, she begged for a prolongation of my leave of absence; and it was settled that I should spend the whole day at the cottage, dine with her and Paul, and be sent home in the evening.

After she was gone, however, I almost repented of my enterprise. Paul had a large hand-bell, which he had made his sisters bring him, for fear he should be too sick to speak loud,—a state of things which seemed the last and least likely to take place, judging from the present powers of his voice. If the twins left the room for an instant, he rang it most violently, “because his sisters neglected him,” until they came back at a gallop, when he informed them that they had been so long about it, that he couldn't recollect what he wanted, and they might go; after which the same performances were repeated *ad infinitum*, much to their delight, but not equally to mine. Miss Dudley's chamber was, fortunately, almost out of hearing, or he would not have done so; but the library was not; and I was in continual fear lest Mr. Dudley, whom I had never yet seen, should make his appearance in wrath at my want of management. I merely instance this as one specimen of many pranks. To put a stop to it, by keeping the little girls on the spot, I was obliged to turn cabinet-maker, and put forth all my practised powers in the way of cutting out paper pianos and tables that would stand, and rocking-chairs that would rock. The twins were interested, and so was Paul. The moment that they had a drawing-room arranged, he enacted a Boreas, and blew the furniture sky-high. Then they called him, in retribution, “Pretty Poll!” and he screeched like a parrot.

“O Miss Morne,” cried Rose, “do you know? Once, when we were little, we called Paul ‘Pretty Poll,’ and he was so vexed to be so pretty for a boy, that he took aunty's scissors and cut off all his eyelashes and some of his hair; and he had an inflammation in his eyes; but that's what made his eyelashes so very long; and now that he's found out that cutting them will only make them prettier, we can call him so as much as we please.”

Miss Dudley came down again, at twelve, looking refreshed, and sent the little girls into the garden. Paul, tired

out, went to sleep; and we had some painting after all.

When my lesson was over, Miss Dudley said: "Now I think the pupil has become independent of the mistress; and you have copied all the specimens too delicate to be moved. I will send the rest to you to-morrow; and — I believe you told me you had not these colors — you had better put these cakes in your pocket, so that your illustrations may be in uniform. I doubt whether you could buy any so good in this town"; — and she wrapped them in a paper for me.

I thanked her, and promised to keep them strictly for the work I did for her.

"O," replied she, "that is not in the bond at all. My brother has been in the habit of furnishing me with them by wholesale"; — I thought she stifled a sigh as she said it; — "and you know," added she with a promising smile, "that it is for our interest to help you to become an experienced and accomplished draughtswoman."

The twins came in to lunch when we had our dinner; but they were in a state of such exhilaration that they could scarcely eat. They were later to assist their father in receiving a party, who had been invited, before Paul's mishap, to dine at Barberry Beach. As Miss Dudley was not well enough to appear, they had drawn lots for the head of the table. Lily had won it; and the distinguished statesman, Mr. Deemus, a classmate of her father's, and a great lion in her eyes, was to lead her in. As soon as she and Rose could obtain a release from refreshment, they scampered off to the chamber-maid and to Bonner, who was to oversee their toilet.

When they were gone, and we had taken our seats in the bamboo chairs on the piazza, to bask in the afternoon sun, Miss Dudley said: "This is the first time that it has fallen to either of them to preside; they are always present, though, when we give a dinner-party, and modestly join a little in the conversation of their elders.

Many people would say that my brother made a mistake in bringing them forward so early; but he considers it very important to give in some degree to young people — to girls especially — a sense of dignity and responsibility from the first. It seems to him, too, that they are less likely to be over-excited and led astray in society in after-life, if they are accustomed to it, and the best of it, from their childhood up. They are so simple-minded and open-hearted that, if it were doing them any harm, we should very soon find it out; and unless it were doing them harm it would really be a pity to deprive them of so much enjoyment, just at the age, too, when enjoyment is most keenly relished. It is always a great point with their father, that he and his children should have their pleasures as far as possible in common, in order to keep up mutual acquaintance and confidence and sympathy."

"O for such a father!" thought I. "Happy little dears! I hope I am not going to envy anybody; but I do believe you are the most enviable people I ever met with, except Emma Holly! There! I did n't mean to *think* that, — to take a leaf out of Nelly's book."

We heard them come dancing back into the parlor. Lily perched in the long window, crying, "O Aunt Lizzy, see! Are we right? Can we go to papa?"

"O Lily," cried Rose, in consternation, pulling her back, "come in! The wind will tumble your curls; and then I ought to tumble mine; for it would n't do for the one at the head of the table not to look as nice as the one at the side. O, dear Aunt! *Could* you look here? Are you too tired? *Would* it be too much trouble?"

"Aunt" did not seem to think herself too tired. She invited me to accompany her; and I did not think it too much trouble. The two pets confronted us hand in hand, between two bright pillars of native wood, looking like a lovely picture painted on a panel. They wore simple robes of sprigged

India muslin, very clear, white, and full, with *baby* waists, short sleeves and moderately low necks, broad, blue sashes, open-work thread stockings, and black slippers with large rosettes on the toes. Their round, white throats and wrists were encircled by close coils of turquoises. They looked very happy and eager, but not at all vain,—perhaps because they had always been used to looking pretty.

"Very nice, indeed," pronounced Aunt Lizzy, turning them round critically. "Go and show yourselves to Paul, and then run to papa; but be very careful to eat nothing that will make you sick, or Dr. Physick will be sure to say, 'Poor little things! They have a silly aunt. Late dinners are not fit for little girls.'"

They laughed their acquiescence, and marched up to Paul's sofa. "Very well," said he; "your clothes are whole and clean; and I have no doubt you will be warm, after the chandelier is lighted, and the soup is swallowed, and Tiger-Lily has been contradicted and counteracted appropriately by Mr. Demosthenes. But to go up and put yourselves in Oriental splendors, and then to go down and roll together in Oriental luxuries, and leave me here writhing and gnawing the sofa-cushions in my lonely anguish, and partaking of wine only the biscuit, and of oysters nothing but the *crackers*,—unnatural misses, I could never have believed it, even of you!"

"Poor Polly!" exclaimed Rose, much affected, and throwing herself on her knees beside him, in utter forgetfulness of her frock; "*I* will stay with you. Could I do you any good?"

"O Polly!" cried Lily in equal alarm. "Only don't tease her *now*; and I won't tell her—perhaps—the next time you quiz her; and the very first chance I can get after the dessert comes, I'll send Butler to you with a grand, great bunch of grapes. And Miss Morne will sing; *won't* you, Miss Morne? I heard somebody singing beautifully, one evening when we drove by Dr. Physick's; and when I asked

him who it was, he said it must be you."

"Well," answered Paul, condescending to relent a little, "we will see what can be done. You may send the grapes at any rate, Lily; and, if I can get along without Brier-Rose, I won't send for her—till ice-cream time."

Then Miss Dudley told me that I had been shut up in the house almost all day, and begged me to put on my bonnet and one of her heavy plaids, and go out to enjoy the sunset in the grounds. "Here is a protector for you, as our champion Paul is disabled," added she, taking an odd-looking musical instrument from a drawer of her French desk; "my brother had some of these made for us to take on our rambles. At this end, you see, is a whistle, which you blow if you want a servant only to do you some little service. This other end is a horn, which blows a tremendous blast, to signify that something serious is the matter, and that all the laborers, and everybody else within hearing, must run without loss of time to the spot from which the sound comes. It has been heard, I am thankful to say, but once. Miss Rose, in one of her kid-like performances, frisked into the sea one day; and Lily found breath—I could never guess how—to blow her trumpet in one almost incessant shriek. Mr. Dudley heard it in the library; and so did my great St. Bernard that you saw, in the hall,—and he seemed to understand. They ran nearly abreast to the shore, with a train of followers after them,—some nearer, some farther; but the dog got the better of all the men, when it came to bounding over the sand and stones, and scouring up the rock where Lily was. I could see the little thing from my window,—she was but eight years old,—dancing up and down in a perfect frenzy, and plucking at her poor little curls with the hand that was not holding the horn. She hugged Bernard, pointed, and pushed him. He dashed into the water, and brought Rose round to the beach, where he landed her quite

safe, though with her clothes torn, and soaked, of course, like a sponge. That is the reason we spoil him so. Lily had to be carried home as well as Rose, and in fact suffered much more seriously from the fright. She had quite lost the use of her limbs for the time; and we were obliged to keep her from school, and take the greatest care of her nerves, for the rest of that summer."

Bernard came walking in, and all round to us, one after another, to be patted. "The saint's as proud as a peacock," said Paul, blowing in his ear and then kissing him. "He knows in a minute when anybody tells that story. When we show any visitors about, he always leads the way to the rock, and then wants to jump up and lick our hands and faces just as he did that day; and when I go to bathe, I have to have him tied up, or else he jumps right in after me, to bring me out, and nips me with his great sharp teeth all over."

I went through the garden alone. Bernard wagged his tail, but declined to escort me farther than the door,—"Because," explained Paul, "he knows you are not one of us." The path up the hill looked tempting; and I followed it and took a seat in the little observatory on the top, to look down alone on the fading horizon and the twilight sea.

I think that there are few things in this life more saddening, than to revisit scenes in the midst of which you have been used to be perfectly happy, and find that they have the power to make you so no more. It is as if you knew that an enchanted treasury, once open to you, still lay before you, but you had lost the magic key.

The sea-shore had always been to me in my childhood—so few years ago!—a scene of perfect witchery. When I went to it, my sister was almost always by my side. My mother, looking out for us, was waiting for us at home with an eager welcome, and would come to the door before our little feet could cross the threshold, and be glad to see us safe back again, and

say that it had made her anxious, if we stayed too long.

Now, I asked myself, if I should fall, as little Rose had done, and were not rescued, who would grieve for me. Emma and Jim would talk to each other about my fate, if they read it in the newspapers, and say, perhaps, that I was "a nice girl," and that they were sorry, and then change the subject to wondering when they should be married. My guardian and his wife would shed some honest tears, but turn to one another and their little Phil for comfort, and soon find it. Nelly? O, poor little Nelly might cry too, because she was much in the habit of crying, and I was the only one much in the habit of drying her eyes; but that would be for her own sake,—not for mine. Miss Dudley would be shocked, and the children concerned and compassionate, as they were when the cat killed the robin,—and be consoled as soon. Their very dog could see that I was "not one of them." They were kind to me, as he wagged his tail, from general good-will. But of what real importance should I ever be to them, or to anybody that I cared for?

Thus, by degrees, I fell more and more to comparing myself—a poor and orphaned woman, lonely and dark, sitting in faded black without, chilled by the gale, with night and age and winter coming on—with those radiant children, decked, admired, caressed, the present all bright around them, and the future before them, sitting at their father's table, in light, warmth, and glee, in the room whose four large windows shone so down in the cottage.

When I had reached this point, however, in these not precisely profitable or disinterested meditations, I naturally and luckily had occasion for my pocket-handkerchief. In feeling for it, my forefinger came upon the horn with which my kind new friend had provided me. It seemed to send like an electric shock through my frame (of mind) a sense of my ingratitude and folly. "People always exaggerate," said my guardian, "when they

get brooding," &c., &c., &c. Whose "attention" was "concentrated on herself and her troubles," just now? I did not sound the horn, though of the two — the salt sea and the Slough of Despond — I think the former much the cleanest and wholesomest place to fall into; but I sprang from my seat, and ran down the hill at the speed of a goat, — no bad way sometimes, if one is but young and sure-footed enough, to escape from thoughts that are too much to sit still with and bear.

In a fine glow, I re-entered the parlor, where Miss Dudley rose to meet me, passed her fingers lightly over my hair, to feel if it was damp, and made me sit beside her, before the hearth, to dry it, before I went to the piano. How little do people know sometimes, when they are making us happy, how much they are doing to help us to be good!

"Poor Paul's arm aches," said she. "It is dull for him without his sisters; and we have been longing for our song."

"Then I will begin here," said I, again a little pricked in my conscience, "if you will excuse the accompaniment." So I sang a song there; and Paul cheered up, and sat up on his sofa, looking as if he wished for more; and then I went to the piano and sang a good many songs *there*. The instrument was one of Chickering's most delicious ones; and Miss Dudley laid before me a fine collection of English ballads. She had all kinds of music for the voice and piano, in well-bound volumes; but those were the only sort that I was much accustomed to.

"We are none of us performers," said she; "but, as we are all fond of music, we let Ditson supply us; because our visitors are so apt to say, 'I would play or sing to you with pleasure; but I cannot without my notes.'"

The clock struck half past eight, in a pause while I was turning over some pages new to me. "There," said Paul, "now they'll all have to go to take the cars!"

The noise of wheels at the door, and of leave-takings in the hall, was heard;

and soon in came the twins, looking sleepy and satisfied. Immediately after them entered a tall gentleman, with hair so perfectly white that Lily's looked yellow beside him, finely cut, regular features, such as one may see in the portraits *en beau* of the Duke of Wellington, a very expressive mouth, — expressive of spirit, judgment, and benignity, I thought, but one cannot be sure about mouths of which one does not know the owners, — a fresh and healthful complexion, and rather deep-set, very dark blue eyes, that lighted up his whole countenance when he smiled with the sunny sweetness peculiar to fine blue eyes, and that could flash, as I soon saw, when he became animated in conversation.

"Ah, Charles!" said Miss Dudley, "I'm glad to see you. Miss Morne, my brother."

He turned from her and stood before me for an instant with graceful and cordial courtesy, saying that he understood he had me to thank, not only for some very correct and spirited contributions to his book, but for timely and highly acceptable kindness to his son on the afternoon of his accident; and then he did just what I was most glad to have him do, went back, sat down on the sofa between his sister and Paul, and, putting his arm round the boy and drawing him to lean comfortably against his shoulder, told them about his dinner-party, just as if I did not hear.

"It went off as well as it could without you, Elizabeth. Your namesake did you credit; so did Rose. Then Clara Arden is in herself a success!"

"Dear Clara! I am more sorry to have lost her than any or all of the others. How was she?"

"The same as ever, 'only,' as Master Paul would say, '*more so*,' — speech of silver, wits of quicksilver, and sentiments of gold. She is turning into a woman as fascinating as she was engaging when a child; and one of the things for which I should wish to live to be eighty, is to see what a splendid old woman she will make."

"O, that is looking a long way into the future! Can you tell me anything she said?"

"Hardly. She was so far off that I could not listen much,—only look. It is a pleasure in these slovenly days to see a gentlewoman sit as a gentlewoman ought. Lily, what was that she was telling Mr. Deemus, that he was laughing at?—some saying of a German theologian."

"O, it was a Mr. Nebelmann,—a traveller that she saw at a party in Boston,—he said, 'in general, the deeper you look into one subject, the more you don't see through it.' She asked Mr. Deemus if that was not a maxim as often found true in politics as in metaphysics."

"Miss Clara had rather a heavy time of it, I am afraid, with Mr. Bolder. I really don't see how I can invite him again, unless to a *standing-up* party, where people can get away from him when they are tired. They always wish to see him; but they cannot like to hear him. His topics are too ponderous by far for a dining-room, or in fact any room but a lecture-room. Who could rise refreshed—who, indeed, could rise at all—from a meal at which the very lightest *entre-mets* were legs of mutton?"

"Who led you in, Rose?"

"Mr. Maddler. I never saw him before; but he was kind and funny, and kept telling me stories."

"To make you laugh and see your dimples, I suspect," thought I.

"He is a very ugly man," said Lily.

"He's a beautiful artist," said Paul. "The only trouble is, that he wears his head wrong side out; all the beauty is on the inside."

"He wishes to paint Rose and Lily," said Mr. Dudley. "It may be our last chance. He is about to retire upon his fortune."

"He will consent to include Paul, I hope," said his aunt.

"What do you say to that, Mercury?" asked her brother. "Do you think you could ever sit still?"

"I don't know but I might, if I had

a thermometer-bulb to sit in," returned Master Paul.

"Mr. Deemus talked very well and entertainingly, I suppose," said Miss Dudley.

"Very entertainingly," answered her brother. "Yes, on the whole, very well. He's a pretty hot partisan,—can't see any good out of his own party, or much evil in it; but even party-spirit, in a thoroughly honest fellow like him, is one step higher in the moral scale than the apathy and Epicureanism of some who affect to despise it; in fact, it wants only letting out, as a tailor would say, to include all the virtues. Let it out once; it becomes patriotism. Let it out again; it becomes philanthropy. Let it out but a third time, and it is fellowship with the angels and fealty to their King."

"Papa, were n't you ponderous once yourself," said Lily, archly, "when you were talking to that dismal gentleman, who sat near the foot of the table, about Miss Nightingale? I was afraid you were displeased, you spoke so much slower than usual; and I could hear your voice a good deal, under the others; but I could n't understand."

"I certainly was not pleased, Lily," answered he, good-humoredly; "and I desired to be as ponderous as I could, without forgetting what was due to a guest. It was Mr. X. Tyng Wisher," said he, turning to his sister, "the weeping philosopher of the Boston Receder. That man's crocodile lamentations over everything that is good are worse, because more crafty, than the hyena laughter and sneers of his colleagues. They have been my trial in the reading-room, and I certainly never expected to hear them in my dining-room. Deemus gave him a letter of introduction to me, however; and I thought it would be an appropriate act of retribution to ask Wisher here to meet him. What should he do but fall to groaning over Florence Nightingale's 'misfortune in the possession of abnormal powers, which tempted her, out of her proper womanly sphere, to go to Scutari'! I only wish that his spectacles had n't

been too near-sighted to see Miss Arden look at him!"

"Well, Lily," said Miss Dudley, "and what did papa say?"

"Why I can't remember, because I did not know what it meant, — something about mathematics, I believe, and a balloon —"

"And a flying-fish, and scissors," added Rose.

"Really," said their aunt, with one of her merry and musical laughs, "I begin to have a very distinct idea of your discourse, Charles; and I can perceive it must have been very bad."

"Then, to clear myself," said he, echoing the laugh, "I must see if I cannot make out my speech from the heads furnished by these skilful reporters. Is not this something like what I said, little swan and shadow? Given for a centre a good and wise womanly heart. A sphere with a short radius, and a sphere with a long radius, starting from that centre, are equally its spheres. The larger space a good and wise woman can fill in this needy, human life, with her own innocent and beneficent life, the greater she is as a woman, the greater as a benefactress to us. Our chivalry can surely afford her at least so much countenance as to stand off, let the safety-valve alone, and allow her to swell her balloon according to her liking and ability. If it bursts, the loss is her own; if it does not, she will carry us all up with her."

"Further: between you condolers with women, and the so-called Rights-of-Women people, I venture to place myself in the critical position of Mr. Pickwick, with the carpet-bag before and the poker behind him. I differ from the latter, in holding that almost all women are essentially auxiliary verbs in the grammar of humanity, and that of these the larger portion are best fitted for domestic auxiliaries; but I differ from you, in holding that some women also are extremely well fitted to be auxiliaries abroad."

"Further yet: Nature and Providence have in general denied wings to fishes; therefore we may say truly

enough, in a generalizing way, that Nature and Providence have ordained that the fish shall not fly; but if we chance to meet with a flying-fish, we must not cut off its wings for the sake of conformity, and then call the blades of our own shears Nature and Providence."

"Cousin Clara seemed to understand," said Rose; "she clapped her hands softly."

"Yes; and she asked me if that was not good," added Lily.

"And what did you answer? Did I receive any more compliments?"

"I did the best I could for you, papa, considering that I had not the least idea what you were talking about. I said, 'Why, Cousin Clara, I must own I don't know whether it *is* good or not; but so much I know, it ought to be, if papa says it and you praise it.' And that won a compliment for Aunt Lizzy, I think; only I cannot tell it without telling another that I had myself."

"Never mind that, Lily," said Miss Dudley; "I'll overlook your vanity for the sake of my own."

"Well, then, Cousin Clara said, '*Brazz*, candid little courtier! It is easy to see in what mistress's school you learned to speak the truth!' Then she turned to Mr. Bolder, and asked *him* if it was not good; and he said, 'Very, — O, yes; and, as I was saying, the tertiary formation —' — and then I don't know what else he said."

"Nor she either, I'll be bound," said Mr. Dudley.

"The carriage has come back, sir," murmured Butler, at his elbow.

"It is to take Miss Morne home," said Miss Dudley; "but you need be in no hurry, need you, my dear?"

"Pray, do not," said Mr. Dudley, again turning towards me: "the horses can wait perfectly well. Tell Raynor to put their blankets on and let them stand," he began to say to Butler; but, though it was said with an air of frank hospitality, I did not resume my seat; for I knew that the dinner-party had broken up early on account of the invalids, and thought that all the family might already have had enough of me,

though I should much have liked a little more of them.

My hostess did not seem to think she had had too much, however; for, as she muffled me up carefully from the frosty air, she said, "My child, every time I have seen you, I have found you a pleasure, — I have found you a treasure to-day."

"Thank you, ma'am, for a very pleasant day," stammered I in return.

I had forgotten all about the half-hour on the cliff.

Mr. Dudley put me into the barouche, with polite hopes that his sister and daughters would soon have the pleasure of seeing me again; and such were my

meditations as the gray ponies, whisking their long thick tails, bowled me smoothly along through the shadows and the moonbeams: — Now, if I were Mr. Madder, I would paint a picture of the Archangel Michael saying to Adam, "Not too much!" — and it would be a good likeness, too, if Mr. Dudley would sit for the head. He looks, as the gymnasts say, though in rather a different sense, like a perfectly *trained* man, — as if he had always had enough to eat and enough to wear, enough to *do with* and enough to do, enough to enjoy and enough to learn, enough of conflict and enough of victory, — enough, but "not too much."

THE CAUSES FOR WHICH A PRESIDENT CAN BE IMPEACHED.

THE Constitution provides, in express terms, that the President, as well as the Vice-President and all civil officers, may be impeached for "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." It was framed by men who had learned to their sorrow the falsity of the English maxim, that "the king can do no wrong," and established by the people, who meant to hold all their public servants, the highest and the lowest, to the strictest accountability. All were jealous of any "squinting towards monarchy," and determined to allow to the chief magistrate no sort of regal immunity, but to secure his faithfulness and their own rights by holding him personally answerable for his misconduct, and to protect the government by making adequate provision for his removal. Moreover, they did not mean that the door should not be locked till after the horse had been stolen.

By the Constitution, the House of Representatives has "the sole power of impeachment," and the Senate "the

sole power to try all impeachments." When the President of the United States is tried on impeachment, the Chief Justice is to preside. The concurrence of two thirds of the members present is necessary to convict. "The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." But judgment cannot "extend further than to removal and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States." Thus it is obvious that the founders of the government meant to secure it effectually against all official corruption and wrong, by providing for process to be initiated at the will of the popular branch, and furnishing an easy, safe, and sure method for the removal of all unworthy and unfaithful servants.

By defining treason exactly, by prescribing the precise proofs, and limiting the punishment of it, they guarded the

people against one form of tyrannical abuse of power; and they intended to secure them effectually against all injury from abuses of another sort, by holding the President responsible for his "misdemeanors," — using the broadest term. They guarded carefully against all danger of popular excesses, and any injustice to the accused, by withholding the general power of punishment. This term "misdemeanor," therefore, should be liberally construed, for the same reason that treason should not be extended by construction. It is not better for the state that traitors should remain in office than that innocent men should be expelled. Besides, it is true in relation to this procedure, that the higher the post the higher the crime.

What, then, is the meaning of "high crimes and misdemeanors," for which a President may be removed? Neither the Constitution nor the statutes have determined. It follows, therefore, that the House must judge for what offences it will present articles, and the Senate decide for what it will convict. And from the very nature of the wrongs for which impeachment is the sole adequate remedy, as well as from the fact that the office of President and all its duties and relations are new, it is essential that they should be undefined; otherwise there could be no security for the state.

But it does not by any means follow that therefore either the House or the Senate can act arbitrarily, or that there are not rules for the guidance of their conduct. The terms "high crimes and misdemeanors," like many other terms and phrases used in the Constitution, as, for instance, "pardon," "habeas corpus," "ex post facto," and the term "impeachment" itself, had a settled meaning at the time of the establishment of the Constitution. There was no need of definition, for it was left to the House as exhibitors, and the Chief Justice and the Senate as judges of the articles, to apply well-understood terms, *mutatis mutandis*, to new circumstances, as the exigencies of state, and the ends for which the Constitution was established,

should require. The subject-matter was new; the President was a new officer of state; his duties, his relations to the various branches of government and to the people, his powers, his oath, functions, duties, responsibilities, were all new. In some respects, old customs and laws were a guide. In others, there was neither precedent nor analogy. But the common-law principle was to be applied to the new matters according to their exigency, as the common law of contracts and of carriers is applied to carriage by steamboats and railroads, to corporations and expresses, which have come into existence centuries since the law was established.

Impeachment, "the presentment of the most solemn grand inquest of the whole kingdom," had been in use from the earliest days of the English Constitution and government.

The terms "high crimes and misdemeanors," in their natural sense, embrace a very large field of actions. They are broad enough to cover all criminal misconduct of the President, — all acts of commission or omission forbidden by the Constitution and the laws. To the word "misdemeanor," indeed, is naturally attached a yet broader signification, which would embrace personal character and behavior as well as the proprieties of official conduct. Nor was, nor is, there any just reason why it should be restricted in this direction; for, in establishing a permanent national government, to insure purity and dignity, to secure the confidence of its own people and command the respect of foreign powers, it is not unfit that civil officers, and most especially the highest of all, the head of the people, should be answerable for personal demeanor.

The term "misdemeanor" was likewise used to designate all legal offences lower than felonies, — all the minor transgressions, all public wrongs, not felonious in character. The common law punished whatever acts were productive of disturbance to the public peace, or tended to incite to the commission of crime, or to injure the health

or morals of the people,—such as profanity, drunkenness, challenging to fight, soliciting to the commission of crime, carrying infection through the streets,—an endless variety of offences.

These terms, when used to describe political offences, have a signification coextensive with, or rather analogous to, but yet more extensive than their legal acceptance; for, as John Quincy Adams said, “the Legislature was vested with power of impeaching and removing for trivial transgressions beneath the cognizance of the law.” The sense in which they are used in the Constitution is rendered clearer and more precise by the long line of precedents of decided cases to be found in the State Trials and historical collections. Selden, in his “Judicature of Parliament,” and Coke, in his “Institutes,” refer to many of these, and Comyns names more than fifty impeachable offences. Amongst these are, subverting the fundamental laws and introducing arbitrary power; for an ambassador to give false information to the king; to make a treaty between two foreign powers without the knowledge of the king; to deliver up towns without consent of his colleagues; to incite the king to act against the advice of Parliament; to give the king evil counsel; for the Speaker of the House of Commons to refuse to proceed; for the Lord Chancellor to threaten the other judges to make them subscribe to his opinions.

Wooddeson, who began to lecture in 1777, and whose works express the sense in which the terms were understood by the contemporaries of the founders of the Constitution, says that “such kinds of misdeeds as peculiarly injure the commonwealth by the abuses of high offices of trust are the most proper, and have been the most usual grounds for this kind of prosecution”; —“as, for example, for the Lord Chancellor to act grossly contrary to the duty of his office; for the judges to mislead the sovereign by unconstitutional opinions; for any other magis-

trates to attempt to subvert the fundamental laws, or introduce arbitrary power, as for a Privy-Councillor to propose or support pernicious or dishonorable practices.”

These text-writers seem to have been referred to and followed by our later ones.

But to the offences enumerated by these authorities we must add others taken from cases in the State Trials. The High Court of Impeachment had included amongst political high crimes and misdemeanors the following, viz.: for a Secretary of State to abuse the pardoning power; for the Lord Chancellor and Chief Justice of Ireland to attempt to subvert the laws and government and the rights of Parliament; for the Attorney-General to prefer charges of treason falsely; for a Privy-Councillor to try to alienate the affections of the people; for the Lord Chancellor to assume to dispense with the statutes, and to control them. It had been held to be a misdemeanor to incite the king to ill-manners; to put away from the king good officers, and put about him wicked ones of their own party; to maintain robbers and murderers, causing the king to pardon them; to get ascendancy over the king, and turn his heart from the peers of the realm; to prevent the great men of the realm from advising with the king, save in presence of the accused; and to cause the king to appoint sheriffs named by them, so as to get such men returned to Parliament as they desired, to the undoing of the loyal lords and the good laws and customs; to taunt the king's councillors, and call them unworthy to sit in council when they advised the king to reform the government; or to write letters declaring them traitors.

The nature of the charges may be illustrated by one of the allegations against an evil judge. We give Article VIII.: “The said William Scroggs, being advanced to be Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, ought, by a sober, grave, and virtuous conversation, to have given a good example to

the king's liege people, and to demean himself answerable to the dignity of so eminent a station; yet on the contrary thereof, he doth, by his frequent and notorious excesses and debaucheries, and his profane and atheistical discourses, affront Almighty God, dishonor his Majesty, give countenance and encouragement to all manner of vice and wickedness, and bring the highest scandal on the public justice of the kingdom."

Such was the nature of political offences, as known to the framers of the Constitution. It answered to the natural sense of the terms of the Constitution, as understood by the people in establishing it. And it is plain that the founders of the government meant to establish, what in such a government is vital to the safety and stability of the state, a jurisdiction coextensive with the influence of the officers subjected to it, and with their official duties, their functions, and their public relations.

The Federalist, in treating of this jurisdiction of the Senate, regarded it as extending over "those offences which proceed from the misconduct of public men" and termed "political, as they relate chiefly to injuries done immediately to society itself."

The people of America meant to rest their government on executive responsibility, and to apply to the President the principles which had been established as applicable only to the ministers, servants, and advisers of the king. But to show what they regarded as the range of royal duty, they had put on record a list of charges against their own king himself, commencing thus: "He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good,"—on which they justified revolution. The Declaration of Independence will aid in determining what they would regard as offences of the Executive.

No President has been impeached. But the charges exhibited against several other public officers throw light upon this subject. In 1797, articles of impeachment were found against Wil-

liam Blount, a Senator. The misdemeanors were not charged as being done in the execution of any office under the United States. He was not charged with misconduct in office, but with an attempt to influence a United States Indian interpreter, and to alienate the affection and confidence of the Indians. After the impeachment was known, but before it was presented to the Senate, the Senate expelled him, resolving "that he was guilty of a high misdemeanor entirely inconsistent with his public trust and duty as a Senator."

In 1804, John Pickering, Judge of the District Court of New Hampshire, was removed for,—1. Misbehavior as a judge; and amongst other causes, 4. For appearing drunk, and frequently, in a profane and indecent manner, invoking the name of the Supreme Being.

In 1804, Judge Chase was impeached and tried for arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust conduct, in delivering his opinion on the law beforehand, and debarring counsel from arguing the law; and for unjust, impartial, and intemperate conduct in obliging counsel to reduce their statements to writing, the use of rude and contemptuous language, and intemperate and vexatious conduct.

These are cases of contemporaneous exposition. There have been other cases in the various States, and some more recent ones in Congress; but they are not necessary to illustrate the subject. Just on the eve of the war, the Senate expelled Bright for writing a letter to Jefferson Davis, introducing a man with an improvement in fire-arms as a reliable person.

As Judge Story remarked, "Political offences are of so various and complex a character, so utterly incapable of being defined or classified, that the task of positive legislation would be impracticable, if it were not almost absurd to attempt it." Referring to the text-writers we have named, and the causes of impeachment enumerated by them, he seems to justify the extremest cases by saying that, though they now seem harsh and severe, "perhaps they were rendered necessary by existing corrup-

tions and the importance of suppressing a spirit of favoritism and court intrigue." "But others again," he adds, "were founded in the most salutary public justice, such as impeachments for malversations and neglects in office, for official oppression, extortion, and deceit, and especially for putting good magistrates out of office and advancing bad." He puts a case, on which he expresses no opinion, in such form that there can scarcely be any doubt of his opinion, or any possibility of two opinions concerning it. "Suppose a judge should countenance or aid insurgents in a meditated conspiracy or insurrection against the government. This is not a judicial act; and yet it ought certainly to be impeachable."

Thus it appears that the political offences of the Constitution for which civil officers are removable embrace, besides the high crimes and misdemeanors of the criminal law, a range as wide as the circle of official duties and the influences of official position; they

include, not only breaches of duty, but also misconduct during the tenure of office; they extend to acts for which there is no criminal responsibility whatsoever; they reach even personal conduct; they include, not merely acts of usurpation, but all such acts as tend to subvert the just influence of official position, to degrade the office, to contaminate society, to impair the government, to destroy the proper relations of civil officers to the people and to the government, and to the other branches of the government.

In fine, it may almost be said, that for a President to have done anything which he ought not to have done, or to have left undone anything which he ought to have done, is just cause for his impeachment, if the House by a majority vote feels called on to make it the ground of charges, and the Senate by a two-thirds vote determines it to be sufficient; for the safety of the state is the supreme law, and these bodies are the final judges thereof.

THE CONTENTION BETWEEN ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF THE "ILIAD" OF HOMER. — TRANSLATED.

O GODDESS! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air, —
For so had Jove appointed, — from the time
When the two chiefs, Atreides, king of men,
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,
That they should thus contend? Latona's son
And Jove's. Incensed against the king he bade
A deadly pestilence appear among
The army, and the men were perishing.
For Atreus' son with insult had received
Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet
Came to redeem his daughter, offering
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued

To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host:—

“Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,
Well-greaved Achaians, may the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus give you to o’erthrow
The city of Priam, and in safety reach
Your homes; but give me my beloved child,
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove.”

Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
He offered, but the counsel did not please
Atreides Agamemnon; he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words:—

“Old man, let me not find thee loitering here,
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear
And sceptre of thy gods protect thee not.
This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,
Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch.
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go.”

He spake; the aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona’s son:—

“Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,
Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos,
O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed.”

So spake he supplicating, and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summits of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared ever more the frequent funeral piles.
Nine days already had his shafts been showered
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth,
Achilles called the people of the camp

To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,
Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld
With sorrow that the men were perishing.
And when the assembly met and now was full,
Stood swift Achilles in the midst and said :

“To me it seems, Atrides, that ’t were well,
Since now our aim is baffled, to return
Homeward, if death o’ertake us not ; for war
And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks.
But let us first consult some seer or priest,
Or dream-interpreter, — for even dreams
Are sent by Jove, — and ask him by what cause
Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus ;
If by neglected vows or hecatombs,
And whether savor of fat bulls and goats
May move the god to stay the pestilence.”

He spoke, and took again his seat ; and next
Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
Of augurs, one to whom were known things past
And present and to come. He, through the art
Of divination, which Apollo gave,
Had guided Ilionward the ships of Greece.
With words well ordered warily he spoke : —

“Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me
Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,
Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly
Will I make known the cause ; but covenant thou,
And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
To bring me succor. For my mind misgives
That he who rules the Argives, and to whom
The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.
A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,
And though he keep his choler down awhile,
It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart.
And now consider ; wilt thou hold me safe ?”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :
“Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate’er
Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven.
For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou,
Calchas, dost pray to, when thou givest forth
The sacred oracles to men of Greece,
No man, while yet I live, and see the light
Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee
Among our roomy ships ; no man of all
The Grecian armies, though thou name the name
Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is
To stand in power and rank above them all.”

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on :
“’Tis not neglected vows or hecatombs
That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused
To set his daughter free, and to receive

Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
These woes upon us, and will send them still,
Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid
Freely, and without ransom, be restored
To her beloved father, and with her
A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent.
So may we haply pacify the god."

Thus having said, the augur took his seat.
And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.
His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes
Sparkled like fire; he fixed a menacing look
Full on the augur Calchas, and began:—

"Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight.
Good dost thou ne'er foretell nor bring to pass.
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem
The virgin child of Chryses. 'T was my choice
To keep her with me, for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts.
Yet will I give her back, if that be best.
For gladly would I see my people saved
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left,
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize.
That were not seemly. All of you perceive
That now my share of spoil has passed from me."

To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied: "Renowned Atrides, greediest
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
Apart, a common store? The trophies brought
From towns which we have sacked have all been shared
Among us, and we could not without shame
Bid every warrior bring his portion back.
Yield then the maiden to the god, and we,
The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
Threefold and fourfold recompense, when Jove
Gives up to sack this well-defended Troy."

Then the king Agamemnon answered thus:—
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,
Godlike Achilles; thou hast not the power
To circumvent or to persuade me thus.
Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,
I shall sit idly down deprived of mine?"

Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'Tis well
 If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring
 The worth of what I lose, and in a shape
 That pleases me. Else will I come myself,
 And seize and bear away thy prize, or that
 Of Ajax or Ulysses, leaving him
 From whom I take his share to rage at will.
 Another time we will confer of this.
 Now come, and forth into the great salt sea
 Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck
 Men skilled to row, and put a hecatomb
 On board, and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,
 Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command,
 Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine
 Ulysses; — or thyself, Pelides, thou
 Most terrible of men, that with due rites
 Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."

Achilles the swift-footed, with stern look,
 Thus answered: "Ha, thou mailed in impudence
 And bent on lucre! Who of all the Greeks
 Can willingly obey thee, on the march,
 Or bravely battling with the enemy?
 I came not to this war because of wrong
 Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
 No feud had I with them; they never took
 My beeves or horses; nor, in Phthia's realm,
 Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields.
 For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
 And waters of the wide-resounding sea.
 Man unabashed! we follow thee that thou
 Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
 The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,
 Thou shameless one! and yet thou hast for this
 Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take
 From me the prize for which I bore long toils
 In battle; and the Greeks decreed it mine.
 I never take an equal share with thee
 Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
 Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
 The harder labors of the field in all
 The tumult of the fight; but when the spoil
 Is shared, the largest part is ever thine,
 While I, content with little, seek my ships,
 Weary with combat. I shall now go home
 To Phthia; better were it to be there
 With my beaked ships; and here where I am held
 In little honor thou wilt fail, I think,
 To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men:
 "Desert, then, if thou wilt; I ask thee not
 To stay for me; there will be others left
 To do me honor yet, and best of all,

The all-providing Jove is with me still.
Thee I detest the most of all the men
Ordained by him to govern ; thy delight
Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,
Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,
With all thy ships and men ; there domineer
Over thy Myrmidons ; I heed thee not,
Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,
I threaten thee, since Phoebus takes away
Chryseis. I will send her in my ship,
And with my friends, and coming to thy tent
Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize,
Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand
Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear
To measure strength with me and brave my power."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spoke,
Grew fiercer ; in that shaggy breast his heart
Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,
Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath
And master his own spirit. While he thus
Debated with himself, and half unsheathed
The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,
Sent from on high by Juno, the white-armed,
Who loved both warriors and watched over both.
Behind Pelides, where he stood, she came,
And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned
In wonder, and at once he knew the look
Of Pallas and the awful-gleaming eye,
And thus accosted her with winged words : —

"Why com'st thou hither, daughter of the god
Who bears the ægis ? Art thou here to see
The insolence of Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus ? Let me tell thee what I deem
Will be the event. That man may lose his life,
And quickly too, for arrogance like this."

Then thus the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, spoke : —
"I came from heaven to pacify thy wrath,
If thou wilt heed my counsel. I am sent
By Juno the white-armed, to whom ye both
Are dear, who ever watches o'er you both.
Refrain from violence ; let not thy hand
Unsheathe the sword, but utter with thy tongue
Reproaches, as occasion may arise,
For I declare what time shall bring to pass ;
Threefold amends shall yet be offered thee,
In gifts of princely cost, for this day's wrong.
Now calm thy angry spirit, and obey."

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus : —

"O goddess, be the word thou bring'st obeyed,

However just my anger, for to him
Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear."

So speaking, on the silver hilt he stayed
His strong right hand, and back into its sheath
Thrust his good sword, obeying. She, meantime,
Returned to heaven, where ægis-bearing Jove
Dwells with the other gods. And now again
Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespoke
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath:—

"Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer's heart! Thou never yet hast dared
To arm thyself for battle with the rest,
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
In ambush,—such thy craven fear of death.
Better it suits thee, 'midst the mighty host
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize,
Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet
Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule
A spiritless race, else this day's insolence,
Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath:
By this my sceptre, which can never bear
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains,—for the steel had pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more,—
And now the Achaian judges bear it,—they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter,—
Such is my oath,—the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,
While multitudes are perishing by the hand
Of Hector, the man-queller; thou, meanwhile,
Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help,
And thou shalt rage against thyself to think
That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."

As thus he spoke, Pelides to the ground
Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.
Fiercely Atrides raged; but now uprose
Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
The clear-toned Pylia orator, whose tongue
Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen
Two generations that grew up and lived
With him on sacred Pylos pass away,
And now he ruled the third. With prudent words
He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs:—

"Ye gods! what new misfortunes threaten Greece!
How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,
And how would all the Trojan race rejoice,—
Were they to know how furiously ye strive,—
Ye who in council and in fight surpass
The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words:
Ye both are younger than myself, for I
Have lived with braver men than you, and yet

They held me not in light esteem. Such men
I never saw, nor shall I see again,—
Men like Pirithous and like Draas, lord
Of nations, Cæneus and Exadius,
And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son
Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal gods.
Strongest of all the earth-born race were they,
And with the strongest of their time they fought,—
With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,
And fearfully destroyed them. With these men
Did I hold converse, coming to their camp
From Pylos in a distant land. They sent
To bid me join the war, and by their side
I fought my best, but no man living now
On the wide earth would dare to fight with them.
Great as they were, they listened to my words
And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,
And let my words persuade you for the best.
Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him
The maiden; suffer him to keep the prize
Decreed him by the sons of Greece; and thou,
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never yet did Jove to sceptred prince
Grant eminence and honor like to his.
Atrides, calm thine anger. It is I
Who now implore thee to lay by thy wrath
Against Achilles, who, in this fierce war,
Is the great bulwark of the Grecian host.”

To him the sovereign Agamemnon said:
“The things which thou hast uttered, aged chief,
Are fitly spoken; but this man would stand
Above all others; he aspires to be
The master, over all to domineer,
And to direct in all things; yet, I think,
There may be one who will not suffer this.
For if by favor of the immortal gods
He was made brave, have they for such a cause
Given him the liberty of insolent speech?”

Hereat the great Achilles, breaking in,
Answered: “Yea, well might I deserve the name
Of coward and of wretch, should I submit
In all things to thy bidding. Such commands
Lay thou on others, not on me, nor think
I shall obey thee longer. This I say,
And bear it well in mind: I shall not lift
My hand to keep the maiden whom ye gave
And now take from me; but whatever else
May be on board that swift black ship of mine,
Beware thou carry not away the least
Without my leave. Come, make the trial now,
That these may see thy black blood bathe my spear.”

Then, rising from that strife of words, the twain
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet.

THE MAN WHO STOLE A MEETING-HOUSE.

ON a recent journey to the Pennsylvania oil regions, I stopped one evening with a fellow-traveller at a village which had just been thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the exploits of a horse-thief. As we sat around the tavern hearth, after supper, we heard the particulars of the rogue's capture and escape fully discussed; then followed many another tale of theft and robbery, told amid curling puffs of tobacco-smoke; until, at the close of an exciting story, one of the natives turned to my travelling acquaintance, and, with a broad laugh, said, "Kin ye beat that, stranger?"

"Well, I don't know, — may be I could if I should try. I never happened to fall in with any such tall horse-stealing as you tell of, but I knew a man who stole a meeting-house once."

"Stole a meetin'-house! That goes a little beyant anything yit," remarked another of the honest villagers. "Ye don't mean he stole it and carried it away?"

"Stole it and carried it away," repeated my travelling companion, seriously, crossing his legs, and resting his arm on the back of his chair. "And, more than all that, I helped him."

"How happened that? — for you don't look much like a thief, yourself."

All eyes were now turned upon my friend, a plain New England farmer, whose honest homespun appearance and candid speech commanded respect.

"I was his hired man, and I acted under orders. His name was Jedwort, — Old Jedwort, the boys called him, although he was n't above fifty when the crooked little circumstance happened which I'll make as straight a story of as I can, if the company would like to hear it."

"Sartin, stranger! sartin! about stealin' the meetin'-house!" chimed in two or three voices.

My friend cleared his throat, put his

hair behind his ears, and with a grave, smooth face, but with a merry twinkle in his shrewd, gray eye, began as follows: —

"Jedwort, I said his name was; and I shall never forget how he looked one particular morning. He stood leaning on the front gate, — or rather on the post, for the gate itself was such a shackling concern a child could n't have leaned on 't without breaking it down. And Jedwort was no child. Think of a stoutish, stooping, duck-legged man, with a mountainous back, strongly suggestive of a bag of grist under his shirt, and you have him. That imaginary grist had been growing heavier and heavier, and he more and more bent under it, for the last fifteen years and more, until his head and neck just came forward out from between his shoulders, like a turtle's from its shell. His arms hung, as he walked, almost to the ground. Being curved with the elbows outward, he looked for all the world, in a front view, like a waddling interrogation-point enclosed in a parenthesis. If man was ever a quadruped, as I've heard some folks tell, and rose gradually from four legs to two, there must have been a time, very early in his history, when he went about like Old Jedwort.

"The gate had been a very good gate in its day. It had even been a genteel gate when Jedwort came into possession of the place, by marrying his wife, who inherited it from her uncle. That was some twenty years before, and everything had been going to rack and ruin ever since.

"Jedwort himself had been going to rack and ruin, morally speaking. He was a middling decent sort of man when I first knew him; and I judge there must have been something about him more than common, or he never could have got such a wife. But then women do marry, sometimes, unaccountably. I've known downright

ugly and disagreeable fellows to work around, till by and by they would get a pretty girl fascinated by something in them which nobody else could see, and then marry her in spite of everything; — just as you may have seen a magnetizer on the stage make his subjects do just what he pleased, or a black snake charm a bird. Talk about women marrying with their eyes open, under such circumstances! They don't marry with their eyes open: they are put to sleep, in one sense, and ain't more than half responsible for what they do, if they are that. Then rises the question that has puzzled wiser heads than any of ours here, and will puzzle more yet, till society is different from what it is now, — how much a refined and sensitive woman is bound to suffer from a coarse and disgusting master, legally called her husband, before she is entitled to break off a bad bargain she scarce had a hand in making. I've sat here, to-night, and heard about men getting goods under false pretences; you've told some astonishing big stories, gentlemen, about rogues stealing horses and sleighs; and I'm going to tell you about the man who stole a meeting-house; but, when all is said, I guess it will be found that more extraordinary thieving than all that often goes on under our own eyes, and nobody takes any notice of it. There's such a thing, gentlemen, as getting hearts under false pretences. There's such a thing as a man's stealing a wife.

"I speak with feeling on this subject, for I had an opportunity of seeing what Mrs. Jedwort had to put up with from a man no woman of her stamp could do anything but detest. She was just the prettiest, patientest creature you ever saw. She was even too patient. If I had been tied to such a cub, I think I should have cultivated the beautiful and benignant qualities of a wild-cat; there would have been one good fight, and one of us would have been living, and the other would have been dead, and that would have been the end of it. But Mrs. Jedwort bore and bore untold miseries, and a large num-

ber of children. She had had nine of these, and three were under the sod and six above it when Jedwort ran off with the meeting-house in the way I am going on to tell you. There was Maria, the oldest girl, a perfect picture of what her mother had been at nineteen. Then there were the two boys, Dave and Dan, fine young fellows, spite of their father. Then came Lottie, and Susie, and then Willie, a little four-year-old.

"It was amazing to see what the mother would do to keep her family looking decent with the little means she had. For Jedwort was the tightest screw ever you saw. It was avarice that had spoilt him, and came so near turning him into a beast. The boys used to say he grew so bent, looking in the dirt for pennies. That was true of his mind, if not of his body. He was a poor man, and a pretty respectable man, when he married his wife; but he had no sooner come into possession of a little property, than he grew crazy for more. There are a good many men in the world, that nobody looks upon as monomaniacs, who are crazy in just that sort of way. They are all for laying up money, depriving themselves of comforts, and their families of the advantages of society and education, just to add a few dollars to their hoard every year; and so they keep on till they die and leave it to their children, who would be much better off if a little more had been invested in the cultivation of their minds and manners, and less in stocks and bonds.

"Jedwort was just one of that class of men, although perhaps he carried the fault I speak of a little to excess. A dollar looked so big to him, and he held it so close, that at last he could n't see much of anything else. By degrees he lost all regard for decency and his neighbors' opinions. His children went barefoot, even after they got to be great boys and girls, because he was too mean to buy them shoes. It was pitiful to see a nice, interesting girl, like Maria, go about looking as she did, while her father was piling his money

into the bank. She wanted to go to school, and learn music, and be somebody; but he would n't keep a hired girl, and so she was obliged to stay at home and do housework; and she could no more have got a dollar out of him to pay for clothes and tuition, than you could squeeze sap out of a hoe-handle.

"The only way his wife could ever get anything new for the family was by stealing butter from her own dairy, and selling it behind his back. 'You need n't say anything to Mr. Jedwort about this batch of butter,' she would hint to the storekeeper; 'but you may hand the money to me, or I will take my pay in goods.' In this way a new gown, or a piece of cloth for the boys' coats, or something else the family needed, would be smuggled into the house, with fear and trembling lest old Jedwort should make a row and find where the money came from.

"The house inside was kept neat as a pin; but everything around it looked terribly shiftless. It was built originally in an ambitious style, and painted white. It had four tall front pillars, supporting the portion of the roof that came over the porch,—lifting up the eyebrows of the house, if I may so express myself, and making it look as if it was going to sneeze. Half the blinds were off their hinges, and the rest flapped in the wind. The front door-step had rotted away. The porch had once a good floor, but for years Jedwort had been in the habit of going to it whenever he wanted a board for the pig-pen, until not a bit of floor was left.

"But I began to tell about Jedwort leaning on the gate that morning. We had all noticed him; and as Dave and I brought in the milk, his mother asked, 'What is your father planning now? Half the time he stands there, looking up the road; or else he's walking up that way in a brown study.'

"'He's got his eye on the old meeting-house,' says Dave, setting down his pail. 'He has been watching it and walking round it, off and on, for a week.'

"That was the first intimation I had of what the old fellow was up to. But

after breakfast he followed me out of the house, as if he had something on his mind to say to me.

"'Stark,' says he, at last, 'you've always insisted on't that I was n't an enterprisin' man.'

"'I insist on't still,' says I; for I was in the habit of talking mighty plain to him, and joking him pretty hard sometimes. 'If I had this farm, I'd show you enterprise. You would n't see the hogs in the garden half the time, just for want of a good fence to keep 'em out. You would n't see the very best strip of land lying waste, just for want of a ditch. You would n't see that stone wall by the road tumbling down year after year, till by and by you won't be able to see it for the weeds and thistles.'

"'Yes,' says he, sarcastically, 'ye'd lay out ten times as much money on the place as ye'd ever git back ag'in, I've no doubt. But I believe in economy.'

"That provoked me a little, and I said, 'Economy! you're one of the kind of men that'll skin a flint for sixpence and spoil a jack-knife worth a shilling; and that is n't economy any more than a corn-cob is a fiddlestick. You waste fodder and grain enough every three years to pay for a bigger barn,—to say nothing of the inconvenience.'

"'Wal, Stark,' says he, grinning and scratching his head, 'I've made up my mind to have a bigger barn, if I have to steal one.'

"'That won't be the first thing you've stole, neither,' says I.

"He flared up at that. 'Stole?' says he. 'What did I ever steal?'

"'Well, for one thing, the rails the freshet last spring drifted off from Talcott's land on to yours, and you grabbed: what was that but stealing?'

"'That was luck. He could n't swear to his rails. By the way, they'll jest come in play now.'

"'They've come in play already,' says I. 'They've gone on to the old fences all over the farm, and I could use a thousand more without making much show.'

“‘That ’s ’cause you ’re so dumbed extravagant with rails, as you are with everything else. A few loads can be spared from the fences here and there, as well as not. Harness up the team, boys, and git together enough to make about ten rods o’ zigzag, two rails high.’

“‘Two rails?’ says Dave, who had a healthy contempt for the old man’s narrow, contracted way of doing things. ‘What ’s the good of such a fence as that?’

“‘It ’ll be,’ says I, ‘like the single bar in music. When our old singing-master asked his class once what a single bar was, Bill Wilkins spoke up and said, “It ’s a bar that horses and cattle jump over, and pigs and sheep run under.” What do you expect to keep out with two rails?’

“‘The *law*, boys, the *law*,’ says Jedwort. ‘I know what I ’m about. I ’ll make a fence the *law* can’t run under nor jump over; and I don’t care a cuss for the cattle and pigs. You git the rails, and I ’ll rip some boards off ’m the pig-pen to make stakes.’

“‘Boards ain’t good for nothin’ for stakes,’ says Dave. ‘Besides, none can’t be spared from the pig-pen.’

“‘I ’ll have boards enough in a day or two for forty pig-pens,’ says Jedwort. ‘Bring along the rails and dump ’em out in the road for the present, and say nothin’ to nobody.’

“‘We got the rails, and he made his stakes; and right away after dinner he called us out. ‘Come, boys,’ says he, ‘now we ’ll astonish the natives.’

“‘The wagon stood in the road, with the last jag of rails still on it. Jedwort piled on his stakes, and threw on the crow-bar and axe, while we were hitching up the team.

“‘Now, drive on, Stark,’ says he.

“‘Yes; but where shall I drive to?’

“‘To the old meetin’-house,’ says Jedwort, trudging on ahead.

“‘The old meeting-house stood on an open common, at the northeast corner of his farm. A couple of cross-roads bounded it on two sides; and it was bounded on the other two by Jedwort’s

overgrown stone wall. It was a square, old-fashioned building, with a low steeple, that had a belfry, but no bell in it, and with a high, square pulpit and high, straight-backed pews inside. It was now some time since meetings had been held there; the old society that used to meet there having separated, one division of it building a fashionable chapel in the North Village, and the other a fine new church at the Centre.

“‘Now, the peculiarity about the old church property was, that nobody had any legal title to it. A log meeting-house had been built there when the country was first settled and land was of no account. In the course of time that was torn down, and a good framed house put up in its place. As it belonged to the whole community, no title, either to the house or land, was ever recorded; and it was n’t until after the society dissolved that the question came up as to how the property was to be disposed of. While the old deacons were carefully thinking it over, Jedwort was on hand, to settle it by putting in his claim.

“‘Now, boys,’ says he, ‘ye see what I ’m up to.’

“‘Yes,’ says I, provoked as I could be at the mean trick, ‘and I knew it was some such mischief all along. You never show any enterprise, as you call it, unless it is to get the start of a neighbor. Then you are wide awake; then you are busy as the Devil in a gale of wind.’

“‘But what *are* you up to, pa?’ says Dan, who didn’t see the trick yet.

“‘The old man says, ‘I ’m goin’ to fence in the rest part of my farm.’

“‘What rest part?’

“‘This part that never was fenced; the old meetin’-house common.’

“‘But, pa,’ says Dave, disgusted as I was, ‘you’ve no claim on that.’

“‘Wal, if I hain’t, I ’ll make a claim. Give me the crow-bar. Now, here’s the corner, nigh as I can squint’; — and he stuck the bar into the ground. ‘Make a fence to here from the wall, both sides.’

"'Sho, pa!' says Dan, looking bewildered; 'ye ain't goin' to fence in the old meetin'-house, be ye?'

"'That's jest what I'm goin' to do. Go and git some big stuns from the wall,—the biggest ye can find, to rest the corners of the fence on. String the rails along by the road, Stark, and go for another load. Don't stand gawp-in' there!'

"'Gawpin'?' says I; 'it's enough to make anybody *gawp*. You do beat all the critters I ever had to deal with. Have n't ye disgraced your family enough already, without stealing a meeting-house?'

"'How have I disgraced my family?' says he.

"Then I put it to him. 'Look at your children; it's all your wife can do to prevent 'em from growing up in rags and dirt and ignorance, because you are too close-fisted to clothe 'em decently or send 'em to school. Look at your house and yard. To see an Irishman's shanty in such a condition seems appropriate enough, but a genteel place, a house with pillars, run down and gone to seed like that, is an eyesore to the community. Then look at your wife. You never would have had any property to mismanage, if it had n't been for her; and see the way ye show your gratitude for it. You won't let her go into company, nor have company at home; you won't allow a hired girl in the house, but she and Maria have to do all the drudgery. You make perfect slaves of 'em. I swear, if 't wa' n't for your wife, I would n't work for you an hour longer; but she's the best woman in the world, after all you've done to break her spirit, and I hate to leave her.'

"The old fellow squirmed, and wrenched the crow-bar in the ground, then snarled back: 'Yes! you're waitin' for me to die; then you mean to step into my shoes.'

"'I hope you'll leave a decenter pair than them you've got on, if I'm to step into 'em,' says I.

"'One thing about it,' says he, 'she won't have ye.'

"'I should think,' says I, 'a woman that would marry you would have 'most anybody.'

"So we had it back and forth, till by and by he left me to throw off the rails, and went to show the boys how to build the fence.

"'Look here,' says he; 'jest put a thunderin' big stun to each corner; then lay your rail on; then drive your pair of stakes, like a letter X.' He drove a pair. 'Now put on your rider. There's your letter X, ridin' one length of rails and carryin' another. That's what I call puttin' yer alphabet to a practical use; and I say there ain't no sense in havin' any more edication than ye *can* put to a practical use. I've larnin' enough to git along in the world; and if my boys have as much as I've got, they'll git along. Now work spry, for there comes Deacon Talcott.'

"'Wal, wal!' says the Deacon, coming up, puffing with excitement; 'what ye doin' to the old meetin'-house?'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, driving away at his stakes, and never looking up, 'I've been considerin' some time what I should do with 't, and I've concluded to make a barn on 't.'

"'Make a barn! make a barn!' cries the Deacon. 'Who give ye liberty to make a barn of the house of God?'

"'Nobody; I take the liberty. Why should n't I do what I please with my own prop'ty?'

"'Your own property,—what do ye mean? 'T ain't your meetin'-house.'

"'Whose is 't, if 't ain't mine?' says Jedwort, lifting his turtle's head from between his horizontal shoulders, and grinning in the Deacon's face.

"'It belongs to the society,' says the Deacon.

"'But the s'ciety's pulled up stakes and gone off.'

"'It belongs to individooals of the society,—to individooals.'

"'Wal, I'm an individooal,' says Jedwort.

"'You! you never went to meetin' here a dozen times in your life!'

"'I never did have my share of the

old meetin'-house, that 's a fact,' says Jedwort; 'but I 'll make it up now.'

"'But what are ye fencin' up the common for?' says the Deacon.

"'It 'll make a good calf-pastur'. I 've never had my share o' the vally o' that, either. I 've let my neighbors' pigs and critters run on 't long enough; and now I 'm jest goin' to take possession o' my own.'

"'Your own!' says the Deacon, in perfect consternation. 'You 've no deed on 't.'

"'Wal, have you?'

"'No—but—the society—'

"'The s'ciety, I tell ye,' says Jedwort, holding his head up longer than I ever knew him to hold it up at a time, and grinning all the while in Talcott's face,—'the s'ciety is split to pieces. There ain't no s'ciety now,—any more 'n a pig 's a pig arter you 've butchered and e't it. You 've e't the pig amongst ye, and left me the pen. The s'ciety never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty; and no man ever had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty. My wife's gran'daddy, when he took up the land here, was a good-natered sort of man, and he allowed a corner on 't for his neighbors to put up a temp'rary meetin'-house. That was finally used up,—the kind o' preachin' they had them days was enough to use up in a little time any house that wa' n't fire-proof; and when that was preached to pieces, they put up another shelter in its place. This is it. And now 't the land ain't used no more for the puppose 't was lent for, it goes back nat'rally to the estate 't was took from, and the buildin's along with it.'

"'That 's all a sheer fabrication,' says the Deacon. 'This land was never a part of what 's now your farm, any more than it was a part of mine.'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, 'I look at it in my way, and you 've a perfect right to look at it in your way. But I 'm goin' to make sure o' my way, by puttin' a fence round the hull concern.'

"'And you 're usin' some of my rails fer to do it with!' says the Deacon.

"'Can you swear 'f they 're your rails?'

"'Yes, I can; they 're rails the fresh-et carried off from my farm last spring, and landed onto yourn.'

"'So I 've heard ye say. But can you swear to the partic'lar rails? Can you swear, for instance, 't this 'ere is your rail? or this 'ere one?'

"'No; I can't swear to precisely them two,—but—'

"'Can you swear to these two? or to any one or two?' says Jedwort. 'No, ye can't. Ye can swear to the lot in general, but you can't swear to any partic'lar rail, and that kind o' swearin' won't stand law, Deacon Talcott. I don't boast of bein' an edicated man, but I know suthin' o' what law is, and when I know it, I dror a line there, and I toe that line, and I make my neighbors toe that line, Deacon Talcott. Nine p'int of the law is possession, and I 'll have possession o' this 'ere house and land by fencin' on 't in; and though every man 't comes along should say these 'ere rails belong to them, I 'll fence it in with these 'ere very rails.'

"Jedwort said this, wagging his obstinate old head, and grinning with his face turned up pugnaciously at the Deacon; then went to work again as if he had settled the question, and did n't wish to discuss it any further.

"As for Talcott, he was too full of wrath and boiling indignation to answer such a speech. He knew that Jedwort had managed to get the start of him with regard to the rails, by mixing a few of his own with those he had stolen, so that nobody could tell 'em apart; and he saw at once that the meeting-house was in danger of going the same way, just for want of an owner to swear out a clear title to the property. He did just the wisest thing, when he swallowed his vexation, and hurried off to alarm the leading men of the two societies and to consult a lawyer.

"'He 'll stir up the old town like a bumble-bees' nest,' says Jedwort. 'Hurry up, boys, or there 'll be a buzzin' round our ears 'fore we git through!'

“‘I wish ye would n’t, pa!’ says Dave. ‘Why don’t we tend to our own business, and be decent, like other folks? I’m sick of this kind of life.’

“‘Quit it, then,’ says Jedwort.

“‘Do you tell me to quit it?’ says Dave, dropping the end of a rail he was handling.

“‘Yes, I do; and do it dumbed quick, if ye can’t show a proper respect to your father!’

“Dave turned white as a sheet, and he trembled as he answered back, ‘I should be glad to show you respect, if you was a man I could feel any respect for.’

“At that, Jedwort caught hold of the iron bar that was sticking in the ground, where he had been making a hole for a stake, and pulled away at it. ‘I’ll make a stake-hole in you!’ says he. ‘It’s enough to have a sassy hired man round, without bein’ jawed by one’s own children!’

“Dave was out of reach by the time the bar came out of the ground.

“‘Come here, you villain!’ says the old man.

“‘I’d rather be excused,’ says Dave, backing off. ‘I don’t want any stake-holes made in me to-day. You told me to quit, and I’m going to. You may steal your own meeting-houses in future; I won’t help.’

“There was a short race. Dave’s young legs proved altogether too smart for the old waddler’s, and he got off. Then Jedwort, coming back, wheezing and sweating, with his iron bar, turned savagely on me.

“‘I’ve a good notion to tell you to go too!’

“‘Very well, why don’t ye?’ says I. ‘I’m ready.’

“‘There’s no livin’ with ye, ye’re gittin’ so dumbed sassy! What I keep ye for is a mystery to me.’

“‘No, it ain’t: you keep me because you can’t get another man to fill my place. You put up with my sass for the money I bring ye in.’

“‘Hold your yawp,’ says he, ‘and go and git another load of rails. If ye see Dave, tell him to come back to work.’

“I did see Dave, but, instead of telling him to go back, I advised him to put out from the old home and get his living somewhere else. His mother and Maria agreed with me; and when the old man came home that night, Dave was gone.

“When I got back with my second load, I found the neighbors assembling to witness the stealing of the old meeting-house; and Jedwort was answering their remonstrances.

“‘A meetin’-house is a respectable kind o’ prop’ty to have round,’ says he. ‘The steeple’ll make a good show behind my house. When folks ride by, they’ll stop and look, and say, “There’s a man keeps a private meetin’-house of his own.” I can have preachin’ in’t, too, if I want. I’m able to hire a preacher of my own; or I can preach myself and save the expense.’

“Of course, neither sarcasm nor argument could have any effect on such a man. As the neighbors were going away, Jedwort shouted after ’em: ‘Call ag’in. Glad to see ye. There’ll be more sport in a few days, when I take the dumbed thing away.’ (The dumbed thing was the meeting-house.) ‘I invite ye all to see the show. Free gratis. It’ll be good as a circus, and a ’tarnal sight cheaper. The women can bring their knittin’, and the gals their everlastin’ tattin’. As it’ll be a pious kind o’ show, bein’ it’s a meetin’-house, guess I’ll have notices gi’n out from the pulpits the Sunday afore.’

“The common was fenced in by sundown; and the next day Jedwort had over a house-mover from the North Village to look and see what could be done with the building. ‘Can ye snake it over, and drop it back of my house?’ says he.

“‘It’ll be a hard job,’ says old Bob, ‘without you tear down the steeple fust.’

“But Jedwort said, ‘What’s a meetin’-house ’thout a steeple? I’ve got my heart kind o’ set on that steeple; and I’m bound to go the hull hog on this ’ere concern, now I’ve begun.’

“‘I vow,’ says Bob, examining the

timbers, 'I won't warrant but what the old thing 'll all tumble down.'

" 'I 'll resk it.'

" 'Yes ; but who 'll resk the lives of me and my men ?'

" 'O, you 'll see if it 's re'ly goin' to tumble, and look out. I 'll engage 't me and my boys 'll do the most dangerous part of the work. Dumb'd if I would n't agree to ride in the steeple and ring the bell, if there was one.'

" I 've never heard that the promised notices were read from the pulpits ; but it was n't many days before Bob came over again, bringing with him this time his screws and ropes and rollers, his men and timbers, horse and capstan ; and at last the old house might have been seen on its travels.

" It was an exciting time all around. The societies found that Jedwort's fence gave him the first claim to house and land, unless a regular siege of the law was gone through to beat him off, — and then it might turn out that he would beat them. Some said fight him ; some said let him be, — the thing ain't worth going to law for ; and so, as the leading men could n't agree as to what should be done, nothing was done. That was just what Jedwort had expected, and he laughed in his sleeve while Bob and his boys screwed up the old meeting-house, and got their beams under it, and set it on rollers, and slu'd it around, and slid it on the timbers laid for it across into Jedwort's field, steeple foremost, like a locomotive on a track.

" It was a trying time for the women-folks at home. Maria had declared that, if her father did persist in stealing the meeting-house, she would not stay a single day after it, but would follow Dave.

" That touched me pretty close, for, to tell the truth, it was rather more Maria than her mother that kept me at work for the old man. 'If you go,' says I, 'then there is no object for me to stay ; I shall go too.'

" 'That 's what I supposed,' says she ; 'for there 's no reason in the world why you should stay. But then Dan will go ; and who 'll be left to take sides with mother ? That 's what troubles

me. O, if she could only go too ! But she won't ; and she could n't if she would, with the other children depending on her. Dear, dear ! what shall we do ?'

" The poor girl put her head on my shoulder, and cried ; and if I should own up to the truth, I suppose I cried a little too. For where 's the man that can hold a sweet woman's head on his shoulder, while she sobs out her trouble, and he has n't any power to help her, — who, I say, can do any less, under such circumstances, than drop a tear or two for company ?

" 'Never mind ; don't hurry,' says Mrs. Jedwort. 'Be patient, and wait awhile, and it 'll all turn out right, I 'm sure.'

" 'Yes, you always say, "Be patient, and wait !"' says Maria, brushing back her hair. 'But, for my part, I 'm tired of waiting, and my patience has given out long ago. We can't always live in this way, and we may as well make a change now as ever. But I can't bear the thought of going and leaving you.'

" Here the two younger girls came in ; and, seeing that crying was the order of the day, they began to cry ; and when they heard Maria talk of going, they declared they would go ; and even little Willie, the four-year-old, began to howl.

" 'There, there ! Maria ! Lottie ! Susie !' said Mrs. Jedwort, in her calm way ; 'Willie, hush up ! I don't know what we are to do ; but I feel that something is going to happen that will show us the right way, and we are to wait. Now go and wash the dishes, and set the cheese.'

" That was just after breakfast, the second day of the moving ; and sure enough, something like what she prophesied did happen before another sun.

" The old frame held together pretty well till along toward night, when the steeple showed signs of seceding. 'There she goes ! She 's falling now !' sung out the boys, who had been hanging around all day in hopes of seeing the thing tumble.

" The house was then within a few

rods of where Jedwort wanted it; but Bob stopped right there, and said it was n't safe to haul it another inch. 'That steeple's bound to come down, if we do,' says he.

"Not by a dumbed sight, it ain't," says Jedwort. 'Them cracks ain't nothin'; the j'int's is all firm yit.' He wanted Bob to go up and examine; but Bob shook his head, — the concern looked too shaky. Then he told me to go up; but I said I had n't lived quite long enough, and had a little rather be smoking my pipe on *terra firma*. Then the boys began to hoot. 'Dumbled if ye ain't all a set of cowards,' says he. 'I'll go up myself.'

'We waited outside while he climbed up inside. The boys jumped on the ground to jar the steeple, and make it fall. One of them blew a horn, — as he said, to bring down the old Jericho, — and another thought he'd help things along by starting up the horse, and giving the building a little wrench. But Bob put a stop to that; and finally out came a head from the belfry window. It was Jedwort, who shouted down to us: "'There ain't a j'int or brace gin out. Start the hoss, and I'll ride. Pass me up that 'ere horn, and —'

"Just then there came a cracking and loosening of timbers; and we that stood nearest had only time to jump out of the way, when down came the steeple crashing to the ground, with Jedwort in it."

"I hope it killed the cuss," said one of the village story-tellers.

"Worse than that," replied my friend; "it just cracked his skull, — not enough to put an end to his miserable life, but only to take away what little sense he had. We got the doctors to him, and they patched up his broken head; and, by George, it made me mad to see the fuss the women-folks made over him. It would have been my way to let him die; but they were as anxious and attentive to him as if he had been the kindest husband and most indulgent father that ever lived; for that's women's style: they're unreasoning creatures.

"Along towards morning, we persuaded Mrs. Jedwort, who had been up all night, to lie down a spell and catch a little rest, while Maria and I sat up and watched with the old man. All was still except our whispers and his heavy breathing; there was a lamp burning in the next room; when all of a sudden a light shone into the windows, and about the same time we heard a roaring and crackling sound. We looked out, and saw the night all lighted up, as if by some great fire. As it appeared to be on the other side of the house, we ran to the door, and there what did we see but the old meeting-house all in flames. Some fellows had set fire to it to spite Jedwort. It must have been burning some time inside; for when we looked out, the flames had burst through the roof.

"As the night was perfectly still, except a light wind blowing away from the other buildings on the place, we raised no alarm, but just stood in the door and saw it burn. And a glad sight it was to us, you may be sure. I just held Maria close to my side, and told her that all was well, — it was the best thing that could happen. 'O yes,' says she, 'it seems to me as though a kind Providence was burning up his sin and shame out of our sight.'

"I had never yet said anything to her about marriage, — for the time to come at that had never hardly seemed to arrive; but there's nothing like a little excitement to bring things to a focus. You've seen water in a tumbler just at the freezing point, but not exactly able to make up its mind to freeze, when a little jar will set the crystals forming, and in a minute what was liquid is ice. It was the shock of events that night that touched my life into crystals, — not of ice, gentlemen, by any manner of means.

"After the fire had got along so far that the meeting-house was a gone case, an alarm was given, probably by the very fellows that set it, and a hundred people were on the spot before the thing had done burning.

"Of course these circumstances put

an end to the breaking up of the family. Dave was sent for, and came home. Then, as soon as we saw that the old man's brain was injured so that he was n't likely to recover his mind, the boys and I went to work and put that farm through a course of improvement it would have done your eyes good to see. The children were sent to school, and Mrs. Jedwort had all the money she wanted now to clothe them, and to provide the house with comforts, without stealing her own butter. Jedwort was a burden; but, in spite of him, that was just about the happiest family, for the next four years, that ever lived on this planet.

"Jedwort soon got his bodily health, but I don't think he knew one of us again after his hurt. As near as I could get at his state of mind, he thought he had been changed into some sort of animal. He seemed inclined to take me for a master, and for four years he followed me around like a dog. During that time he never spoke, but only whined and growled. When I said, 'Lie down,' he'd lie down; and when I whistled, he'd come.

"I used sometimes to make him work; and certain simple things he would do very well, as long as I was by. One day I had a jag of hay to get in; and, as the boys were away, I thought I'd have him load it. I pitched it on to the wagon about where it ought to lie, and looked to him only to pack it down. There turned out to be a bigger load than I had expected, and the higher it got, the worse the shape of it, till finally, as I was starting it towards the barn, off it rolled, and the old man with it, head foremost.

"He struck a stone heap, and for a moment I thought he was killed. But he jumped up and spoke for the first time. '*I'll blow it,*' says he, finishing the sentence he had begun four years before, when he called for the horn to be passed up to him.

"I could n't have been much more astonished if one of the horses had spoken. But I saw at once that there was an expression in Jedwort's face that

had n't been there since his tumble in the belfry; and I knew that, as his wits had been knocked out of him by one blow on the head, so another blow had knocked 'em in again.

" 'Where's Bob?' says he, looking all around.

" 'Bob?' says I, not thinking at first who he meant. 'O, Bob is dead,—he has been dead these three years.'

"Without noticing my reply, he exclaimed: 'Where did all that hay come from? Where's the old meetin'-house?'

" 'Don't you know?' says I. 'Some rogues set fire to it the night after you got hurt, and burnt it up.'

"He seemed then just beginning to realize that something extraordinary had happened.

" 'Stark,' says he, 'what's the matter with ye? You're changed.'

" 'Yes,' says I, 'I wear my beard now, and I've grown older!'

" 'Dumbed if 't ain't odd!' says he. 'Stark, what in thunder's the matter with *me*?'

" 'You've had meeting-house on the brain for the past four years,' says I; 'that's what's the matter.'

"It was some time before I could make him understand that he had been out of his head, and that so long a time had been a blank to him.

"Then he said, 'Is this my farm?'

" 'Don't you know it?' says I.

" 'It looks more slicked up than ever it used to,' says he.

" 'Yes,' says I; 'and you'll find everything else on the place slicked up in about the same way.'

" 'Where's Dave?' says he.

" 'Dave has gone to town to see about selling the wool.'

" 'Where's Dan?'

" 'Dan's in college. He takes a great notion to medicine; and we're going to make a doctor of him.'

" 'Whose house is that?' says he, as I was taking him home.

" 'No wonder you don't know it,' says I. 'It has been painted, and shingled, and had new blinds put on; the gates and fences are all in prime

condition; and that's a new barn we put up a couple of years ago.'

"Where does the money come from, to make all these improvements?'

"It comes off the place,' says I. 'We have n't run in debt the first cent for anything, but we've made the farm more profitable than it ever was before.'

"That *my* house?' he repeated wonderingly, as we approached it. 'What sound is that?'

"That's Lottie practising her lesson on the piano.'

"A pianer in my nouse!' he muttered. 'I can't stand that!' He listened. 'It sounds pooty, though!'

"Yes, it does sound pretty, and I guess you'll like it. How does the place suit you?'

"It *looks* pooty.' He started. 'What young lady is that?'

"It was Lottie, who had left her music, and stood by the window.

"My dahter! ye don't say! Dumbled if she ain't a mighty nice gal.'

"Yes,' says I; 'she takes after her mother.'

"Just then Susie, who heard talking, ran to the door.

"Who's that ag'in?' says Jedwort.

"I told him.

"Wal, *she* 's a mighty nice-lookin' gal!'

"Yes,' says I, '*she* takes after her mother.'

"Little Willie, now eight years old, came out of the wood-shed with a bow-and-arrow in his hand, and stared like an owl, hearing his father talk.

"What boy is that?' says Jedwort. And when I told him, he muttered, 'He's an ugly-lookin' brat!'

"He's more like his father,' says I.

"The truth is, Willie was such a fine boy the old man was afraid to praise him, for fear I'd say of him, as I'd said of the girls, that he favored his mother.

"Susie ran back and gave the alarm; and then out came mother, and Maria with her baby in her arms, — for I forgot to tell you that we had been married now nigh on to two years.

"Well, the women-folks were as

much astonished as I had been when Jedwort first spoke, and a good deal more delighted. They drew him into the house; and I am bound to say he behaved remarkably well. He kept looking at his wife, and his children, and his grandchild, and the new paper on the walls, and the new furniture, and now and then asking a question or making a remark.

"It all comes back to me now,' says he at last. 'I thought I was living in the moon, with a superior race of human bein's; and this is the place, and you are the people.'

"It was n't more than a couple of days before he began to pry around, and find fault, and grumble at the expense; and I saw there was danger of things relapsing into something like their former condition. So I took him one side, and talked to him.

"Jedwort,' says I, 'you're like a man raised from the grave. You was the same as buried to your neighbors, and now they come and look at you as they would at a dead man come to life. To you, it's like coming into a new world; and I'll leave it to you now, if you don't rather like the change from the old state of things to what you see around you to-day. You've seen how the family affairs go on, — how pleasant everything is, and how we all enjoy ourselves. You hear the piano, and like it; you see your children sought after and respected, — your wife in finer health and spirits than you've ever known her since the day she was married; you see industry and neatness everywhere on the premises; and you're a beast if you don't like all that. In short, you see that our management is a great deal better than yours; and that we beat you, even in the matter of economy. Now, what I want to know is this: whether you think you'd like to fall into our way of living, or return like a hog to your wallow.'

"I don't say but what I like your way of livin' very well,' he grumbled.

"Then,' says I, 'you must just let us go ahead, as we have been going ahead. Now's the time for you to

turn about and be a respectable man, like your neighbors. Just own up, and say you've not only been out of your head the past four years, but that you've been more or less out of your head the last four-and-twenty years. But say you're in your right mind now, and prove it by acting like a man in his right mind. Do that, and I'm with you; we're all with you. But go back to your old dirty ways, and you go alone. Now I sha'n't let you off, till you tell me what you mean to do.'

"He hesitated some time, then said, 'May be you're about right, Stark; you and Dave and the old woman seem to be doin' pooty well, and I guess I'll let you go on.'"

Here my friend paused, as if his story was done; when one of the villagers asked, "About the land where the old meetin'-house stood, — what ever was done with that?"

"That was appropriated for a new school-house; and there my little shavers go to school."

"And old Jedwort, is he alive yet?"

"Both Jedwort and his wife have gone to that country where meanness and dishonesty have a mighty poor chance, — where the only investments worth much are those recorded in the Book of Life. Mrs. Jedwort was rich in that kind of stock; and Jedwort's account, I guess, will compare favorably with that of some respectable people, such as we all know. I tell ye, my friends," continued my fellow-traveller, "there's many a man, both in the higher and lower ranks of life, that't would do a deal of good, say nothing of the mercy't would be to their families, just to knock 'em on the head, and make Nebuchadnezzars of 'em, — then, after they'd been turned out to grass a few years, let 'em come back again, and see how happy folks have been, and how well they have got along without 'em."

"I carry on the old place now," he added. "The younger girls are married off; Dan's a doctor in the North Village; and as for Dave, he and I have struck ile. I'm going out to look at our property now."

TERMINUS.

IT is time to be old,
 To take in sail: —
 The god of bounds,
 Who sets to seas a shore,
 Came to me in his fatal rounds,
 And said, "No more!
 No further spread
 Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root;
 Fancy departs: no more invent,
 Contract thy firmament
 To compass of a tent.
 There's not enough for this and that,
 Make thy option which of two;
 Economize the failing river,
 Not the less adore the Giver,
 Leave the many and hold the few.
 Timely wise accept the terms,
 Soften the fall with wary foot;

A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.

"Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS FOR IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

A VERY limited statement of the argument for impartial suffrage, and for including the negro in the body politic, would require more space than can be reasonably asked here. It is supported by reasons as broad as the nature of man, and as numerous as the wants of society. Man is the only government-making animal in the world. His right to a participation in the production and operation of government is an inference from his nature, as direct and self-evident as is his right to acquire property or education. It is no less a crime against the manhood of a man, to declare that he shall not share in the making and directing of the government under which he lives, than to say that he shall not acquire property and education. The fundamental and unanswerable argument in favor of the

enfranchisement of the negro is found in the undisputed fact of his manhood. He is a man, and by every fact and argument by which any man can sustain his right to vote, the negro can sustain his right equally. It is plain that, if the right belongs to any, it belongs to all. The doctrine that some men have no rights that others are bound to respect, is a doctrine which we must banish, as we have banished slavery, from which it emanated. If black men have no rights in the eyes of white men, of course the whites can have none in the eyes of the blacks. The result is a war of races, and the annihilation of all proper human relations.

But suffrage for the negro, while easily sustained upon abstract principles, demands consideration upon what are recognized as the urgent necessities of

the case. It is a measure of relief, — a shield to break the force of a blow already descending with violence, and render it harmless. The work of destruction has already been set in motion all over the South. Peace to the country has literally meant war to the loyal men of the South, white and black; and negro suffrage is the measure to arrest and put an end to that dreadful strife.

Something then, not by way of argument, (for that has been done by Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and other able men,) but rather of statement and appeal.

For better or for worse, (as in some of the old marriage ceremonies,) the negroes are evidently a permanent part of the American population. They are too numerous and useful to be colonized, and too enduring and self-perpetuating to disappear by natural causes. Here they are, four millions of them, and, for weal or for woe, here they must remain. Their history is parallel to that of the country; but while the history of the latter has been cheerful and bright with blessings, theirs has been heavy and dark with agonies and curses. What O'Connell said of the history of Ireland may with greater truth be said of the negro's. It may be "traced like a wounded man through a crowd, by the blood." Yet the negroes have marvellously survived all the exterminating forces of slavery, and have emerged at the end of two hundred and fifty years of bondage, not morose, misanthropic, and revengeful, but cheerful, hopeful, and forgiving. They now stand before Congress and the country, not complaining of the past, but simply asking for a better future. The spectacle of these dusky millions thus imploring, not demanding, is touching; and if American statesmen could be moved by a simple appeal to the nobler elements of human nature, if they had not fallen, seemingly, into the incurable habit of weighing and measuring every proposition of reform by some standard of profit and loss, doing wrong from choice, and right only from necessity or

some urgent demand of human selfishness, it would be enough to plead for the negroes on the score of past services and sufferings. But no such appeal shall be relied on here. Hardships, services, sufferings, and sacrifices are all waived. It is true that they came to the relief of the country at the hour of its extremest need. It is true that, in many of the rebellious States, they were almost the only reliable friends the nation had throughout the whole tremendous war. It is true that, notwithstanding their alleged ignorance, they were wiser than their masters, and knew enough to be loyal, while those masters only knew enough to be rebels and traitors. It is true that they fought side by side in the loyal cause with our gallant and patriotic white soldiers, and that, but for their help, — divided as the loyal States were, — the Rebels might have succeeded in breaking up the Union, thereby entailing border wars and troubles of unknown duration and incalculable calamity. All this and more is true of these loyal negroes. Many daring exploits will be told to their credit. Impartial history will paint them as men who deserved well of their country. It will tell how they forded and swam rivers, with what consummate address they evaded the sharp-eyed Rebel pickets, how they toiled in the darkness of night through the tangled marshes of briers and thorns, barefooted and weary, running the risk of losing their lives, to warn our generals of Rebel schemes to surprise and destroy our loyal army. It will tell how these poor people, whose rights we still despised, behaved to our wounded soldiers, when found cold, hungry, and bleeding on the deserted battle-field; how they assisted our escaping prisoners from Andersonville, Belle Isle, Castle Thunder, and elsewhere, sharing with them their wretched crusts, and otherwise affording them aid and comfort; how they promptly responded to the trumpet call for their services, fighting against a foe that denied them the rights of civilized warfare, and for a government which was without the courage to assert those rights and avenge

their violation in their behalf; with what gallantry they flung themselves upon Rebel fortifications, meeting death as fearlessly as any other troops in the service. But upon none of these things is reliance placed. These facts speak to the better dispositions of the human heart; but they seem of little weight with the opponents of impartial suffrage.

It is true that a strong plea for equal suffrage might be addressed to the national sense of honor. Something, too, might be said of national gratitude. A nation might well hesitate before the temptation to betray its allies. There is something immeasurably mean, to say nothing of the cruelty, in placing the loyal negroes of the South under the political power of their Rebel masters. To make peace with our enemies is all well enough; but to prefer our enemies and sacrifice our friends,—to exalt our enemies and cast down our friends,—to clothe our enemies, who sought the destruction of the government, with all political power, and leave our friends powerless in their hands,—is an act which need not be characterized here. We asked the negroes to espouse our cause, to be our friends, to fight for us and against their masters; and now, after they have done all that we asked them to do,—helped us to conquer their masters, and thereby directed toward themselves the furious hate of the vanquished,—it is proposed in some quarters to turn them over to the political control of the common enemy of the government and of the negro. But of this let nothing be said in this place. Waiving humanity, national honor, the claims of gratitude, the precious satisfaction arising from deeds of charity and justice to the weak and defenceless,—the appeal for impartial suffrage addresses itself with great pertinency to the darkest, coldest, and flintiest side of the human heart, and would wring righteousness from the unfeeling calculations of human selfishness.

For in respect to this grand measure it is the good fortune of the negro that enlightened selfishness, not less than

justice, fights on his side. National interest and national duty, if elsewhere separated, are firmly united here. The American people can, perhaps, afford to brave the censure of surrounding nations for the manifest injustice and meanness of excluding its faithful black soldiers from the ballot-box, but it cannot afford to allow the moral and mental energies of rapidly increasing millions to be consigned to hopeless degradation.

Strong as we are, we need the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm to make us stronger. We want no longer any heavy-footed, melancholy service from the negro. We want the cheerful activity of the quickened manhood of these sable millions. Nor can we afford to endure the moral blight which the existence of a degraded and hated class must necessarily inflict upon any people among whom such a class may exist. Exclude the negroes as a class from political rights,—teach them that the high and manly privilege of suffrage is to be enjoyed by white citizens only,—that they may bear the burdens of the state, but that they are to have no part in its direction or its honors,—and you at once deprive them of one of the main incentives to manly character and patriotic devotion to the interests of the government; in a word, you stamp them as a degraded *caste*,—you teach them to despise themselves, and all others to despise them. Men are so constituted that they largely derive their ideas of their abilities and their possibilities from the settled judgments of their fellow-men, and especially from such as they read in the institutions under which they live. If these bless them, they are blest indeed; but if these blast them, they are blasted indeed. Give the negro the elective franchise, and you give him at once a powerful motive for all noble exertion, and make him a man among men. A character is demanded of him, and here as elsewhere demand favors supply. It is nothing against this reasoning that all men who vote are not good men or good citizens. It is enough that the

possession and exercise of the elective franchise is in itself an appeal to the nobler elements of manhood, and imposes education as essential to the safety of society.

To appreciate the full force of this argument, it must be observed, that disfranchisement in a republican government based upon the idea of human equality and universal suffrage, is a very different thing from disfranchisement in governments based upon the idea of the divine right of kings, or the entire subjugation of the masses. Masses of men can take care of themselves. Besides, the disabilities imposed upon all are necessarily without that bitter and stinging element of invidiousness which attaches to disfranchisement in a republic. What is common to all works no special sense of degradation to any. But in a country like ours, where men of all nations, kindred, and tongues are freely enfranchised, and allowed to vote, to say to the negro, You shall not vote, is to deal his manhood a staggering blow, and to burn into his soul a bitter and goading sense of wrong, or else work in him a stupid indifference to all the elements of a manly character. As a nation, we cannot afford to have amongst us either this indifference and stupidity, or that burning sense of wrong. These sable millions are too powerful to be allowed to remain either indifferent or discontented. Enfranchise them, and they become self-respecting and country-loving citizens. Disfranchise them, and the mark of Cain is set upon them less mercifully than upon the first murderer, for no man was to hurt him. But this mark of inferiority—all the more palpable because of a difference of color—not only dooms the negro to be a vagabond, but makes him the prey of insult and outrage everywhere. While nothing may be urged here as to the past services of the negro, it is quite within the line of this appeal to remind the nation of the possibility that a time may come when the services of the negro may be a second time required. History is said to re-

peat itself, and, if so, having wanted the negro once, we may want him again. Can that statesmanship be wise which would leave the negro good ground to hesitate, when the exigencies of the country required his prompt assistance? Can that be sound statesmanship which leaves millions of men in gloomy discontent, and possibly in a state of alienation in the day of national trouble? Was not the nation stronger when two hundred thousand sable soldiers were hurled against the Rebel fortifications, than it would have been without them? Arming the negro was an urgent military necessity three years ago,—are we sure that another quite as pressing may not await us? Casting aside all thought of justice and magnanimity, is it wise to impose upon the negro all the burdens involved in sustaining government against foes within and foes without, to make him equal sharer in all sacrifices for the public good, to tax him in peace and conscript him in war, and then coldly exclude him from the ballot-box?

Look across the sea. Is Ireland, in her present condition, fretful, discontented, compelled to support an establishment in which she does not believe, and which the vast majority of her people abhor, a source of power or of weakness to Great Britain? Is not Austria wise in removing all ground of complaint against her on the part of Hungary? And does not the Emperor of Russia act wisely, as well as generously, when he not only breaks up the bondage of the serf, but extends him all the advantages of Russian citizenship? Is the present movement in England in favor of manhood suffrage—for the purpose of bringing four millions of British subjects into full sympathy and co-operation with the British government—a wise and humane movement, or otherwise? Is the existence of a rebellious element in our borders—which New Orleans, Memphis, and Texas show to be only disarmed, but at heart as malignant as ever, only waiting for an opportunity to reassert

itself with fire and sword—a reason for leaving four millions of the nation's truest friends with just cause of complaint against the Federal government? If the doctrine that taxation should go hand in hand with representation can be appealed to in behalf of recent traitors and rebels, may it not properly be asserted in behalf of a people who have ever been loyal and faithful to the government? The answers to these questions are too obvious to require statement. Disguise it as we may, we are still a divided nation. The Rebel States have still an anti-national policy. Massachusetts and South Carolina may draw tears from the eyes of our tender-hearted President by walking arm in arm into his Philadelphia Convention, but a citizen of Massachusetts is still an alien in the Palmetto State. There is that, all over the South, which frightens Yankee industry, capital, and skill from its borders. We have crushed the Rebellion, but not its hopes or its malign purposes. The South fought for perfect and permanent control over the Southern laborer. It was a war of the rich against the poor. They who waged it had no objection to the government, while they could use it as a means of confirming their power over the laborer. They fought the government, not because they hated the government as such, but because they found it, as they thought, in the way between them and their one grand purpose of rendering permanent and indestructible their authority and power over the Southern laborer. Though the battle is for the present lost, the hope of gaining this object still exists, and pervades the whole South with a feverish excitement. We have thus far only gained a Union without unity, marriage without love, victory without peace. The hope of gaining by politics what they lost by the sword, is the secret of all this Southern unrest; and that hope must be extinguished before national ideas and objects can take full possession of the Southern mind. There is but one safe and constitutional way to banish that mischievous hope from the South, and

that is by lifting the laborer beyond the unfriendly political designs of his former master. Give the negro the elective franchise, and you at once destroy the purely sectional policy, and wheel the Southern States into line with national interests and national objects. The last and shrewdest turn of Southern politics is a recognition of the necessity of getting into Congress immediately, and at any price. The South will comply with any conditions but suffrage for the negro. It will swallow all the unconstitutional test oaths, repeal all the ordinances of Secession, repudiate the Rebel debt, promise to pay the debt incurred in conquering its people, pass all the constitutional amendments, if only it can have the negro left under its political control. The proposition is as modest as that made on the mountain: "All these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

But why are the Southerners so willing to make these sacrifices? The answer plainly is, they see in this policy the only hope of saving something of their old sectional peculiarities and power. Once firmly seated in Congress, their alliance with Northern Democrats re-established, their States restored to their former position inside the Union, they can easily find means of keeping the Federal government entirely too busy with other important matters to pay much attention to the local affairs of the Southern States. Under the potent shield of State Rights, the game would be in their own hands. Does any sane man doubt for a moment that the men who followed Jefferson Davis through the late terrible Rebellion, often marching barefooted and hungry, naked and penniless, and who now only profess an enforced loyalty, would plunge this country into a foreign war to-day, if they could thereby gain their coveted independence, and their still more coveted mastery over the negroes? Plainly enough, the peace not less than the prosperity of this country is involved in the great measure of impartial suffrage. King Cotton is de-

posed, but only deposed, and is ready to-day to reassert all his ancient pretensions upon the first favorable opportunity. Foreign countries abound with his agents. They are able, vigilant, devoted. The young men of the South burn with the desire to regain what they call the lost cause; the women are noisily malignant towards the Federal government. In fact, all the elements of treason and rebellion are there under the thinnest disguise which necessity can impose.

What, then, is the work before Congress? It is to save the people of the South from themselves, and the nation from detriment on their account. Congress must supplant the evident sectional tendencies of the South by national dispositions and tendencies. It must cause national ideas and objects to take the lead and control the politics of those States. It must cease to recognize the old slave-masters as the only competent persons to rule the South. In a word, it must enfranchise the negro, and by means of the loyal negroes and the loyal white men of the South build up a national party there, and in time bridge the chasm between North and South, so that our country may have a common liberty and a common civilization. The new wine must be put into new bottles. The lamb may not be trusted with the wolf. Loyalty is hardly safe with traitors.

Statesmen of America! beware what you do. The ploughshare of rebellion has gone through the land beam-deep. The soil is in readiness, and the seed-time has come. Nations, not less than individuals, reap as they sow. The dreadful calamities of the past few years came not by accident, nor unbidden, from the ground. You shudder

to-day at the harvest of blood sown in the spring-time of the Republic by your patriot fathers. The principle of slavery, which they tolerated under the erroneous impression that it would soon die out, became at last the dominant principle and power at the South. It early mastered the Constitution, became superior to the Union, and enthroned itself above the law.

Freedom of speech and of the press it slowly but successfully banished from the South, dictated its own code of honor and manners to the nation, brandished the bludgeon and the bowie-knife over Congressional debate, sapped the foundations of loyalty, dried up the springs of patriotism, blotted out the testimonies of the fathers against oppression, padlocked the pulpit, expelled liberty from its literature, invented nonsensical theories about master-races and slave-races of men, and in due season produced a Rebellion fierce, foul, and bloody.

This evil principle again seeks admission into our body politic. It comes now in shape of a denial of political rights to four million loyal colored people. The South does not now ask for slavery. It only asks for a large degraded *caste*, which shall have no political rights. This ends the case. Statesmen, beware what you do. The destiny of unborn and unnumbered generations is in your hands. Will you repeat the mistake of your fathers, who sinned ignorantly? or will you profit by the blood-bought wisdom all round you, and forever expel every vestige of the old abomination from our national borders? As you members of the Thirty-ninth Congress decide, will the country be peaceful, united, and happy, or troubled, divided, and miserable.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

A. D. 1867.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,—
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations,—
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer,—
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar :
One hand a droning organ played,—
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head :
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarléd horns were somewhere sprouting ;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,

And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted ;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New-Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley ;
The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry, —
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

And one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper :
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper ;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead !" — and all the people
Went on their ways : — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

THE KINGDOM OF INFANCY.

WHEN the present writer was a small boy, he firmly believed Fairyland to be in the asparagus-bed, and envied the house-cat her ability to traverse that weird and waving forest into which, through thick stems, he could only peer. And then, too, being allowed to sit up one night an hour later than usual, and listen to the reading of Irving's "Tour on the Prairies" (just out), the next day he, with a comrade (in time a gallant captain of Massachusetts Volunteers), procured sticks that imagination shaped to rifles, and started due west from the streets of the seaside village. They went gloriously on, deep and deeper into the forest, in the full conviction that it opened first upon the borders of the land of deer and buffalo, when they came to a stone fence, and then a road, — a travelled and dusty highway. Right across their pioneer path it ran, and the sight of it struck a chill conviction to their hearts that civilization had gone ahead of them, and that they should never see buffalo. The writer never has seen buffalo to this day, except one herd of hideous brutes, that stared at him out of the Pontine Marshes, as he rode by on the banquette of the Rome and Naples diligence.

These two dreams of boyhood came back to us with the late fine autumnal weather, and set us to thinking upon the marvellousness of childhood. It is a world of life apart. It has its own laws, mysteries, illusions or realities, whichever you please. And nothing is more surprising than the way in which grown-up men and women not only pass out of it, but of all memory of it, and become altogether different beings. If Wordsworth's saying hold, — "The child is father to the man," — we can but retort the proverb, "It is a wise child that knows its own father." Who shall read for us the riddle of boyhood? It is not mimicry of manhood. Men and women are not children of a larger

growth, they are men and women. We suppose the children of the Rollo Series might indeed be blown up into ordinary men and women, being such on a small scale; but they are not at all like real boys and girls. What passes over childhood is a *change*, such as comes upon puppies and kittens and colts and lambs and cubs and whelps of every kind. Boys imitate men, and little girls likewise play at housekeeping; but in the manner of the imitation there is the same ludicrous disproportion and whimsicality which one sees in children dressed up in the clothes of their elders. There is unto them a law of their own. When the imitation is really well done, as in the mimic Senate of the pages of Congress, it is *nothing* but clever acting, and the most wearisome of sights. There is a story of a comedy performed by monkeys with wonderful spirit and gravity, till a mischievous spectator threw a handful of nuts on the stage, when kings, lovers, and heroes suddenly fell into a four-footed scramble, in utter oblivion of their parts. So the first question of personal interest thrown among these boy debaters would probably produce a scene compared to which the liveliest rows of the grown-up houses would be tame.

The Kingdom of Infancy is the direct heir of that of the Medes and Persians, whose laws alter not. Look at boys' games. Do they change? Men change. When we were a boy, we made our first journey to Boston in a stage-coach, and were treated to a ride in the first railway cars which had begun to unite the metropolis to the country towns. A wooden line-of-battle ship was a marvel in our eyes, — great, massive, invincible. Bunker Hill Monument rose then about seventy feet, and every one said would probably never be finished. A telegraph was a thing with wooden arms, which made strange signs in the air, like a lunatic windmill. The Atlantic Monthly of that day was

called "The United States Literary Gazette," and a young man who signed himself "L." had just written for it a piece called "Woods in Winter"; while "B.," another, contributed a piece entitled "The Murdered Traveller." Now, if we were to journey Bostonward, we should take a car in which we could go to bed and slumber composedly; we should visit the navy-yard to see a monitor; we should click a wire homeward to say that we were to stay another night in the city; we should purchase the "Flower-de-Luce," and "Thirty Poems," as also a couple of sun-likenesses of "B." and "L." Two or three years ago, we should have beheld a regiment of negro soldiers marching down Tremont Row, in full sight of a bland, bald-headed gentleman, whom (on our first visit to the three-hilled city) we once narrowly missed seeing hurried through Boston streets by a crowd benevolently bent on running him up to a lamp-post. We should have learned that these same troops were bound to New York (where it was once eloquently proved in the Tabernacle that they were not men, but only a secondary form of Simia); thence to Philadelphia (where we saw the yet smouldering ruins of Pennsylvania Hall); and thence to Baltimore and Washington (when we were last there a similar consignment arrived for the Southern market), *not* to be sold, but to be *paid, armed, and marched* to the battle-field. There was some change in all this. "So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst of his immortal nature," — as a young gentleman not long since said in a pretty Commencement poem. Beavers and boys, however, build the same now as of old. Only this very morning we stepped above a "hop-scotch" diagram, drawn after the precise pattern of those we used to scuff through in the days above described. There hangs a kite upon our neighbor's barn gable, made after the same archaic pattern as our boyhood kites. The peg-tops, the marbles, are as familiar to us now as in the time before the streaks of silver had begun to diversify our back

hair, — and ingenuous youth persists in manipulating them after the pattern of old.

School-books change; instead of Malte-Brun, goodness-knows-who geographies the rising mind, and young America turns up its nose at the dog's-eared arithmetic which was our boyhood's sorrow. But when we come to "prisoner's base," and "high-spy," we think we might give the young gentlemen of the present day a point or two, without much risk. The Kingdom of Infancy is like the rule of the Bourbons, — nothing forgotten, nothing learned. Men in their games improve upon the past; Morphy could have given Philidor pawn and move, and Tieman and Kavanagh are the Raphael and Buonarrotti of billiards; but your child this morning made its mud-pies in the precise way in which you constructed your first terraqueous pastry, and you may safely bet the nation's collective income-tax against a five-cent note, that your grandchildren will do the same.

Who makes the laws of the Kingdom of Infancy? Who determines when kite-time, top-time, marble-time, ball-time, shall come? Not the fitness of things, certainly. Boys in England will be perversely playing at the same sports as boys in America, in utter defiance of meteorological laws. Raging football in the hot summer, sedentary marbles in the cold, wet spring, are determined by some law which childhood is conscious of, yet cannot define, but which the man can never fathom.

Whence come the superstitions of childhood? For what cause is it that the school-girl walks to school intent upon never setting foot across a crack in the pavement, and would rather be tardy than lose her game? Her mother did it before her; and what was the reproach, O staid matronly friend of my youth, which visited failure, you know not; but when even now you come to that well-remembered stone, — so narrow that it was an awkward marvel of skill to hit it, — you can hardly help trying the feat once more.

There is a creed established in our

Kingdom, with unvarying traditions. You do not believe that Tompkins Pond is bottomless in some places, but you did in the days when you fished there for perch; and you would not be in the least surprised to hear your Willy say at tea to-night, "Father, is n't there a place in Tompkins Pond where there is no bottom? Jim Morse" (a horrid Voltairean, whom we would gladly consign to the secular arm for an *auto da fe*) "says there is n't, but I know there is." Boys have their worship, too. There is always one fellow in a school who can do everything; — or else is not in the school, but works for somebody in the neighborhood, and comes at recess and leans over the fence, and criticises, and sometimes takes a marvellous stroke with a ball-club, or a kick at a football, or is seen at the top of the big elm, where no one else has ever climbed. Him they revere.

We said the laws of the Kingdom never change; but its fashions do. Can you not remember how it was the height of felicity to possess some article which was neither a toy, nor eatable, nor pretty, nor useful, but simply the rage? Of course you can. Dickens says slate-pencil was a great treasure at his school. We have a faint recollection that horse-chestnuts paved the California of our young dreams. Then it was cat-tails. Then every boy was zealously cutting out letters in wood. Then it was the fashion to edit newspapers. We did our first journalizing in conjunction with another eight-yearling, who is at it yet. For auld lang syne, if this manuscript ever sees the light of type, we crave a kindly notice in the spirited journal whose columns he now touches but to adorn. Then every boy wrote for "composition" a voyage to Europe, and was mainly interested in meeting his schoolmates in Westminster Abbey, hurrying over the inevitable icebergs and whales of the voyage to reach that astounding climax.

Unfathomable are the prejudices of childhood, its likes and dislikes. Some teachers can never get the good-will of

a school. They will go elsewhere and succeed *à merveille*. Even in college, a professor will be the idol of one class and the ridicule of the next, — why, only he who wrote the profound apothegm concerning Dr. Fell can say. For a season boys will be happy and harmonious in their games, and the next will do nothing at recess but hang about the play-ground and tease and quarrel. We remember how, for a whole summer, our school forsook its large and comfortable play-ground, and went at every recess almost a quarter of a mile to play football in a lot not nearly so convenient, whereby we lost five minutes off each end of our game. Teasing games will sometimes have a wonderful run. The little fellows hate them, yet will always be constrained by some occult magic to join in, though morally certain to come to grief before long. Then there are the feuds which prevail between different localities. We well remember when no raid into Rebeldom could have surpassed in thrilling excitement of adventure a simple errand into a street only a few rods off the one where we daily played in safety. Boston and Charlestown, we are told, used to make for each other the passes leading to and from bridges of Lodi and Arcole. And we remember when North End and South End burned with an enmity like Clan Chattan and Clan Quhele in the meads of Perth.

We called the boys of our neighboring village "Coskies." It has since come to us that we meant "Corsicans," as being democrats, and therefore followers of the bloody-minded usurper Bonaparte (who was quietly sleeping beneath the willow of St. Helena before we were born); and no vendetta was ever more religiously transmitted than our hate of them.

Where do the smart boys go? In the books we edit and approve for Sunday-school reading they come to wealth and honor; but we do not remember that we can trace like careers in the pages of our own experience. There will be a king of the school, — studious, first in the play-ground, and possessor of marvellous secrets of art, —

who can draw like a sucking Turner, and paint all the pictures in the geography, who makes watch-spring saws, and builds clipper schooners which always win the mill-pond regattas, and who by virtue of his gifts will be all in all among his companions. Infinite luck, resource, and will are his. But now where is the cricketer of the academy? A quiet citizen, not over well to do, respectable and humdrum, standing behind his counter, and never even taking a hand at the great game of politics at which so many win marvellous stakes. Wise men say, Find out a boy's capacity and develop it; but who shall teach us even to suspect the man's incapacity and overcome it?

It is a strange world, the Kingdom of Childhood. Its moral laws are not the laws of after life. The summer fruit, all melting into honeyed sweetness, is indeed harsh in its green spring-time. And the moral of our closing is this. Wherein it is safe to educate, educate for after-life; wherein it is not safe, let alone. Into the sports, the child-life of youth, you cannot infuse men's culture. You can teach gymnastics, if you will, profitably, but as you teach arithmetic or any other study; yet you cannot make your boy play at them. He will leave the best-appointed set of horses and bars and ropes and ladders,

to play tag, and climb fences, and hang by his feet from the crooked limbs of the old apple-tree. If you mix instruction with amusement, he will hate the one and not love the other. Check wrong ways by parental and pedagogic authority, but do not try to teach other ways save with great care. Did you ever seek to show children a better mode of playing a game? It was probably a mortifying failure. We have seen boys taught to drill in admirable style; yet when the drill was learned, they did not play soldiers any more, but recreated themselves with base-ball or making balloons. And do not ask to know too much about their ways and ideas. "A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." The Jesuits will take a child, and through the confessional mould him just as they please; but all they ever succeed in doing is to make little Jesuits into big ones. Plenty of affection, and a pure, high example at home, careful training in what is necessary for after-life to know, and then — wholesome neglect. Some things must be learned, but cannot be taught. Dr. Arnold was a wise teacher; but the wisest thing we ever heard of him was that recorded by his admiring pupil, who wrote in "School-Days at Rugby," that "he knew when not to see."

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Biglow Papers. Second Series. Ticknor and Fields.

"You kin spall an' punctooate that as you please," says Mr. Biglow in sending to the editor of the Atlantic the last of the Biglow Papers; "I allus do, it kind of puts a noo soot of close onto a word, this ere funattick spellin' doos, an' takes 'em out of the prissen dress they wair in the Dictionary. Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em, it's the main thing, and wut they wuz made for; wut's left's jest pummis."

Whereby, we fear, Mr. Biglow may give the impression that it is not a dialect in which he writes his poems, but a language which he misspells and perverts by caprice or through ignorance, and thus discredit something of Mr. Lowell's exquisite introductory discourse. The feeble critic-folk who have gravely made our great humorist responsible for the clownish tricks in orthography of Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and the like, scarcely needed to have such a doubt added to the confusion born in them.

After all, however, Mr. Biglow's carelessness and their dullness cannot greatly trouble the larger number of Mr. Lowell's admirers, who perceive the perfect art and lawful nature of his quaintest and most daring drollery. At the door of Mr. Thackeray must lie the charge of bastardy in question, for he was the first to create the merry monsters now so common in literature. In Charles Yellowplush, he caricatured the man of a certain calling, and by the rule of unreason gifted him with a laboriously fantastic orthography; and Artemus Ward and Nasby are merely local variations of the same idea. The showman and the confederate gospeller make us laugh by their typographical pleasantry; they are neither of them without wit; and for the present they have a sort of reality; but they are of a stuff wholly different from that of Hosea Biglow, who is the type of a civilization, and who expresses, in a genuine vernacular, the true feeling, the racy humor, and the mother-wit of Yankee-land. His characteristic excellences are likely to survive for a long time the dialect which gives them utterance, though this is by no means evanescent; for Hosea Biglow is almost as much at home now in the rural speech of Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as in that of New England. Yet his dialect must one day cease to be spoken; and when posterity read him, as Englishmen do Burns, for the imperishable quality of his humor and sentiment, we fear that they will be somewhat puzzled to recall the immortal name of Petroleum V. Nasby, to whom he resigns the office of political satire.

Alas! has the king really abdicated? Then let us have a republic of humor, and make each one his own jokes hereafter. As for Nasby, he is not of the blood. He is wittier and better-hearted than Artemus Ward, and he has generosity of purpose and elevation of aim, but he is only a moralized merry-andrew; whereas one may lift his glance from the smiling lips of the Yankee minstrel, and behold his honest eyes full of self-respectful thought, and that complement of humor, pathos,—without which your jester is but a sorry antic. He himself hardly knows whether his next word is to be in shower or shine. But how sovereignly he passes from one mood to the other, or then gives us a strain mixed of both,—an interfusion of delight and pain, such as we feel in reading that perfect poem explaining to the public his long silence!

It is his great art to lift us above the parties and persons he satirizes, and confront us with their errors; and if his wit seems to play with any theme too long, there is some surprise awaiting us like that which, in the "Speech in March Meetin'," turns us from the droll aspects of Mr. Johnson's defection to the thrilling and appealing spectacle of a nation's life, love, and hope possibly lost in the neglect of a Heaven-given occasion:—

"I seem to hear a whisperin' in the air,
A sighin' like of unconsolated despair,
That comes from nowhere an' from everywhere,
An' seems to say, 'Why died we? warn't it, then,
To settle, once for all, that men wuz men?
O, airth's sweet cup snatched from us barely
tasted,
The grave's real chill is feelin' life wuz wasted!
O, you we lef', long-lingerin' et the door,
Lovin' you best, coz we loved Her the more,
That Death, not we, had conquered, we should
feel
Ef she upon our memory turned her heel,
An' unregretful throwed us all away
To flaunt it in a Blind Man's Holiday.'"

There never was political satire so thoroughly humane as Hosea Biglow's; there never was satire so noble before. The purpose is never once degraded; and where the feeling deepens, as in the passage we have quoted, the dialect fades to an accent, and the verse of the supposed rustic is, as his prayer would be, in speech natural, pure, solemn, and strong. It is always strong. It would be hard to find a weak line, or a line of wandering significance, in the whole book; and the reader who threw a word away would find himself a thought the poorer. We shall not repeat here the cheapened phrase of compliment, which seems more flimsy and unreal than ever in its application to the robust life of such poetry. If we do not find fault, it is because we see everything to admire, and nothing to blame. Quick, sharp wit, pervading humor, trenchant logic, sustained feeling,—well, we come to the poverty of critical good-nature in spite of ourselves, and it is a satisfaction to know that the reviewed can suffer nothing from it, but will remain as honestly fresh, original, and great as if we had not sought to label his fine qualities.

It is not as mere satire, however, that the Biglow Papers are to be valued. The First and Second Series form a creative fiction of unique excellence. The love for nature, so conspicuous in these later poems, is of the simplest and manliest expressed in literature. The four seasons are not patronized, nor the reader bored; but we

enjoy the very woods and fields in Hosea Biglow's quaintly and subtly faithful feeling for them. They are justly subordinate to him, however, and we are not suffered to forget Mr. Lowell's creed, that human nature is the nature best worth celebrating. The landscape is but the setting for Jaalam, — shrewd, honest, moral, angular, — Hosea Biglow municipalized. The place should be on the maps, for it has as absolute existence as any in New England, and its people by slight but unerring touches are made as real. For ourselves, we intend to spend part of our next vacation at Jaalam, and shall visit the grave of the Reverend Homer Wilbur, for whose character we have conceived the highest regard, and whose death we regret not less keenly than Hosea Biglow's resolution to write no more. It would have been a pleasure — which we shall now never enjoy — to enter the study of the good minister, and tell him how thoroughly we had learned to know him through his letters introducing Mr. Biglow's effusions, and how we had thus even come to take an interest in Jaalam's shadowy antiquities. We should have esteemed it a privilege to have his views of the political situation; and if we had turned to talk of literature, we should have been glad to hear an admirer of the classic Pope give his notion of the classic Swinburne.

Somewhere in the South, Birdofredum Sawin must be lingering, — the most high-toned and low-principled of the reconstructed. In his character Mr. Lowell has presented us with so faultless an image of what Pure Cussedness works in the shrewd and humorous Yankee nature, that we hope not even the public favor shall prevent his appearance as an original Union man. The completion of the ballad of "The Court-in'" is a benefaction very stimulating to desire for whatever the author has not absolutely refused to give us.

As for the Introduction to this series of the Biglow Papers, the wonder is how anything so curiously learned and instructive could be made so delicious. Most of us will never appreciate fully the cost of what is so lightly and gracefully offered of the fruit of philological research; but few readers will fail to estimate aright the spirit which pervades the whole prologue. Mr. Lowell pauses just before the point where those not sharing the original enthusiasm might be fatigued with the study of words and phrases, and yet possesses

his reader of more portable, trustworthy knowledge of Americanisms than is elsewhere to be found. The instances of national and local humor given are perfect; and Mr. Lowell's reserve in attempting to define American humor — which must remain, like all humor, an affair of perception rather than expression — might teach something to our Transatlantic friends, who suppose it to be merely a quality of exaggeration. We enjoy, quite as well as even the discreet learning of this Introduction, such glimpses as the author chooses to give us of his purpose in writing the Biglow Papers, and in adopting the Yankee dialect for his expression, as well as of his methods of studying this dialect. Some slight defence he makes of points assailed in his work; but for the most part it is effortless, familiar talk with his readers, always significant, but persistent in nothing, and in tone as full and rich as the best talk of Montaigne or Cervantes.

Harvard Memorials. Cambridge: Sever and Francis.

To those bound by kindred and personal friendship to the heroic young men whose histories are recounted in these volumes, the work has of course a value which others cannot duly estimate; but every one must perceive that it has merits very rare in necrologic literature. The memorials are written with constant good taste, and there is little of the detraction of over-praise in them, though they have that warmth and fulness of appreciation which might be expected from writers selected for their intimate relations with the dead. Where no friend or kinsman could be found to contribute a biography, the task was performed by the editor, with the sympathy which united him to the subject of his sketch — whoever he might be — as a soldier and scholar. Indeed, Mr. Higginson has performed all his work in the preparation of these memorials with excellent effect. We have here, not only the narratives of certain Harvard graduates who died in the service of their country during the late war, but a tribute to the highest and best feeling which has ever animated men to war.

There is sufficient interest of event and adventure in the biographies to attract the general reader, but their worthiest claim is in their representative character. None of these brilliant and generous young men

gave more than the simplest and obscurest soldier whom a patriot impulse drew from the shop or the furrow ; but their lives are more vocal, and they more eloquently present the image of a martyrdom that crowned the silent tens of thousands. The book only repeats, with whatever of variation in the story, a sole theme, — ungrudging sacrifice to the common good of lives which letters and affection and the world claimed with those appeals and promises so hard for the gifted, the young, and the happy to resist. And except that the sublimity of the nation's passion and triumph seems to enter and fill these as no lives of egotism can be filled, it would not be possible to regard without inconsolable regret the sum of so much loss. What should comfort us for the fact that a man rich in youth and culture, and instinct with high feelings and purposes, fell before the rifle of some Arkansas savage, or Georgian peasant, or Carolinian vassal, but that the cause of mankind had crowned and accepted the sacrifice, and that his death had helped to disenthral his murderer ? Not to heap the measure of the leading traitors' crimes did such another scholar quit his books and languish in hospitals : he died for God's poor everywhere forever ; and from the agony of yet another who hungered and thirsted to death in prison, a whole race was clothed with freedom.

With what consciousness of perfection life passes from the man who dies for others, none of the heroic and good can turn back upon their ended careers to assure us. We who spend ourselves in the futile effort to fill existence with selfish schemes of toil or pleasure, and close each empty day with a sense of disappointment and hopelessness, can only guess the satisfaction of self-devotion from that keener sentiment of our own fatuity and unworthiness with which we read an heroic history. As nothing we do in the circle of our low-crawling, narrow wills establishes us in our own esteem, we must believe that those equal to a great vocation and a great ordeal do at last have the delight of conscious merit and success. Never labor of pen or brush or chisel but brought its author more secret anguish of failure than joy of triumph ; the sublimest song is harsh with jarring discords to the singer, because of that extreme beauty which would not be uttered. But without doubt the hero feels the grandeur of his work, and knows its completeness. There is no touch lacking in his picture ; spherical music is not sweeter nor perfecter than his

poem. The years of Titian or of Homer could only have deferred his triumph and reward.

The Picture of St. John. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

THIS poem has the prime virtue of narrative fiction, — coherence and easy movement. The poet has endowed his work with that charm which makes the reader lenient to its errors, and which is so often wanting in blameless works, — probably because they have no need to appeal to clemency, — it is very interesting, and it classes itself with the far briefer poems which can be read at a sitting ; for it is hard to rise and leave it unfinished. It must please even in an age shy of long poems, for it has the fascination of a novel ; and if the reader at the end finds himself merely pleased, and does not feel so profoundly instructed as the Application would have him believe, that is no doubt his own fault. For this reader, however, we confess we have some sympathy, and we are willing to join him in forgetting everything but the beautiful and pathetic tale. To tell the truth, we cared rather to learn how, in the course of certain adventures, the picture of St. John happened to be painted, than how, by certain psychological experiences, the artist fitted himself to paint it ; and if that work of art had never been produced at all, we should still have been charmed by the story of the lovers and their flight from Florence ; of that wild, lonely life in Bavaria ; of the poor lady's death ; of the mournful return of the bereaved father with his son to Italy ; of the boy's cruel fate at the hand of his grand-sire, and of the pitiless desolation of the two men that clung to one another above his clay, — two fathers fatally avenged, each upon the other, for the loss of his only child. All this is told, not merely with an art that holds the reader's interest, but with a sensibility that imparts itself to his feeling, with strength and beauty of diction, and with an ever-varying harmony of smoothest rhyme. Mr. Taylor's invention of an irregularly rhymed stanza of eight lines so far answers its purpose as to be (but for his Introduction) a matter of unconsciousness with his reader, and is no doubt, therefore, successful. But even in the regular *ottava rima* we should scarcely have found his poem monotonous.

Throughout the tale there is a true and

fine feeling for Italy; and the poet is so happy in his expression of that beautiful life which belongs to the fragrant land of summer, that one is loath to let the scene take him beyond Alps, and longs for his return to Tuscany. Sometimes, indeed, in the warmth of his fancy, he seems to forget the subtle difference between a sensuous and a sensual picture, as well as the fact that sentiment is better than either sensuousness or sensuality,—as in his opulence of diction he forgets that lavish coloring is not rich or vivid coloring. Yet the character and the passion of Clelia are most delicately and tenderly painted. She is a true woman and true Italian; and from the glow of the love-making at Florence to the home-sick, uncomplaining days in a strange land, and into the shadow of death, the imagination is led with a strong and real pathos which leaves little to be desired. Some of the finest lines of the poem occur in the description of the events here hinted, though there are passages of great nobility in the opening stanzas of the first book; while in the third—recounting the incidents of the artist's return to Italy and life by Lago di Garda, and the catastrophe of the boy's death—there is a certain sorrowful and fantastic grace and lightness of touch which will remind the reader very gratefully of the best of Mr. Taylor's minor poems.

Manomin: a Rhythmical Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion, and the Minnesota Massacres. By MYRON COLONEY. St. Louis: Published by the Author.

It is scarcely a good sign, we fear, in a new author, if his purpose and himself interest you more than his work. There is no literary excellence but in effect: being and willing are merely elemental; they enlist sympathy and expectation, not praise.

Looking over Mr. Coloney's book we feel how dangerously near he comes to experience of this misfortune. One is moved by the fact that the commercial editor of a daily newspaper in St. Louis has, in spite of every external discouragement, attempted to make a poem representative of modern American life and feeling; and one recognizes the courage and wisdom involved in the attempt. The purpose is not that of a commonplace man; for such a one, instead of telling us, with the trustful simplicity and courage of an old ballad-

maker, about the fortunes of a family that moved from Syracuse, New York State, to Minnesota, would far rather have preferred to acquaint us with his sufferings from the coldness of Mary Jane. Mr. Coloney conceived that, if it was his office to sing at all, he must sing of things he had actually known and felt; and he has done so, sometimes with a clear and powerful note, and sometimes in a strain cracked and false enough. With a visible wish on his part to portray every person faithfully, there is often a visible failure to do so; and while we own to the poet that we actually look upon Minnesota woods and settlements in his book, we have also to confess that we find them peopled to a melancholy extent out of the melodrama and the second-rate romance. He deals more successfully with sentiment and manner than with character. His persons become unreal in action; when they speak or are spoken for, we perceive at once their verity; they are men and women who have read the "Tribune" and "Independent," and who, in very great number, believe in spiritual manifestations.

Of poetry there is really a good deal in Mr. Coloney's volume. The love-scenes are for the most part naturally and winningly done, and we owe our author a debt of gratitude for several fine pictures of pioneer and sylvan life. Yet we think that as a whole the work is wisely named romance rather than poem, though we are not ready to say that it had been better written in prose. Indeed, we are glad to see verse make so bold with the matter-of-fact phases of life; for, unless it does try to assimilate and naturalize itself to actual conditions in America, it must become as obsolete as sculpture or the drama.

The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival. By JULIUS H. WARD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WE have found few books so depressing as this. The spectacle of any sort of helplessness is melancholy; but a life-long helplessness of the kind which does not admit of relief from benevolence and friendship, is intolerable to dwell upon. It paralyzes even pity; the gods are against it.

Percival's seems to have been a life spoiled by excessive indulgence in unripe opportunities. His impatience destroyed in every way his chances of prosperity and greatness. He was born richly gifted, but

nothing came to maturity in him. The critic must see that his poetry, however deeply imbued with genius, is wanting in the finest quality, and lacking, not only in the ultimate, but the antepenultimate touches of art. It was often published prematurely for itself and for its author, who would have forced his fame, and even his era. Perhaps no man of æsthetic purposes in all the world does the work he wants to; and almost certainly no such man in America does. The painter paints portraits and landscapes, the sculptor makes busts, the architect builds French-roofed country-houses, and marble-fronted, brick-backed palaces for retailing merchandise, the poet writes prose for the magazines and newspapers, and we suspect that several mute, inglorious Miltons are now contributing to the metropolitan press, of which the style is unquestionably inarticulate and obscure. Yet more than thirty years ago Percival sought to live by literature proper in a small town in a country still quite provincial. His execution of this plan was as remarkable as its conception. His sensitiveness was, if we may so speak, aggressive to such a degree that it wounded as often as it received hurt. He suspected all who had business transactions with him, and tried to break nearly every contract favorable to himself, while he clung with fatal fidelity to his bad bargains. The efforts of friends to help him were of scarcely better effect than his own; indeed, his pride, his obstinacy and fickleness, must have made it very hard to befriend him, and very thankless. Something of his early insanity, doubtless, always lurked in him, perverting a sweet and grateful nature. He shunned society, and thought himself neglected; he ran away from the presence of women, and expected the astonished fair he fell in love with to marry him without a hint of courtship preceding his offer. From his own purposes and his own conduct, nothing could flow but disappointment, mortification, and failure. He must live as he did live, in poverty and solitude; and, dying, he must leave, as he has left, his fame to

perish with his contemporaries; for what young man reads Percival? Beds of roses, once so much in use in this world, seem to have gone out with the Sybarites; but there are still honest husk-mattresses, and if we lie upon burrs and thistles, we fear that it is either from our choice or our aberration.

In things that did not concern himself immediately, Percival was wise enough; and there is great value in some of his fierce, pungent criticisms of writers apparently great in his day, but known in this to have been stuffed out with straw. He was, indeed, a man of singular honesty in all things, and a natural hater of shams. If he had had humor, he could have been more useful to himself and to literature; for a due perception of the absurd would have saved him from many errors of his own, and would probably have led him to some connected criticism of others. But he had no humor, and his attempts at fun were very melancholy: he never made any joke above the Wordsworthian standard. His life was as pure and blameless as a child's; and if our sympathy cannot follow all his eccentricities, our respect is due to his self-devotion and high aspirations.

The character of the man is suffered to appear in perfect relief by Mr. Ward, to whom we owe one of the most interesting of American biographies. The story tells itself in great part in Percival's own letters and correspondence, and is further developed in the reminiscences of his acquaintance. These Mr. Ward has presented in the language of the writers, and the effect is that of great freshness and variety. Wherever the biographer takes up the narrative himself, he handles it with spirit and good sense, and as discreetly as his merely editorial work. There is nowhere an effort to force Percival upon either compassion or admiration. The facts of his life are simply, fully, and impartially rehearsed, and we behold him as we believe he was, — a man of whom the world took some advantages, but whom it also intended good that he could not receive.